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TO THE

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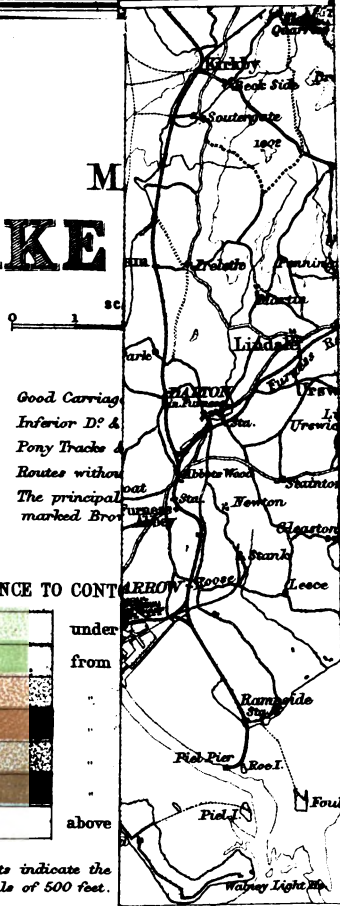
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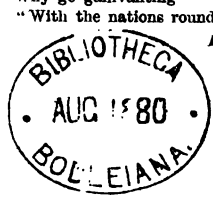
M. J. B. BADDELEY, B.A.

WITH MAPS, GENERAL AND SECTIONAL

(CORRECTED FROM THE ORDNANCE SURVEY).

"While we see God's signet
"Fresh on English ground,
"Why go gallivanting
"With the nations round?"

Kingsley.



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Note.—We have, to a great extent, adopted an alphabetical arrangement throughout. The local nomenclature renders this a singularly easy task. Ambleside and Bowness (with Windermere), are naturally the first "centres" visited by tourists, and then Coniston, Grasmere, Keswick, and Patterdale arrange themselves in the order in which they are as well, if not better, visited than in any other. All the West Cumberland Lakes, including Buttermere, Crummock Water, Ennerdale, and Wastwater, are, for physical reasons, included in the Keswick District, and Haweswater may be assigned either to Patterdale or Windermere. The same method of arrangement is, as far as possible, carried out in the Carriage Routes and the Pony or Foot Tracks which succeed them.

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INTRODUCTION.

The Lake District of England is generally understood to be that portion of the country which has for its boundaries, on the west and south, the Irish Sea and Morecambe Bay; on the east, the Lancaster and Carlisle railway, and on the north, a line drawn—say—from Penrith to Cockermouth, and thence to St. Bees. In reality, its area is much smaller than that which is included within these limits. The traveller from Carnforth to St. Bees has certainly fine distant views as he crosses the various estuaries opening on to Morecambe Bay, and skirts the Irish Sea, as well as a "dash" of real lake scenery in the foreground from the mouths of the Leven, the Duddon, and the Esk; but on the lines from Carnforth to Penrith, and from Penrith to St. Bees, except for a few miles on either side of Keswick, he will see little but mountain tops to suggest the proximity of such a district. The actual boundary is the range of fells south east of Windermere, and thence a "*cordon*" drawn round the feet of Coniston, Wastwater, Ennerdale, Crummock, and Bassenthwaite Lakes; over the tops of Skiddaw and Saddleback, then southward, over the Dodds of Helvellyn, turning again so as to include the whole of Ullswater and Haweswater, and back to Windermere village, the only outlying parts being the Lower Duddon valley on the south-western, and the vales of Kentmere, Long Sleddale and Swindale, on the eastern border. Within these limits all is typical Lake scenery; without, none. The tourist should remember this, or he may be disappointed on arriving at such towns as Kendal, Penrith or Ulverston, to find that he has barely touched the hem of the magic

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garment of Lakeland proper, interesting as the surroundings of those towns are in their own way.

Characteristics of the Scenery.—The highest, but not always the most discriminating, praise has been lavished by various writers on the scenery of the English Lakes. For ourselves, wishing to avoid the charge of extravagance in this respect, we have in the following pages generally given the "why and wherefore" of any strong epithets which we have thought proper to use in order to convey an adequate impression to our reader's mind of the various scenes to which we are conducting his steps. We are far from wishing to dictate to him what he ought and what he ought not to admire, but we write not only with the object of faithfully guiding such as have already arrived in the district, but also in the hope of still further stimulating that public interest in it which has been awakened and sustained by abler writers than ourselves, and of inducing some few at least of the many who now seek to gratify their taste for the picturesque in foreign lands only, to spare a short space of their holiday life for an examination of those natural beauties which lie, comparatively speaking, at the threshold of their homes.

The small amount of physical wear and tear involved in a visit to the English Lake District, in comparison with that which travel in foreign lands exacts, makes the former region peculiarly adapted to the requirements of those who wish to obtain rest and recreation as well as æsthetic pleasure. Windermere may be reached in a day's journey from almost every part of the country, and the train service on those lines which convey the traveller to it is now far superior to that on nearly all continental railways,—notably in the facilities which it affords to third class passengers. Thanks to the philanthropic policy initiated some years ago by the Midland Company, the tourist need only reckon the number of miles from his home to the portals of the district, and lay aside a corresponding number of pence, to ensure being conveyed there with an amount of comfort and expedition unknown to any but first class passengers on the Continent, where most fast trains

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are "first class only." In the following remarks it is our aim to enquire at what sacrifice, if any, of the principal object for which he is travelling—beautiful scenery,—he will have gained this advantage.

That "comparisons are odious" we are told once, if not oftener, almost every week of our lives. It is more true—but unfortunately it is not a proverb—that proverbs are fallacious. In sober truth, comparison is one of the most important factors in guiding us to an estimate of men and things. We laugh at the "nigger" notion of beauty in the female foot, conveyed in such expressions as "it cubbers up de whole ob de walk," because we compare it with our own almost equally absurd ideal, in deference to which our poets call their heroine's footmarks "jewel prints," and her step so light that "e'en the frail harebell rears its head, elastic 'neath her airy tread." To give an illustration more *apropos*, we are tempted to "run down" instead of walking up Scafell Pike, because we know that Mont Blanc is nearly five times as high. If we had never seen or heard of anything bigger than Scafell Pike, our English "monarch of mountains" would realise our highest conceptions of natural grandeur. We can lift ourselves just as high as Nature has raised us, and no higher. Has any painter, working up to the acme of his own conceptions, ever surpassed the reality of Nature? Has he not rather, when by exaggeration he has "err'd from honest Nature's rule" become grotesque and offensive to good taste? Has any poet ever described a scene transcending in beauty the experience which an observant tourist might gain in one or other of the favoured spots of the Earth during a month's travel? We think not.

In making this digression we are not really wandering from our subject. Those who describe the English Lake District cannot altogether discard comparison. Professor Wilson made use of it, and Wordsworth has bequeathed to us a minute analysis of the points of resemblance and difference between Switzerland and the surroundings of his own home. If, on the contrary, we make full use of comparison, we are, at the outset,

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in a dilemma. We must admit that height and vastness are important qualities in mountain scenery. The very epithets by which we express our admiration of it show this. The words "magnificent," "sublime," "terrific," imply vastness. Mont Blanc is five times as high as Scafell, and Lake Leman more than that number of times wider than Windermere. Yet Professor Wilson, writing of a particular view of Windermere, including Scafell, says "there is the greatest width of water, and the most magnificent background of mountains in the world." And Professor Wilson is still accepted as an authority on scenery. How is all this apparent contradiction to be reconciled?

The one fact which falsifies more than any other expectations based on mere height and size, is that in the effect which it produces on the eye and mind of the spectator, mountain scenery is much more dependent on the proportion of its component parts, than on the foot-and-line measurement of any one of them, and in this attribute of proportion, there is probably no "beauty spot" in the world which can equal English Lakeland. It is not sufficient that a given area should contain the elements of the beautiful;—it must contain nothing else. Every stretch of dull moorland intervening between lake, valley and mountain top, or of ragged, flat marsh separating the lake from the valley which debouches on to it, is so much loss. Not only is it an eyesore in itself, but it dwarfs the apparent height, and consequently the impressiveness of the mountains beyond it, and not unfrequently keeps so far apart the picturesque elements of a landscape as to make them appear mere straggling outposts of different scenes. The English Lake District is, of course, not entirely free from these blemishes, but it contains them to a smaller degree than any other mountain country. Its characteristic charm may be said to be the thoroughly accordant blending of mountain, valley and lake, in a succession of pictures whose variety is only equalled by their unity.

Such epithets as "stupendous," "sublime" "terrific," we may at once dismiss as unsuitable in a description

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of our lake scenery, though it is wonderful, considering its small dimensions, how near it comes, under certain atmospheric conditions, to meriting them. The "head to foot" steepness of the mountains, often bringing their full stature before the spectator's eye at a glance, and the absence of any disproportionate width in the valleys from which they rise, give them, when subject to the magnifying effect of intervening mist, a grandeur which those who, perchance, only see them basking beneath a summer sun, or rising peak after peak from a far distance, cannot realise. Nor must it be forgotten that those attributes which justify the application of the above epithets to particular scenery are generally accompanied by others of a far less inviting character. Eternal snows and ice-bound peaks are, no doubt, the most effective phases of the sublime in nature, but they entail glaciers, and glaciers, intrinsically beautiful though they be, can hardly be called ornamental as component parts of a landscape, when we take into consideration the dirty "pepper-and-salty" appearance of their lower parts. The worst feature, however, attendant on them, is the inevitable mud-stream to which they give birth, and which is not purified until it has deposited its solid matter in the bed of some lake, from which when the water issues pure and brilliant, the mountain scenery has generally been left behind. The loss of beauty which the most famous Swiss valleys incur from this cause is too well known to require comment. We have travelled the entire length of the grand valley of St. Nicholas to Zermatt, upwards of 25 miles, without finding a sufficiently large stream of pure water to bathe in. The presence of perpetual snow on Scafell Pike would scarcely compensate for the conversion of the waters of Eskdale and Borrowdale into mud-streams.

To the pedestrian who prefers beauty to excitement, the small scale of the English Lake scenery is an invaluable boon. It gives him that infinite variety which is, as it were, the "salt" of his exertions. In a six days' tour he can wander from lake to lake and from valley to valley, and see so many utterly different views,

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that he may think he has exhausted the district. The leisurely tourist, however, may roam for six weeks or even months, and still find fresh scenes of beauty to delight his eyes. Only those who have spent whole days in ascending one long *thal* or crossing a snow-field in a gang, can thoroughly appreciate the charm of their native land in this respect.

Another characteristic of the English Lake mountains, investing them with a beauty far in excess of that which a mere consideration of their height would indicate, is the rich and glossy appearance of their slopes. This is far more noticeable in the southern part of the district, where the geological formation is due to a combination of igneous and aqueous influences, than in the northern, where the rocks are more entirely of aqueous origin. There are not, perhaps, in the kingdom, two mountains more thoroughly pleasing to the eye than the Lancashire fells of the Old Man and Wetherlam. The traveller by the Furness railway on a bright clear morning, from Carnforth to Ulverston, or still farther, round Black Combe to Drigg, cannot fail to be impressed with the singular richness of the mountain prospect as he crosses the estuaries of the Leven and the Duddon. This peculiarity is so distinctive as to enable the most casual tourist who enters the Lake District from this direction to fix its real limit to within almost a quarter of a mile. The smoother fells of the northern part of the district are finely shaped,—Skiddaw, Saddleback and Grisedale Pike, to wit,—but were it not that they are nearly always associated with their more rugged brethren in the south, the Lake country would hardly maintain the reputation for intrinsic beauty which it now possesses.

We hope it will not be imagined that, in these remarks, we have any thought of disputing the vast superiority in sublimity and first-sight impressiveness of Swiss and other scenery on the same scale, to our own. Our sole aim is to reconcile our fellow countrymen to the comparative smallness of that beautiful bit of the Creator's handiwork, which we call English Lakeland, by pointing out that it is to this very quality

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of smallness that it owes the greatest part of its peculiar attractiveness. Were it twice as big, it would probably be a mere imitation of still bigger scenery in other lands; as it stands, it is unique, suited to our physical capacities, and thoroughly beautiful.

The Weather and the Seasons.—That part of the year in which the Lake District is most frequented by tourists is certainly not the best from a scenic point of view. There is more than one reason for this. The months of July and August are not freer from rain than other months, and much of the fine weather is accompanied by atmospheric conditions which place the scenery at the greatest disadvantage. We have known many successive days of fine weather pass without affording a single glimpse of mountains less than half a dozen miles from our residence, so thick has been the haze. Another reason is that during that period of the year which may be described as the "bracken season," lasting from June till the middle of September, the district only possesses to a modified degree that charm of colour variety which at all other times is one of its most striking characteristics. In this matter of colour there is a tradition, as delusive as it is popular, that the heather districts are superior to the fern districts. While admitting that the heather, during the month or two of its efflorescence, is the most beautiful livery which a mountain side can assume, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that for the greater part of the year it is the dullest and heaviest of vestures. The fern tribe, on the contrary,—such portion of it, at least, as finds its home on the open fell-side,—is more beautiful, when taken *en masse*, in death than in life, and ferns are the characteristic clothing of the English Lake District. Under an October sun many of the fell-sides, notably those in the neighbourhood of Crummock and Buttermere, are all a-glow with the bright sienna tints of the dying bracken, and the same effect, gradually diminishing, is continued all through the winter and spring till the light and warmth of returning summer uncurl the fresh fronds. Add to this the bright brown tints of the oak leaves, still clinging to their twigs, and the purple-hues

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of the hazel and birch, and we obtain a richness and variety of colour far surpassing the universal green of the summer months, which differs in shade only. It is only glen scenery, such as that of Killiecrankie and Rossshire, which really loses its attractiveness during the leafless period of the year, and of glen scenery, strictly speaking, English Lakeland has but little. In the early spring the vivid green of the larch is a welcome harbinger of that general return to life and vigour, during the progress of which the district wears, perhaps, its most beautiful aspect. The chances of good weather are as great in May and October as at any other time of year, and in no other months does the scenery appear to greater advantage. Nor is the depth of winter without its charm. Of the many ascents of Scafell made by the writer of these pages, the easiest and most remunerative was one accomplished during the week before Christmas Day in 1879. Several, too, of the "Days on the Fells" described at the end of the book, are the results of walks undertaken during the depth of winter, and owe whatever accuracy of detail they may possess to the propitious conditions of weather and atmosphere prevailing at the time. Taking an average of years, the Lake Country boasts a great deal of beautiful and thoroughly enjoyable weather in the winter season. In that of '78-'79 the writer on three occasions found clear sky and bright sunshine north of Morecambe Bay, when the whole of South Lancashire was enveloped in dense and humid fog. It is not too much to say that the visitor to the Lakes in mid-winter has as fair a chance of good "seeing" weather as in the height of summer.

The Rainfall of the district is of course extremely great, the annual downpour varying from about 50 inches in the outlying parts to nearly 150 in the centre of it, the wettest inhabited spot being Seathwaite in Borrowdale, and the wettest spot in Britain, where a rain gauge is kept, being Sprinkling Tarn, 1,950 feet above sea-level. Above 2,000 feet the quantity decreases. As a set off to this apparently "damping" consideration, it must be recollected that figures again fail to represent the district when compared with other parts of

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the country. The number of wet days is much less than may be supposed from the volume of rain, and actual droughts are not of unfrequent occurrence. If it were not so, why, we may ask, is it necessary to raise the level of Thirlmere 40 feet in order to ensure a constant supply of water from it? When the rain does fall among the Lake mountains it does not "dizzle and dozzle" as a rule, but comes down a regular "posh." It is comforting also to reflect, that to this excessive rainfall the district owes no small share of its beauty.

Preservation of the Scenery.—If the Lake District is worth having as a national recreation ground, it is worth preserving as such. We are not foolish enough to cry out against the prosecution of all industries within it which mar its natural beauty. The amount of wealth which has been extracted from the mines and quarries of Coniston and Langdale and the local prosperity resulting therefrom are, at least, a strong set-off to the disfigurement which the country has suffered in consequence. But the *inconsiderate* extension of such industries throughout the district is, even from a utilitarian point of view, open to serious question. The well-being of a large proportion of its inhabitants depends on its popularity as a tourist district, while its importance to the country at large, as a holiday resort, is sufficiently attested by the immense number of visitors who flock to it annually. The characteristic smallness and delicacy of its attractive features renders them peculiarly susceptible to injury. A single mine may ruin a whole valley. Half a dozen of the same sort as the one which has despoiled Glenridding of its glory and polluted the surface of Ullswater, would ruin the district. Quarries have an advantage over mines in so far that they only blur and blotch the surface of the ground to the extent of their own area, and, when they are exhausted, time quickly repairs the harm done by them.

Having due regard to these facts, we would suggest to the inhabitants that in encouraging the indiscriminate sacrifice of their beautiful country to enterprises which at the best only promise temporary gain, they may in

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the end discover that they have "killed the goose that laid the golden eggs." It is not so many years since a writer in the "*Times*" proposed turning the whole district from Kendal to Whitehaven into a "busy hive of mining industry." A sympathetic utilitarian urged as a sequel, that Lichfield Cathedral should be pulled down, and the stone used for workmen's cottages. We have not, it is true, advanced very far since these suggestions were made towards a consummation of them, but the same spirit is abroad and gains rather than loses ground. The few people, who now claim for the beauty of their country national respect on its own account, are "pooh-poohed" and called sentimentalists and a host of other names intended to be the reverse of complimentary.

Already it has been found necessary to preserve ancient monuments by Act of Parliament, and we do not see why the arm of the law should not, with equal reason and advantage, extend similar protection to natural scenery. At all events, legislative restrictions might be devised to thwart the reckless vandalism of that yearly increasing host of casual speculators who would bore tentative holes in the fells of Cumberland, pile up hideous heaps of refuse in her fairest valleys, and pollute thereby the purest of her streams, with as little compunction as they would display in making like experiments amid the coal mines and iron works of South Staffordshire or Wigan.

It is, however, to the inhabitants themselves that we must principally look for help in this matter, and we hope we are not too sanguine in thinking that it is, generally speaking, their delight, as it is undoubtedly their interest, to preserve, as far as possible, intact the natural beauty of the land they live in.

Geology and Botany.—Writing, as we do, entirely for the benefit of those who visit the Lakes for purposes of recreation, we have thought it best to discard altogether scientific geology. "What sort of "chisels" to quote the language of Mr. Ruskin, "and "in what workman's hands, were used to produce this "large piece of precious chasing, or embossed work,

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"which we call Cumberland and Westmorland," it is not our province to enquire. Students of geology will provide themselves with one or more of the excellent books which have been written on the subject. Our duty as guides to the picturesque is simply to point out those differences of formation which have a visible effect upon the scenery.

A remarkable peculiarity of the district is the absence of limestone rocks, and consequently of that class of scenery which is characteristic of a limestone formation. Rough and rugged as the ground is from end to end, there is not, we think, a single instance of an inaccessible height in it. The wonderful isolated pinnacles of Dovedale, untrodden by man or beast, and the needle-pointed rocks of Cheddar, have no counterpart in the the Lake Country. The limestone district may be said to enclose the Lakes, as it were, in a ring fence; but in no case does it encroach on them. Travelling from the south, we leave it behind at Cartmel and Whitbarrow, and from the north soon after quitting Penrith. There is, to be sure, a narrow belt of what is called Coniston limestone extending from Broughton, past the heads of Coniston and Windermere, to Long Sleddale, but this has no appreciable effect upon the scenery.

Granite is also comparatively scarce, only appearing round the foot of Wastwater, whose strand in that part is entirely paved with it; in Eskdale, and over a limited area near the summits of Scafell and Saddleback. Where it does occur, the felspar part of it has a red tinge.

Another variety of igneous rock, Syenite, has forced its way through the stratified formation between Buttermere and Ennerdale, and forms the range of which High Stile is the highest summit. The same rock extends some way south of Ennerdale Lake.

The rest of the district is composed entirely of two different kinds of slates, known as Skiddaw Slate and Green Slate,—the latter mixed with Porphyry. These two formations produce two very distinct classes of scenery. Skiddaw and Saddleback, and the crowd of fells between Derwentwater, Crummock, and Butter-

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mere, are composed of Skiddaw slate, and are characterised by bold, clear-cut contours, and comparatively smooth slopes. In ruggedness and variety of aspect, however, they are far inferior to that great central knot of mountains which extends from Scafell to Harter Fell, branching northwards from Helvellyn itself to its farthest Dodd, and southwards to the Coniston Old Man, and the various spurs which flank the valleys opening on to Windermere, Kentmere, and Long Sleddale. All these fells are the result of the chaotic intermixture of the Green Slates and Porphyries. The Skiddaw slate re-appears in the comparatively smooth slopes of Black Combe.

Botany.—The principal botanical interest of the Lake District is, of course, centred in its ferns and mosses. As, however, we have no intention of playing into the hands of the professional fern "harpies," we shall confine our remarks on the subject to the narrowest limits. The characteristic fern of the country is the Parsley, which grows here more abundantly than in any other part of the kingdom, carpetting whole mountain sides with its delicate and variegated fronds. The commoner and hardier sorts of ferns are to be found on all sides, while of the rarer, the observant tourist will scarcely fail to find here and there during his wanderings the beautiful polypodies botanically called Dryopteris and Phegopteris (Oak and Beech fern), and, may be, the regal Osmunda. We have also lighted on the little Green Spleenwort and still tinier Filmy Fern, and we are told that the real "Holly" (Polystichum Lonchitis) is to be met with, though we confess that we have never found it ourselves south of the limestone "Bens" of Sutherland. Those who are in search of ferns particularly partial to a limestone soil, may with advantage devote a day to an exploration of Whitbarrow Scar, which lies a little way out of the district, in the Winster Valley, between Bowness and Arnside.

Hotel Accommodation and Charges.—It is always gratifying to the writer of a Guide Book to be able to speak well of the Hotels in the district which he is describing, and it may be truly said of the English

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Lake hotels and inns that they are equal in accommodation to those of any other tourist district, and more evenly moderate in their charges. The larger houses are capacious and well conducted, and the visitor may nearly always depend upon finding the real landlord at his post to answer any disputed point. The smaller inns are almost, if not quite without exception, clean and ready to provide simple fare and accommodation in an acceptable form. There is a welcome absence of that grasping spirit and extortionate charging for small items which make the very mention of many Scotch hotels a "bugbear" to the Southerner, and the result is a much more agreeable and friendly feeling between "mine host" and his guest for the time being.

If we must take any exception to the Lake District on this score, it is that the accommodation in some of the western parts of it is on somewhat too small a scale. We should be very sorry indeed to see regular tourist hotels with gilded cornices and swallow-tailed waiters substituted for the homely little inns of Eskdale and Wasdale. They would probably be as unremunerative as incongruous, but we think that if the present innkeepers were to show a little more enterprise and throw out an extra wing or so from their houses, offering at the same time a little variety on the stereotyped ham and egg—with an occasional chop—diet, they would benefit themselves and the public.

The regular hotel charges vary very little throughout the district. We have before us the tariff of four of the principal ones taken haphazard, and find that there is no greater variation than ten per cent. between them. The items are as follows—

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Breakfast (hot)	2	6	to	3	0
Lunch (cold)	2	0	to	2	6
Dinner (table d'hôte)	4	0			
Tea (plain)	1	6			
Bedroom (single)	2	0	to	4	0
„ (double)	3	0	to	5	0
Attendance	1	6			

In comparing these charges with the ones which prevail at continental hotels, the continental custom of

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doling out provisions in "portions" must not be forgotten. This system wears a very satisfactory look on paper, but the hungry tourist fails to be satisfied with his one "portion," and as often as not goes in for "Benjamin's mess," with the result of having his bill doubled. In English hotels, on the contrary, there is no stint of quantity—a fact which one who has spent half a day or more on the fells is not slow to appreciate. A feature of the day's entertainment is the mid-day luncheon, which generally remains spread on the table from 12 o'clock till 3 or 4.

At the smaller inns the charges are, of course, considerably less.

Fishing.—The English Lake District is not a fisherman's resort. The enthusiastic angler is conspicuous by his absence, and only those who enjoy the "gentle craft" as an incidental source of recreation, will derive pleasure from its pursuit. Large 'takes' of pike and perch are, to be sure, often obtained in Bassenthwaite Lake, on which the Pheasant Inn (Bowes') is a real 'fishing' hostelry. We were once told there that two rods (and the owner of one of them was our informant) had captured nearly 200 lbs. in a day, and it would not become us to question the accuracy of the statement. As a rule, however, the trout and the char, which are fairly plentiful in many of the lakes, are more appreciated on the breakfast table than in their native element. The latter fish are principally found in Crummock, Buttermere and Windermere, and the potted char of Crummock is a well-known delicacy.

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GLOSSARY.

*** Herein we confine ourselves to such geographical terms as are of more or less local usage.

Beck, a brook.

Cairn, an artificial pile of stones.

Combe, a hollow flanked by steep hills, common also in Devonshire and in Wales, where it is spelt *cwm*. The mountain called *Black Combe*, at the south-west corner of Cumberland, probably owes its name to the deep heather-clad hollows which scallop its western declivity.

Cove, a recess among the hills, applied in the north of England to land, as it is elsewhere to water. Perhaps the most striking example of the significance of the word is *Malham Cove* in the West Riding of Yorkshire.

Dodd, from Icelandic *Toddi*, a limb,—hence applied to one or more of the lower heights of a mountain mass. Helvellyn has several *dodds*, Skiddaw only one.

Dore, an opening between walls of rock. If this word is simply *Dwr*, *i.e.* water, it is difficult to see how Mickledore, the opening between Scafell Pike and Scafell got its name.

Fell, the north-country word for mountains generally, as distinquished from hills by the absence of cultivation on their higher parts.

Force, a natural waterfall, more or less high and impetuous.

Garth, an enclosure, a yard; not to be confused with *scarth*. *Gatesgarth*, the farmhouse at the head of Buttermere, is the "enclosure by the way;" *Gatescarth*, the pass between Hawes-water and Long Sleddale, is "the way over the scar."

Gill, a ravine, generally with a rush of water through it, as *Stanley Gill* containing *Dalegarth Force*.

Hause, the summit ridge of a pass; corresponding to the French *col*.

Holme, an island. Both Windermere and Derwentwater possess a *Rampsholme*.

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How, a gentle eminence. Silverhow, overlooking Grasmere, is an exceptionally high and rugged illustration of the name, which is extensively used in villa nomenclature.

Keld, a spring of water—French, *quelle*. Akin to *well e.g.* Threlkeld.

Knott, a rocky excrescence on a mountain.

Man, an artificial pile of stones on the top of a mountain. The Coniston *Old Man* has no connection with this word, being a corruption of *Allt Maen*, "the steep rock."

Mere, a lake. Several villages having been named after the lake near which they stand, it is not unusual to make the requisite distinction by adding the otherwise superfluous word lake; *e.g.*, *Grasmere Village* and *Grasmere Lake*.

Nab, a rocky projection.

Ness, promontory or nose; similar to *Naze*.

Pike, the peaked summit of a mountain—German, *horn*; French, *pic*.

Raise, the top of a ridge, usually surmounted by a pile of stones.

Rake, a steep rocky gully in the side of a hill.

Rigg, a ridge; analogous to "brigg" and "bridge."

Scar (*Scarth*), a line of bare or stripped rock, more or less perpendicular, high up on a mountain. The term is particularly common in limestone and gritstone formations, and corresponds to the "edge" of the Peak District.

Screes, banks of loose stones which have broken away from the rocks above and rest at a natural angle.

Tarn, "a small mountain lake lying like a *tear* on the face of the hill. Norse, *tiorn*, a tear." *Isaac Taylor*.

Thwaite, "cleared ground." The word once, perhaps, suggested a moist, swampy locality; but as so many "thwaites" have been wholly or partially drained, it is difficult to apply a modern significance to the word.

Wyke, a bay.

The following extract from Mr. Ruskin's *Deucalion* is as appropriate, as it is interesting, in this part of our Introduction:—

"Consider for an instant or two how much is involved, how "much indicated by our possession in English of the six quite "distinct words—vale, valley, dale, dell, glen, and dingle;—con-"sider the gradations of character in scene, and fineness of "observation in the inhabitants, implied by that six-foil cluster of "words, as compared to the simple *thal* of the Germans, *valle* of "the Italians, and *vallée* of the French, shortening into *val*, "merely for ease of pronunciation, but having no variety of sense "whatever; so that supposing I want to translate, for the benefit

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" of an Italian friend, Wordsworth's 'Reverie of Poor Susan,' and " come to 'Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,' and " look for 'dale' in my Italian dictionary, I find '*valle lunga e* " *stretta tra poggi alti*,' and can only convey Mr. Wordsworth's " meaning to my Italian listener by telling him that '*la povera* " '*Susanna vede verdi prati, nel mezzo della valle lunga e stretta* " '*tra poggi alti!*' It is worth while to trace the essential diffe- " rences in the meaning and proper use of these words."

"'Vale,' signifies a large extent of level land surrounded by " hills, or nearly so, as the Vale of the White Horse, or the " Vale of Severn. The level extent is necessary to the idea; while " the next word, 'valley,' means a large hollow among hills in " which there is little level ground, or none. Next comes 'dale,' " which signifies properly a tract of level land on the borders of a " stream, continued for so great a distance as to make it a district " of importance as a part of the inhabited country; as Ennerdale, " Langdale, Liddesdale. 'Dell' is to dale what valley is to vale, " and implies that there is scarcely any level land beside the " stream. 'Dingle' is such a recess or dell, clothed with wood, " and 'glen' one varied with rocks."

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CHURCH AND POSTAL INFORMATION.

	Churches. Hour of Service.			Post.		Postal Direction.
	mrn.	aft.	evn.	a.m.	p.m.	
Ambleside*	10.45	3.0	6.30	7.0	7.0	Westmorland.
Boot (Eskdale)	11.0	—	6.30	11.40	1.45	Holmrook, *viâ* Carnforth
Bowness*	10.45	3.0	6.30	7.0	7.20	Windermere.
Brathay (Clappersgate)	10.30	—	6.0	8.0	5.50	Ambleside.
Broughton*	10.30	—	6.30	7.0	6.30	*Viâ* Carnforth.
Buttermere	10.30	—	6.30	1p.m	2.30	Cockermouth.
Calder Bridge*	10.30	3.0	6.15	8.45	4.50	*Viâ* Carnforth.
Coniston*	10.30	—	6.0	8.0	6.45	*Viâ* Carnforth.
Ferry (Windermere)	—	—	—	8.30	6.45	Windermere.
Grange (Borrowdale)	—	—	6.30	10.45	3.45	Keswick.
Grasmere*	10.30	3.0	6.30	6.30	6.15	Westmorland.
Hawkshead*	11.0	—	6.30	7.15	5.55	Ambleside.
Howtown	10.30	—	7.0	9.30	2.0	Penrith.
Keswick—*	—	—	—	8.0	6.0	Cumberland.
Crosthwaite	10.45	—	6.0	—	—	
St. John's	10.30	—	6.30	—	—	
Lake Side (Windermere)*	10.30	3.0	—	9.0	4.30	*Viâ* Carnforth.
Langdale (Chapel Stile)	10.30	3.0	—	9.0	4.15	Ambleside.
Loweswater (Scale Hill)	10.30	—	7.0	10.50	3.20	Cockermouth.
Low Wood	—	—	—	8.30	7.25	Windermere.
Mardale Green †.	10.30	2.30	—	10.30	2.30	†P.O. at Bampton, Penrith
Newlands (Mill Dam)	—	3.0	—	11.30	1.30	Keswick.
Patterdale*	10.30	—	6.30	9.30	2.10	Penrith.
Pooley Bridge	—	3.15	—	7.45	4.10	Penrith.
Portinscale	—	—	—	8.25	5.25	Keswick.
Rosthwaite	10.30	2.30	—	11.30	3.0	Keswick.
Rydal	10.30	—	—	8.0	5.10	Ambleside.
Sawrey (Far)	10.30	—	—	9.5	6.30	Windermere.
Seathwaite (Duddon Valley)	10.30	—	6.30	11.0	3.20	Broughton-in-Furness.
Skelwith Bridge	—	—	—	8.30	5.10	Ambleside.
Strands	10.30	—	6.30	10.20	2.35	Holmrook, *viâ* Carnforth.
Troutbeck (Windermere)	11.0	—	6.30	9.30	4.50	Windermere.
Ulpha	10.0	—	6.30	9.30	4.20	Broughton-in-Furness.
Wasdale Head	10·30	3.0	—	12.0	1.0	Holmrook, *viâ* Carnforth.
Windermere*	10.45	3.0	6.30	7.0	8.0	Windermere.
Wythburn	10.0	2.30	—	11.30	4.10	Keswick.

* Telegraph Stations.

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HEIGHTS OF MOUNTAINS.

	ft.		ft.
Scafell Pike	3,210	Glaramara	2,560
Scafell	3,162	Kidsty Pike	2,560
Helvellyn	3,118	Red Screes	2,541
Skiddaw	3,054	Harter Fell (Mardale)	2,509
Great End	2,984	Wetherlam	*2,500
Bowfell	2,960	Red Pike (Buttermere)	2,479
Great Gable	2,949	Ill Bell	2,476
Pillar	2,927	Dale Head	2,473
Fairfield	2,863	Robinson	2,417
Saddleback	2,847	Seat Sandal	2,415
Crinkle Crags	2,816	Harrison Stickle	2,401
Grasmoor	2,791	Hindscarth	2,385
St. Sunday's Crag	2,756	Pike o' Stickle	2,323
Steeple	2,746	Pike o' Blisco	2,304
High Street	2,663	Seatallan	2,266
Lingmell	2,649	Place Fell	2,154
High Stile	2,643	Yewbarrow	2,058
Old Man	2,633	Causey Pike	*2,050
Kirkfell	2,631	Black Combe	1,969
Red Pike (Wastwater)	2,629	Wansfell Pike	1,597
Haycock	2,619	Catbells	1,482
Grisedale Pike	2,593	Loughrigg	1,101

* Approximate.

HEIGHTS OF PASSES.

(APPROXIMATE.)

	ft.		ft.
Sticks	2,420	Garburn	1,450
Esk Hause	2,370	Scarf Gap	1,400
Nan Bield	2,050	Floutern Tarn	1,300
Grisedale	1,929	Hardknott	1,290
Gatescarth	1,900	Wrynose	1,270
Black Sail	1,800	Honister	1,190
Sty Head	1,600	Buttermere Hause	1,096
The Stake	1,570	Whinlatter	1,040
Kirkstone	1,500	Dunmail Raise	980

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LAKES.

	Greatest Length and Breadth.	Height. ft.	Depth. ft.
Windermere	10½ by 1	134	240
Ullswater	7½ ,, ¾	380	210
Coniston	5½ ,, ½	147	160
Bassenthwaite Water	4 ,, ⅝	226	68
Derwentwater	3 ,, 1½	238	72
Wastwater	3 ,, ½	204	270
Crummock Water	2¾ ,, ½	321	132
Ennerdale Water	2½ ,, ⅝	369	80
Haweswater	2½ ,, ⅝	694	180
Thirlmere	2½ ,, ⅝	533	108
Esthwaite Water	1½ ,, ⅝	217	80
Buttermere	1½ ,, ⅝	331	93
Loweswater	1½ ,, ⅝	429	60
Grasmere	1 ,, ½	208	180
Rydalmere	⅝ ,, ¼	181	55
Brothers' Water	⅝ ,, ¼	520	70

HEIGHTS OF WATERFALLS.

	ft.		ft.
Scale Force	160	Aira Force	80
Barrow Cascade	120	Stock Gill Force	70
Lodore	100	Rydal Upper Fall	70
Colwith Force	90	Dalegarth Force	60
Dungeon Gill Force	90	Skelwith Force	20

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SHORT TOURS.

One Day's Carriage Drive.—Windermere Village to Troutbeck church, 3 m.; Low Wood Hotel, 5½ m.; Ambleside, 7 m.; (or Lake side, at the foot of Windermere, may be made the starting point, and the steamer taken up the lake to Ambleside, 11 m.); Skelwith, 9½ m.; Red Bank, 11 m.; Grasmere, 13 m.; Wythburn (Thirlmere), 17 m.; Keswick, 25 m.

*** This route is longer than the coach road from Windermere to Keswick by 4 miles, the digressions therefrom being between Windermere and Low Wood, and between Ambleside and Grasmere. As compensation, it affords the best views of Windermere and Grasmere, from Troutbeck Road and Red Bank respectively, and introduces the traveller to the beautiful valleys of Troutbeck and Langdale. The only loss is the village of Rydal. The lake itself may be fully seen from the east end of Loughrigg Terrace (Red Bank).

Two Day's Carriage Tour.—*First Day*, as above. *Second Day*, the Buttermere excursion (23 m.) from Keswick.

Three Day's Carriage Tour.—*First two Days*, as above. *Third Day.* Train from Keswick to Troutbeck (Cumberland); coach to Patterdale (Head of Ullswater); steamer to Pooley Bridge (foot of Ullswater); coach to Penrith, or return from Patterdale by afternoon coach to Windermere.

One Week's Pedestrian Tour.—

(1) *First Day.* Windermere (Lake side) to Low Wood, by steamer; thence to Troutbeck, Kirkstone Pass and Patterdale, 13 m. (Hawes-water may be included by adding 6 m., (about three hours), to the journey, the route being over Garburn and Nan Bield Passes to Mardale Green, and thence over Kidsty Pike to Patterdale. This would be a hard day's work.)

Second Day. Visit Aira Force, then over to Keswick by any of the routes described on page 150.

Third Day. Watendlath, Rosthwaite, Honister Hause, and back to Keswick by west side of Derwentwater (*détour*, page 133), 24 m.

Fourth Day. Whinlatter Pass, Scale Hill, Buttermere, 14 m.

Fifth Day. To Wasdale Head, by Scarf Gap and Black Sail, 3—4 hrs.; Wasdale Head over Esk Hause to Dungeon Gill, 3—4 hrs.

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Sixth Day. Grasmere (by Red Bank), Ambleside, 10 m.; thence Windermere Station, 5 m., or Coniston Station, 9 m.

(2.) *First Day.* Windermere Village to Bowness (road) and Ambleside (steamer); or Lake Side to Ambleside (steamer). Ambleside to Grasmere (coach), 4 m. Grasmere to Dungeon Gill (by Skelwith and Colwith), 10 m.; (by Skelwith, Tarn Hows and Tilberthwaite) 18 m.

Second Day. Dungeon Gill to Wasdale Head, by Esk Hause, 3—4 hrs. (Scafell Pike may be included by adding from one to two hours.)

Third Day. Wasdale Head to Angler's Inn, Ennerdale, over the Pillar, or over Black Sail, 4—6 hrs.; Angler's Inn to Buttermere, by Floutern Tarn and Scale Force, 2½—3 hrs.

Fourth Day. Buttermere to Keswick, by Honister Hause and Borrowdale, 14 m. (*détour* from Borrowdale Hotel to High Lodore and Ashness Bridge should be made).

Fifth Day.—Keswick to Patterdale, by any of the routes described on page 115.

Sixth Day. Patterdale to Windermere Village, by Kirkstone Pass and Troutbeck, 13 m. (Haweswater may be visited by adding about 6 miles, or three hours, to the journey).

*** In No. 1 of these tours. it will be noticed that the traveller goes the round of the district against the sun; in No. 2, with it. No. 2 is, perhaps, to be preferred on artistic grounds.

A summary of longer tours (10 days to a fortnight) is appended to each of the Approaches (pp. 1—22.)

N.B.—In the following pages all divergences from the main route which is being described are printed in smaller type, in order that the tourist may see at a glance at what point and to what extent the continuity of the description is broken.

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THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT.

SEASON 1880.

HOW TO GET THERE.

Tables showing the cost of Tourist Tickets, the Train Services and the pages in Bradshaw's Guide on which they are to be found.

*** There will be no alterations in the paging of "Bradshaw" during the present year. In tables 2—7 every care has been taken to obtain from the railway companies full information as to their arrangements for the season, but as most train services are subject to monthly alteration, the tourist should *in all cases* refer to the given pages of his "Bradshaw" to avoid the risk of disappointment.

The pages in Table I. will take the tourist as far as Crewe and Leeds, on the North Western and Midland lines respectively, from the South; to Carlisle from Scotland, and to Tebay from the North East. From these junctions the lines which lead directly into the Lake District, will be found as follows:

Railway.		Page in "Bradshaw."
L. & N. W.	Crewe to Windermere, Village and Penrith	172
L. & N. W.	Carlisle to Penrith	174
,, ,,	Penrith to Keswick	171
Midland	Leeds to Skipton	222
,,	Skipton to Carnforth	225
(Furness)	Carnforth to Lake Side (Windermere)	178
Midland	Skipton to Appleby	224
,,	Appleby to Penrith	240

In these tables we have omitted the Great Northern route from London and the Eastern Counties, because it involves a change of stations at either Manchester or Leeds. Tourist tickets are, however, granted by it at the same rates as by other lines.

TABLE 1.

TOURIST TICKETS.

Cal., Caledonian; G.&S.W., Glasgow and South Western; Mid., Midland: N.B., North British; N.S., North Staffordshire; N.W., London and North Western.

	To Windermere (Village or Lakeside).				To Keswick.				Pages in "Bradshaw."
	1st Class.		3rd Class.		1st Class.		3rd Class.		
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	
Aberdeen *...	81	8	39	10	72	11	36	4	306 (Cal.); 293, 288 (N.B.).
Bath	71	3	35	0	80	1	41	6	216. 201 (Mid.); 143 (N.W.).
Bedford	60	6	31	6	69	2	37	6	200 (Mid.); 157, 142 (N.W.).
Birmingham	46	9	22	6	58	4	29	0	143 (N.W.); 217, 201 (Mid.).
Blackburn ...	19	6	9	6	33	5	15	6	280.
Bolton.....	22	3	11	0	35	0	17	6	270.
Bradford.....	21	6	10	6	33	9	15	6	222.
Brighton.....	93	4	46	0	102	2	51	6	62. 142 (N.W.); 200 (Mid.).
Bristol	69	11	34	6	78	9	41	0	216. 201 (Mid.); 243 (N.W.).
Burton-on-Trent	41	9	22	0	50	6	27	6	217, 201 (Mid.); 197 (N.S.).
Cambridge ...	67	6	34	0	76	0	38	0	226, 200 (Mid.); 157, 142 (N.W.).
Cardiff	73	6	33	0	86	0	38	6	29, 25, 159.
Carlisle *....	20	6	9	0	11	8	5	6	174.
Cheltenham..	59	11	29	0	68	9	35	0	216. 201 (Mid.); 143 (N.W.).
Chester	29	9	14	6	43	8	20	0	165. [157, 142 (N.W.).
Colchester ...	80	9	42	0	89	6	47	0	108, 107. 226, 200 (Mid.);
Derby	41	9	22	0	50	6	27	6	201 (Mid.); 197 (N.S.).
Dublin—									
Kingstown	76	6	...		89	8	...		168.
North Wall	58	6	22	0	71	0	26	0	168.
Dumfries *...	28	0	13	6	19	9	10	0	301.
Dundee * ...	62	6	30	6	57	0	27	6	306 (Cal.); 293, 288 (N.B.).
Edinburgh *	48	6	23	6	40	2	20	0	307 (Cal.); 288 (N.B.).
Exeter.....	96	9	45	6	...		...		6, 216. 201 (Mid.); 142 (N.W.).
Glasgow * ...	49	9	24	0	41	0	20	6	307 (Cal.); 301 (G.&S.W.).
Gloucester ...	59	11	29	0	68	9	35	0	216. 201 (Mid.); 143 (N.W.).
Hereford.....	56	6	27	6	70	3	33	0	25, 159.
Huddersfield.	26	0	12	0	36	3	17	0	188.
Hull	39	0	19	0	50	5	23	0	236. [157, 142 (N.W.).
Ipswich	78	8	42	6	87	0	47	6	109, 107. 226, 200 (Mid.);
Lancaster ...	9	9	4	6	23	0	10	6	172.
Leamington	53	0	26	0	61	9	32	0	18, 17.
Leeds	23	6	11	6	35	3	15	6	222.
Leicester ...	47	9	25	0	56	6	31	0	200 (Mid.); 153, 142 (N.W.).
Liverpool ...	25	6	11	6	39	2	18	0	172 (N.W.); 280 (Mid.).
London	73	4	37	6	82	2	43	0	142 (N.W.); 200 (Mid.).
Manchester ..	25	6	12	0	38	1	18	6	172 (N.W.); 207 (Mid.).

* Windermere Tickets to Windermere Village only.

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	To Windermere (Village or Lakeside).		To Keswick.		Pages in "Bradshaw."
	1st Class.	3rd Class.	1st Class.	3rd Class.	
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	
Newcastle-on-Tyne	31 3	16 10	29 3	14 0	244; 230, 241.
Newport (Monm.)	70 9	33 0	84 0	38 6	29, 25, 159.
Northampton	54 9	29 0	68 6	35 0	132, 149 (N.W.); 200 (Mid.).
Norwich	78 0	41 0	86 9	46 0	105, 106. 218, 226, 200 (Mid.); 157, 142 (N.W.).
Nottingham	44 10	22 6	54 0	27 6	200.
Oldham	27 0	12 0	38 0	18 0	264.
Oxford	65 6	31 6	76 0	37 6	18, 17.
Perth *	62 6	30 6	54 0	27 0	306 (Cal.); 291, 286 (N.B.).
Peterborough	54 9	29 0	63 6	35 6	218, 226, 200 (Mid.); 157, 142 (N.W.)
Plymouth	116 8	53 0	...	...	13, 6. 216, 201 (Mid.); 143 (N.W.).
Portsmouth	100 7	49 9	109 5	55 3	37. 142 (N.W.); 200 (Mid.).
Preston	16 3	7 6	29 0	14 0	172.
Reading	73 4	37 6	...	...	18, 17.
Salisbury	87 0	41 0	...	...	41. 142 (N.W.); 200 (Mid.).
Scarborough	44 0	21 6	46 9	22 3	227, 231.
Sheffield	34 0	17 0	45 9	22 6	201.
Shrewsbury	39 0	20 0	52 0	25 6	159.
Southampton	97 0	49 10	...	...	39. 142 (N.W.); 200 (Mid.).
Stafford	38 9	19 6	50 6	25 6	143.
Stoke-upon Trent	35 6	17 6	49 3	23 3	197.
Sunderland	30 3	14 6	30 0	14 9	243, 244; or 237, 235, 241.
Swansea	75 0	34 0	88 0	40 6	160, 159.
Wakefield	26 6	13 0	38 3	18 0	260.
Warrington	24 9	12 0	38 0	18 0	172.
Wolverhampton	43 6	21 6	55 9	27 6	143.
Worcester	50 6	26 0	67 9	32 0	216. 201 (Mid.); 143 (N.W.).
York	31 0	15 3	38 6	18 3	231.

*** Second class tickets also granted on all routes except the Midland.

Tourist Tickets are also granted to most of the principal stations on the Furness Line, including Grange, Ulverston (for Conishead Priory), Furness Abbey, Coniston, and Seascale; also to Penrith and Troutbeck (Cumberland), for Ullswater, and to Bowness and Ambleside on Windermere Lake. The usual saving effected by taking them is from 10 to 15 per cent. on the ordinary fare. The advantages conferred by them, in the case of travellers from distant parts of the country, removed from the direct routes, are problematical, inasmuch as the same routes are not always equally convenient for going and returning. Tables II. to VII. show the best routes for going.

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TABLE II.

Train Service from the South by the London and North-Western.

Page in 'Bradshaw'		A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	NOON
142	London (Euston) *dep.*	5.15	7.15	10.0	10.10	11.0	12.1
,,	Bletchley ..... ,,	—	8.23	10.14	11.21	12.11	1.2
,,	Rugby ..... ,,	7.10	9.20	11.57	12.19	1.7	2.2
216	Bristol ..... ,,	—	—	8.5	—	—	10.1
143	Birmingham ,,	7.25	8.50	11.20	12.25	—	1.5
,,	Stafford ..... ,,	8.38	10.0	12.35	1.35	2.25	3.4
172	Crewe ..... ,,	9.20	11.11	1.43	2.15	3.5	4.2
,,	Preston ..... ,,	10.57	12.37	3.17	3.55	4.26	6.1
173	Carnforth ..... *arr.*	11.37	1.20	3.54	4.48	5.8	7.1
178	Windermere (Lake Side) ,,	1.50	3.55	5.50	—	6.55	8.1
178	Windermere Village ,,	12.35	2.20	—	5.40	7.0	8.1
,,	Penrith ..... ,,	1.0	4.10	5.7	—	6.25	8.4
171	Keswick ..... ,,	2.30	—	5.55	—	8.0	—

TABLE III.

Connection with the above at Crewe.

Page in 'Bradshaw'			A.M.	A.M.
29	Cardiff	*dep.*	6.35	9.30
,,	Newport — Great Western	,,	7.3	9.55
25	Hereford	,,	9.25	12.15
160	Swansea	,,	6.15	9.55
159	Shrewsbury	,,	11.30	2.30
,,	Crewe	*arr.*	12.35	3.50
18	Reading	*dep.*	7.50	11.0
,,	Oxford	,,	8.50	11.45*
,,	Leamington — Great Western	,,	9.58	12.54
17	Wellington	,,	12.0	2.45
,,	Crewe	*arr.*	1.10	3.55

* L. & N.W. corresponding departures 10 a.m. and 12 noon.

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TABLE IV.

From the South by the Midland.

Page in Bradshaw	* Pullman Cars to Appleby.		A A.M.	B A.M.	A A.M.*	B A.M.
200	London (St. Pancras)	*dep.*	5.15	10.0	10.35	12.15
,,	Kettering	,,	—	11.33	11.33	1.52
,,	Leicester	,,	7.30	11.35	12.47	2.10
,,	Nottingham	,,	7.42	12.42	1.0	3.2
216	Bristol	,,	—	—	9.10	—
217	Birmingham	,,	6.0	—	11.45	—
201	Derby	,,	7.45	12.15	1.25	1.45
,,	Sheffield	,,	9.5	1.40	2.20	4.0
222	Leeds	,,	10.32	2.45	3.0	5.10
,,	Skipton	*arr.*	11.17	3.27	4.2	5.53
224	Appleby	,,	12.49	—	5.21	—
240	Penrith	,,	1.22	—	5.55	—
171	Keswick	,,	2.30	—	8.0	—
225	Carnforth (Mid.)	,,	12.25	4.36	5.41	7.0
,,	,, (N.W.)	,,	12.40	4.45	5.46	7.7
173	Windermere Village	,,	2.20	5.40	7.0	8.10
178	Windermere (Lake Side)	,,	1.50	5.50	—	8.15

A, *viâ* Leicester; B, *viâ* Nottingham.

TABLE V.

om the Eastern Counties, in connection with the above at ering and Nottingham, and with the London and North-Western at Bletchley and Rugby.

e in shaw'	(A)		A.M.	A.M.	A.M.		A.M.
08	Colchester	*dep.*	—	—	6.34		—
09	Ipswich	,,	—	—	7.8		—
07	Bury	,,	—	—	6.28		—
,	Cambridge	*arr.*	—	—	9.28		—
—	Cambridge	*dep.*	7.50	7.50	9.45	11.30	11.25
57	Bletchley (N.W. Table II.)	*arr.*	9.35	—	11.13	—	12.55
26	Kettering (Mid. Table IV.)	,,	—	9.55	—	1.7	—
	(B)			A.M.		A.M.	
05	Yarmouth	*dep.*	—	6.0		7.30	—
,	Norwich	,,	—	7.30		8.36	—
04	Cambridge	,,	—	8.26		10.5	—
06	Ely	,,	—	9.14		10.45	—
,,	Peterboro'	*arr.*	—	10.20		11.52	—
—	Peterboro'	*dep.*	8.45	10.25	10.30	12.20	—
57	Rugby (N.W. Table II.)	*arr.*	10.40	—	12.5	1.50	—
18	Melton Mowbray	,,	—	11.31	—	—	—
26	Nottingham (Mid. Table IV.)	,,	—	12.28	—	—	—

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TABLE VI.

From Scotland by Caledonian, North British, or Glasgow and South Western.

Page in 'Bradshaw'			A.M.	A.M.	A.M.
306	Aberdeen	*dep.*	—	—	8.55
,,	Dundee (West)	,,	7.40	—	11.10
,,	Perth	,,	8.30	—	12.0
307	Edinburgh	,,	10.0	10.35	2.25
,,	Glasgow	,,	10.0	10.4	2.15
,,	Carlisle	*arr.*	12.35	1.25	5.7
301	Glasgow (G. & S. W.)	*dep.*	—	10.15	2.30
293	North British — Dundee (Tay Bridge)	,,	—	7.0	9.35
288	North British — Edinburgh	,,	—	10.30	2.35
,,	North British — Carlisle	*arr.*	—	1.5	5.20
174	Carlisle	*dep.*	12.55	1.40	5.35
,,	Penrith	*arr.*	1.25	2.10	6.18
171	Keswick	,,	2.30	—	8.0
173	Windermere Village	,,	3.45	3.45	8.10

TABLE VII.

From the North-East via Darlington and Tebay.

Page in 'Bradshaw'			A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.
230	Newcastle-on-Tyne	*dep.*	—	8.30	10.25	2.0
,,	Sunderland	,,	—	8.30	10.25	1.30
231, 237	Durham	,,	—	9.25	11.32	2.35
241	Middlesboro'	,,	6.21	9.5	11.47	3.29
,,	Darlington	,,	7.10	10.35	12.50	4.30
240	Penrith	*arr.*	9.42	12.45	3.25	6.55
171	Keswick	,,	10.45	2.30	5.55	8.0
241	Tebay	,,	9.17	12.15	2.40	6.35
174, 173	Windermere Village	,,	10.55	2.20	3.45	8.10

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REMARKS.

South of London.—Passengers from Kent, Surrey, Sussex and Hampshire may reach the Lake District in a day by travelling through London, and taking the mid-day trains thence on either the L. & N.W. or the Midland line (Tables II. and IV.)

Eastern Counties.—From the farther parts of Essex and Suffolk the quickest route is through London, but tourist tickets are only granted *viâ* Cambridge (Table V., A). From Norfolk the route is *viâ* Ely to Peterboro' (Table V., B), whence either the L. & N.W. to Rugby, or the Midland to Melton Mowbray and Nottingham may be used.

South-Western Counties.—The last train by which the journey is practicable in one day leaves Bristol at 10.15 A.M. (Tables II. and IV.)

South Wales and Western Counties.—The best route from Newport, Hereford and Shrewsbury, and places west thereof, is by Crewe (Table III.)

Central Counties.—From Reading and Oxford northwards either the Great Western may be taken direct to Crewe, *viâ* Wellington (Shropshire), or the main line of the L. & N.W. may be joined at one of the several junctions at which the branch lines communicate with it (Table III.)

North-Eastern Counties.—From Scarboro' southwards, as far as Hull, the route is *viâ* Leeds, where the Midland system is joined. From places north of Scarboro', as far as Newcastle, a convenient route is by Darlington to Tebay or Penrith (Table VII.)

Ireland.—From Dublin the Irish Mail (1st and 2nd class, exp.) is the only train which admits of the journey being made in a day. Change at Crewe. From the North of Ireland the best route is by the night boat from Belfast to Barrow-in-Furness, whence Lake Side is reached in about an hour.

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SPECIAL NOTE.

P. 13. Important and thoroughly exceptional changes were made a few weeks before the publication of this book, in the approaches to the Lake District by the "Midland" route. One of these changes affects the accuracy of the following descriptions. A train service in connection with the Scotch expresses to and from the South has been established between Appleby and Penrith, to take the place of the coach service between Langwathby and Penrith. For particulars see Table IV. The general result of this change is to put Penrith (for Ullswater) and Keswick in direct and easy communication with all parts of the Midland system. The route between Settle and Appleby (41 m.) traverses the wildest part of the "Settle and Carlisle" scenery.

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Approaches.

Considering the great advantages in point of accessibility and accommodation which Windermere and Keswick, and, in a minor degree, Coniston and Patterdale, possess, it is small wonder that the tourists who enter the Lake District by any other portal are few and far between. At the same time it is a fact that, by sticking so pertinaciously to this "sheep-through-a-gap" custom, thousands of people visit the district over and over again without seeing some of its most striking features. Two lakes, in particular, suffer greatly from this habit—Wastwater and Haweswater. Travellers who descend "Sty Head" or "Black Sail" to the inn at Wasdale Head, and set off up the fells again next morning under the impression that they have seen Wastwater, labour under a grievous delusion. Wastwater, to be judged of at all, must be approached from Strands at its lower end, and to get to Strands, one of the stations on the west coast of Cumberland must be made for, or the road taken from Lower Eskdale or Calder Abbey. Haweswater, again, is a veritable

> "Maid whom there are few to praise,
> And very few to love;"

and yet Shap is a convenient station on the main North-Western line; there are good inns there, and five miles' walking, or eight driving, brings us to the foot of the lake, and to a scene which, for picturesque and bold simplicity, is hardly surpassed in the kingdom. Stanley Gill, too, in Eskdale, with its exquisitely beautiful waterfall, is usually missed through this lack of originality in planning approaches.

We might multiply instances, but enough has been said to warrant our devoting the first few pages of this book to a brief description of the various routes by which English lakeland can be reached.

FROM THE SOUTH (DIRECT).

1. **Carnforth to Windermere Village** (L. & N.W. Railway), 23 m.
2. **Carnforth to Windermere Lake Side** (Furness Railway), 27 m.
3. **Carnforth to Coniston by Furness Abbey** (Furness Railway), 44 m.

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In these approaches there is but little to choose between the first and second as far as convenience goes, though the former has hitherto received the greatest amount of popular favour, and is rather shorter. The Lake Side route is by far the most picturesque, and lands the traveller at the best of all places for commencing his tour—the foot of Windermere; while, by taking Coniston as his starting point, he may visit Furness Abbey (24 miles from Carnforth) *en route*, instead of making a special journey to it afterwards, which involves a good part of a day cut to waste in travelling through a country of comparatively little interest. A good plan is to visit Furness Abbey (where there is a good hotel) first, and then return to Lake Side (*viâ* Ulverston), 17 miles. We have taken Carnforth as a general starting point, because it is the junction of the L. & N. W. and Midland systems from the South.

1. Carnforth to Windermere Village.—This approach needs very little description, as the railway comes within 50 yards of the hotel at Windermere Village, and there is nothing to be gained by leaving it at any previous station. If the day be clear, the tourist will have obtained a glimpse of the Lake mountains even before reaching Lancaster, and from that town, all the way to Windermere, they are again and again visible, the most conspicuous being the Coniston Old Man—the most southerly of the group,—Wetherlam, Bowfell, the Langdale Pikes and Red Screes, while after passing *Oxenholme Junction* (13 miles from Carnforth) —where sometimes a change is necessary—and *Kendal*, the High Street range comes into prominent view on the right. The Lake District proper, however, is not reached till within a few yards of Windermere Station. Then, as we leave the train and mount the steps on the right up to the hotel, we are sensible of a change almost magical. The comparatively cold and dull ridges and the green fields of Kent Dale have vanished in a moment, giving place to the richly wooded hills which descend in graceful and ever-varying slopes to the shores of the long southern reach of Windermere. Directly in front are Claife heights, backed by the bold skylines of the Old Man and Wetherlam. Rigg's Windermere Hotel, a well known and excellent hostelry, is only a few yards above the station.

If the tourist is in a hurry to proceed, he may descend by omnibus to Bowness (1½ miles, fare 6d.) at once, or take coach to Ambleside (5 miles), or Grasmere (9 miles).

FORTNIGHT'S TOUR FROM WINDERMERE VILLAGE OR BOWNESS.

N.B.—We append these route suggestions to our Approaches, not with any idea of their being strictly followed, but rather as a shadowing forth of convenient "tracks" to be made by the tourist who wishes to comprehend as much as possible of the Lake scenery in a given time. Making allowance for wet weather and other occasions of delay, we have only reckoned 10 days to the fortnight.

Day
1.—*Windermere, Elleray, Applethwaite Common, Kentmere, Nan Bield, Mardale.* 4—5 *hrs.*

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Day
2.—*Kidsty Pike* (*or High Street*), *Patterdale*, 3—3½ *hrs. Patterdale to Aira Force, or Howtown, and back* (*row-boat or steamer*).
3.—*Helvellyn, Wythburn, west side of Thirlmere, Keswick.* 6—7 *hrs.*
4.—*Watendlath, Rosthwaite, Castle Crag, west side of Derwentwater, Portinscale, Keswick.* 5—6 *hrs.*
5.—*Buttermere Excursion* (*Coach*). 23 *m. Fare* 5*s.*
6.—*Whinlatter Pass, Scale Hill, Floutern Tarn, Angler's Inn, Ennerdale.* 5—6 *hrs.*
7.—*Black Sail Pass* (*or the Pillar*), *Wasdale Head.* 3½—5 *hrs.*
8.—*Scafell Pike, Dungeon Gill, Stickle Tarn, Easedale Tarn, Grasmere.* 8—10 *hrs.*
9.—*Red Bank, Elterwater, Colwith Force, Tilberthwaite, Coniston, Tarn Hows, Skelwith Bridge.* 5—6 *hrs.*
10.—*Ambleside, Stock Gill, Wansfell Pike, Troutbeck, Windermere Village.* 4—5 *hrs.*

2. Carnforth to Lake Side (Windermere).—This route is remarkable for the excellence of the views obtained from the estuaries of the rivers Kent and Leven, which the railway crosses by bridges more than a quarter of a mile in length, and still longer embankments. The Kent is reached at *Arnside*, 6 miles from Carnforth; whence, looking northward over the water, we catch a glimpse of Helvellyn, Fairfield, and the Red Screes. Three miles further we reach *Grange*, snuggest and sweetest of watering places, *when* the tide is up; at other times like an oasis transported from the middle to the side of a desert; but always charming in itself, with its villas cropping up amid a wealth of evergreen foliage, and its lofty limestone cliffs sheltering it from the rude attacks of the "ruffian Boreas." Hence to Lake Side there is a cross-country coach road. The distance is about 8 miles, and there are 2 coaches a day in the summer, starting from Rigg's Grange Hotel, at 10 A.M. and 4 P.M. The hotel is a thoroughly good one.

The line next passes along the coast, and through limestone rocks across the *Cartmel* promontory. In the churchyard of this parish a hundred graves tell the sad tale of a like number of lives lost at different times in attempting to cross the sands of Morecambe Bay from Lancaster.

A few minutes more brings us to the *Leven* estuary, by which the waters of Windermere find their way into the sea. It is a singular fact that both Scotland's and England's chief lake discharges itself into the "main of waters" by a stream of the same name and the same length. Here, however, the resemblance ceases. The Leven of Loch Lomond passes through a veritable "black country;" the Leven of Windermere threads its way through a deep sylvan valley till it expands into the estuary we are now crossing. As we cross, should the day be bright and the tide near its flow, the view is magnificent—a wide and sparkling lake immediately beneath us, lapping the feet of copse-covered hills and crags, and flanked by as fine an amphitheatre of distant moun-

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tains as the eye can wish to rest upon. The bold and yet at the same time graceful outline of the Coniston Old Man, with the rugged Dow Crag on its left—the most westerly of the group—is a striking feature whenever it is seen on this journey. Helvellyn is almost due north, and to its right Fairfield and the Red Screes again. The High Street range comes into view almost at the same time to the right of the "Screes."

The branch line to Lake Side diverges as soon as the other side of the estuary is reached, but the train proceeds more than a mile further to the sombre, grey, but by no means unsightly town of *Ulverston*. From it to the Leven mouth there is a ship canal, looking down which, as he crosses it, the traveller may for a moment imagine himself in Holland. A glance to the right, however, to the grey, obelisk-crowned cliff which overlooks the town from the north, will soon undeceive him. The monument was erected in 1850, to the memory of Sir John Barrow, sometime Secretary to the Admiralty. At Ulverston station (17 miles from Carnforth) we generally change carriages, and retracing our route to the junction, soon find ourselves at the Leven mouth again, skirting its western side.

Two miles south of Ulverston, and close to the sea, is Conishead Priory, a large and beautifully situated hydropathic establishment, whence coaches run daily through Ulverston to meet the "Gondola" steam yacht at the foot of Coniston Lake.

At *Greenodd*, the first station, the Crake river, flowing out of Coniston, is crossed. By following the course of this stream along a good road for 5 miles, we may reach the foot of Coniston Lake, and thence take the "Gondola" to Waterhead, another 5 miles. The last boat leaves the foot of the lake, where there is an hotel, about 3 o'clock.

After passing Greenodd, the Old Man is again conspicuous on the left. The estuary then narrows; we say "good-bye" to salt water, and enter a wooded ravine, welcoming, as harbinger of pleasant things to come, the rapid, sparkling stream which has only just issued from the calm expanse of Windermere. Then come *Haverthwaite* station and *Newby Bridge*, with its time-honoured inn, the "Swan," near which the steamers used to start, and in another mile, *Lake Side*. Here the tourist may either step out of the train on board the steam yacht, and proceed to the Ferry (5 miles), Bowness (6 miles), or Waterhead (11 miles) for Ambleside (½ mile further), or find comfortable quarters at the hotel, which is close to the station, and has been recently refitted and enlarged, and is in the same proprietorship as the "Queen's" at Ambleside. The station, to the credit of the railway company, has been built so as not to jar with the surrounding scenery, which is of a high, though not startling order, and certainly undeserving of the epithet "tame," which "Mrs. Grundy" has somewhat contemptuously applied to this end of the lake. The mountains visible at the head are Rydal Head, on the left, Red Screes, in the centre, and the High Street range on the right. The sail up the lake is described in the Bowness section.

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We may here remark that all the steamboat piers and offices on Windermere are built with every regard to comfort and appearance, and that they further differ from the wretched piles of stakes and planks which do duty for piers on the Scotch lochs in there being no charge for the use of them.

FORTNIGHT'S TOUR FROM LAKESIDE OR NEWBY BRIDGE.

Day
1.—*The Ferry* (*steamer*) 5 *m. Hawkshead, Tarn Hows, Coniston,* 9 *m. Ascend the Old Man.* 3—4 *hrs.*
2.—*Walna Scar, Seathwaite* (*Duddon Valley*), *Boot* (*Eskdale*), *Strands.* 6—7 *hrs.*
3.—*Wasdale Head,* 6 *m. Ascend Scafell Pike.* 4—5 *hrs.*
4. *Black Sail, Scarf Gap, High Crag, High Stile, Red Pike, Scale Force, Scale Hill* (*Crummock*). 5—6 *hrs.*
5.—*Buttermere, Honister, Borrowdale, Keswick.* 18 *m.*
6.—*Watendlath, Rosthwaite, west side of Derwentwater, Catbells, Keswick.* 5—6 *hrs.*
7.—*West side of Thirlmere, Wythburn, Helvellyn, Patterdale.* 6—7 *hrs.*
8.—*Grisedale Pass, Grasmere, Red Bank, Elterwater, Little Langdale, Blea Tarn, Dungeon Gill.* 6—7 *hrs.*
9.—*Great Langdale, Skelwith Bridge* (*by field path*), *Ambleside, Kirkstone Pass, High Street, Mardale Green,* (*Haweswater*), 7—8 *hrs.*
10.—*Nan Bield, Kentmere, Troutbeck, Windermere Village.* 4—5 *hrs.*

3. Carnforth to Furness Abbey and Coniston.—This route, as far as Ulverston (17 miles), is included in the foregoing description. From Ulverston the line plunges at once into the iron ore district, whence it emerges, after a run of 7 miles, into a pleasant, but circumscribed valley, which is almost entirely filled by *Furness Abbey*. The first impression of the visitor, on beholding these majestic ruins, will probably be that, in choosing their site, the "monks of old" were true to their characteristic appreciation of quiet and secluded beauty. The position of Furness Abbey, though not equal to that of Tintern or Bolton, or even Kirkstall (before the smoke fiend invaded it), is eminently typical. Small as the valley is, an hotel and a railway station have also been crowded into it, but it redounds greatly to the credit of the architect of those buildings that the *tout ensemble* has suffered very little from their presence. The hotel is an excellent one.

The *Abbey* was founded by King Stephen, and first occupied by a band of Benedictine monks from Normandy. Grand in its proportions, and covering a comparatively wide extent of ground, it attests in ruin a former magnificence greater probably, than that of any other abbey in the kingdom, except Fountains; while in picturesqueness, it is, perhaps, surpassed by Tintern only. The warm glow of the red sandstone of which it is built contributes not a little to its present effect. It has not the finished symmetry,

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nor the elaborate tracery and decoration of Tintern, but the strength of its masonry, the height and gracefulness of its pillars, and above all, the magnificent trio of Norman arches at the entrance to the Cloister Court, make it a not unworthy rival of that most beautiful of British abbeys. The chancel and transept of the church, the chapter-house—a building of extraordinary beauty—and the refectory are the principal portions still standing. The "ivy green" plays its usual effective part.

Leaving a full and technical description of this splendid ruin to abler and more experienced hands, we pursue our journey to scenes where, addressing the great architects of mediæval times,

> "Nature's voice may seem to say,
> 'Well hast thou done, frail child of clay!
> Thy humble powers that stately shrine
> Task'd high and hard,—but witness mine.'"

For some way beyond Furness the pervading red glare of the deep-quarried rocks on every side bears witness to the abundance of the hæmatite ore which forms the staple wealth of this particular region. Then the Duddon estuary comes into view on the left—a sandy waste, from the far side of which rises Black Combe. On the right the beautiful outline of the Old Man and Dow Crag again appear, and their rugged slopes are seen to great advantage.

At *Foxfield Junction* the main line to Whitehaven sweeps round the estuary to the left. The Coniston branch reaches in another mile *Broughton*, a small town with a tastefully restored little church. The New King's Head, the principal inn, and the Old King's Head are small but comfortable houses.

Broughton is the best place for commencing the walk up the beautiful Duddon valley (Route 16), which may be taken on the way either to Ambleside (22 m.), or into Eskdale by various routes.

Past Broughton, as the railway climbs through deep cuttings and copsy dingles, the more distant fells appear, the first being Ill Bell, over a slight depression in the near hills to the north-east. At *Torver Station* Walna Scar, Dow Crag, and the Old Man burst into sudden view close at hand on the left. The lake itself follows, far below on the other side—a lovely vision—and finally, just as we enter the Coniston Station, an exquisite peep up Yewdale, with the whale-back ridge of the Red Screes in the distance, banishes all scepticism as to the real merits of the scenery of English Lakeland.

The principal hotel, the Waterhead, is nearly a mile away, on the other side of the village, and close to the lake. There is a smaller, but comfortable one, the Crown, about half way. It is at the bottom of the hill, nearly opposite the church.

FORTNIGHT'S TOUR FROM CONISTON.

Day

1.—*The Old Man, Walna Scar, Seathwaite, Boot (Eskdale).* 5—6 *hrs.*

2.—*Stanley Gill and back,* 3 *m. Santon Bridge, Strands, Wasdale Head,* 14 *m. or to Wasdale Head over Scafell Pike,* 5—6 *hrs.*

Day
3.—*Black Sail, Scarf Gap, High Crag, High Stile, Red Pike, Scale Force, Scale Hill* (*Crummock*). 5—6 *hrs.*
4.—*Whinlatter Pass, Keswick*, 10 *m. Row on Derwentwater.*
5.—*Buttermere Excursion* (*coach*), 23 *m. Fare 5s.*
6.—*Watendlath, Armboth Fell, west side of Thirlmere, Thirlspot, Helvellyn, Patterdale.* 7—8 *hrs.*
7.—*Aira Force and back* (*boat*), 6 *m. Howtown* (*steamer*), 6 *m. Fusedale, Measand, Haweswater, Mardale* (*Howtown to "Dun Bull," Mardale*, 3—4 *hrs.*)
8.—*Nan Bield, High Street, Kirkstone Pass, Ambleside.* 4—5 *hrs.*
9.—*Rydal, Red Bank, Grasmere, Easedale Tarn, Dungeon Gill.* 4—5 *hrs.*
10.—*Langdale* (*Great or Little*), *Skelwith Bridge, Ambleside, Wansfell, Troutbeck, Windermere.* 6—7 *hrs.*

BY THE WEST COAST AND FROM THE NORTH-WEST.

1.—*Rail to* **Boot.** 3—4 *hrs. from Carnforth.*
2.—*Rail to* **Drigg.** 2—2½ *hrs. from Carnforth; thence road to* **Strands,** 6 *m;* **Wasdale Head,** 12 *m.*
3.—*Rail to* **Seascale.** 2—2½ *hrs. from Carnforth; thence road to* **Strands,** 7 *m;* **Wasdale Head,** 13 *m.*
4.—*Rail to* **Sellafield.** 2—2½ *hrs. from Carnforth; or to* **Beckermet** (*next station on branch line*). *Thence road to* **Calder Bridge,** 2½ *m. from Sellafield,* 2 *m. from Beckermet.* **Calder Bridge** *to* **Strands,** 6½ *m; to* **Angler's Inn, Ennerdale,** 9—10 *m.*
5.—**Egremont** *to* **Angler's Inn, Ennerdale,** 8 *m.*
6.—**Cockermouth** *to* **Scale Hill, Crummock,** 8 *m.*

The west coast of Cumberland is cut off from the rest of the country by the long range of fells which extends from Black Combe, at the south-western extremity of the county, to Lord's Seat, 5 miles north-west of Keswick, a distance of nearly 30 miles as the crow flies. The highest and roughest ground in England lies in this range. Excepting the Whinlatter Pass, at the extreme north of it, between Lord's Seat and Grisedale Pike, what few roads there are across it for carriages are extremely difficult and laborious, and the foot tracks are very rough. The coast itself, except in the immediate vicinity of St. Bees, is flat and uninteresting, but the tourist who is not too impatient to "wriggle" his way by the tortuous route of the Furness Railway as far as the foot of Black Combe, or one of the stations named in the heading of this chapter, will obtain, at the expense of an hour or two's extra travel, views of the wildest lakes in the district, which those who only approach them by the ordinary tracks have no conception of. Wastwater, Ennerdale, and Crummock can only be properly appreciated by being *first* seen from their lower ends. There is no permanent pleasure in abstract wildness of scenery, and to be thoroughly effective, it must burst suddenly upon the eye. Dis-

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appointment is always the lot of those who walk from the grand to the tame end of a wild lake and expect, by the simple process of turning round, to feel all its force.

Hotels, &c.—The tourist must carefully note the following remarks as to the accommodation he may expect at the above starting points.

At *Seascale* there is a large and excellent hotel—the "Scawfell"—kept by one Tyson, a good old Cumbrian name, which may be termed the "Jones" of Lakeland. Seascale is an incipient watering-place, just out of the hands of the landscape gardener, but not yet appropriated by the builder. Large placards, showing what a labyrinth of architectural and horticultural magnificence it *will* be, adorn the walls of the neighbouring stations, but the admiring tourist will do well to recollect that the distance from Seascale to Wastwater is 8 miles, and to Scafell 15, and not 5, as stated thereon in both instances. The hotel is not 20 yards from the station. At present Seascale is principally railway station, hotel, and sand.

At *Drigg* there is a comfortable inn, called the Victoria Hotel, close to the Station.

At *Boot* there is a small inn, the Mason's Arms, with limited accommodation, some 200 yards from the station, and another, the Woolpack, a mile higher up the valley.

At *Egremont* the hotel accommodation is inferior; the principal house is the Globe, a good 5 minutes' walk from the station.

At *Ravenglass*, a small inn, the Queen's Head.

At *Sellafield*, nothing at all. The Seascale Hotel is 1½ miles up the Line, and the Stanley Arms at Calder Bridge, 2½ miles inland, also a good hotel.

The hotels at Seascale, Egremont, Drigg and Calder Bridge are posting houses.

It is much to be regretted that local enterprise has not so far been strong enough to make the road from Ambleside over the Wrynose and Hard Knott passes, and so on *vid* Boot, where there is a railway terminus, to the West Coast fairly passable by carriages. By so doing a much needed addition to the carriage routes of the district would be provided; the fine scenery of the western lakes and valleys would be opened up, and there can be but little doubt that in a short time the enterprise would repay its promoters.

We are glad to be informed that the wretched accommodation hitherto provided by the Furness Railway Company for seven-eights of their passengers—the third class—is likely to be improved, and made to correspond better with the excellence of the stations on their line. At present it is scant satisfaction to a traveller, after having been shaken inside out for two or three hours in a straight-backed "sentry-box," to be landed on the broad platform of an æsthetically designed railway station. All who are interested in promoting these West Coast approaches should do what they can to keep alive in the aristocratic bosoms of the Furness Directorate this happily aroused sympathy with the sorrows of their humbler brethren.

1. Ravenglass to Boot. By adopting this approach, pedestrians may first explore Stanley Gill and the beauties of Eskdale, and then crossing to Strands, see Wastwater to full advantage.

The little Eskdale railway, made for the conveyance of iron ore from Boot, starts from a siding near the main line at *Ravenglass*. It is of a 3 ft. gauge, and for the first 4 miles runs through

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Miterdale, skirting the northern slope of Muncaster Fell. The prominent mountain at the head of the valley is Scafell itself, hiding Scafell Pike. After passing the second station, Irton Road, the line crosses the low neck which here separates Miterdale from Eskdale. Hereabouts Harter Fell and the rest of the broken ridge, lying between the Esk and Duddon Vales, become conspicuous in front. Another few miles of rather circuitous and jolty travelling brings us to the "wee" terminus of *Boot*. The line altogether, primitive though it be, is a real boon to tourists, landing them almost within a stone's throw of some of the finest scenery in the district. The charms of Eskdale are described in the carriage route from Ambleside to Strands (Route 5). It is sufficient here to say that it is one of the most beautiful and diversified of the valleys of Lakeland, and only requires the improvement of the road to it from Ambleside, over Wrynose and Hardknott, to become one of the most popular.

Fortnight's Tour from Boot or Wasdale Head (p. 10).

2. Drigg to Strands and Wasdale Head.—Drigg is undoubtedly the best station for pedestrians to start from for Wasdale Head. The road is shorter by one mile, and more attractive than that from Seascale, the next station. Families, however, and those who lay stress on hotel accommodation, will probably prefer Seascale, the inn at Drigg being small, though good in its way. Those who stay at Seascale, may, if so inclined, still make Drigg their starting point, by taking the train back to it, the distance between the two stations being only a mile and a half.

On leaving Drigg, follow the telegraph wires for the first mile, as far as the hamlet of *Holmrook*, where the road descends to the river Irt, the stream by which Wastwater has its outlet. Here the road from Ravenglass converges on the right. A little further on, on the left hand, there is a new and commodious looking inn. *Holmrook Hall*, situated in a wooded park, is passed on the right, and just beyond it, about a mile and a half from Drigg, the Wasdale road diverges at right angles to the right. The basin in which Wastwater lies, is conspicuous wherever the view is not intercepted by higher ground or trees, the first good view of it being obtained from Holmrook hamlet. Great Gable, which disputes with Bowfell the claim of being the most beautifully shaped of all the lake mountains, forms the centre piece, lying back at the head of the lake. To its right are the Screes, and to its left, Kirkfell, Yewbarrow, and Seatallan. The lake itself is not visible until its actual shore is reached. Another wood-embowered hall is passed on the right, and then, at *Santon Bridge*, where there is a small and clean inn, capable of affording a night's accommodation, the river is crossed. Beyond it, take the narrow road to the left. At this point the carriage route from Ambleside converges, and the rest of the journey is fully described in it (Route 5, p. 42.)

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FORTNIGHT'S TOUR FROM BOOT (OR WASDALE HEAD).*

Day
1.—(1) *Stanley Gill and back*, 3 *m*; *Wasdale Head over Scafell Pike*, 5—6 *hrs*. *Or* (2), *Hardknott Castle, and back by Birker Force and Stanley Gill*, 9 *m*. *Wasdale Head, by Santon Bridge and Strands*, 14 *m*.
2.—*Angler's Inn* (*Ennerdale*), *over the Pillar*, 4—5 *hrs*; *or by Black Sail Pass and Ennerdale Valley*, 4 *hrs*. *Angler's Inn to Scale Hill Hotel, Crummock, by Floutern Tarn*, 6 *m*.
3.—*Buttermere, Honister, Borrowdale, Keswick*, 18 *m*.
4.—*Ascend Saddleback by Threlkeld, returning under Latrigg*, 5—6 *hrs*.
5.—*High Lodore, Watendlath, Armboth Fell, west side of Thirlmere, Wythburn, Helvellyn, Patterdale*, 7—8 *hrs*.
6.—*Aira Force and back* (*boat*), 6 *m*. *Boredale Hause, Howtown, Measand, Mardale Green* (*Haweswater*), 5—6 *hrs*.
7.—*Kidsty Pike, High Street*, "*Traveller's Rest*" (*Kirkstone*), *Ambleside, Grasmere (by Red Bank)*, 6—7 *hrs*.
8.—*Easedale Tarn, Codale Tarn, Stickle Tarn, Dungeon Gill*, 2½—3½ *hrs*. *Blea Tarn, Tilberthwaite, Coniston*, 9 *m*.
9.—*Ascend the Old Man*, 2½—3½ *hrs*. *Tarn Hows, Oxenfell, Colwith Force, Elterwater, Ambleside*, 12 *m*.
10.—*Wansfell Pike, Troutbeck, Windermere Village*, 2½—3½ *hrs*.

3. Seascale to Wasdale Head.—The road starts from the railway station and hotel, and is a good one for carriages throughout. At the cross roads, about half a mile on the way, turn to the left, and again to the right almost immediately. Hence to *Gosforth* the road is unmistakable. Gosforth is not an inviting village. There are three inns, two of which foolishly call themselves hotels. At the south end of the village, where the road forks, diverge to the left, and pass by the church. In the churchyard is a famous cross, some 15 feet high. What the carvings upon it may mean, and by whom it was erected, are interesting matters of disquisition for the antiquary.

In another half mile the river Bleng is crossed, and thence the road proceeds with little variation in the direction of the basin of Wastwater. The mountains surrounding the lake become more and more conspicuous—the Screes and Scafell on the right, Seatallan, Buckbarrow, and Yewbarrow on the left. Great Gable is hidden by the latter. The lake itself is not visible until its actual shore is reached, being hidden by intervening knolls and copses. About 3 miles from Gosforth the carriage road through *Strands* diverges through a gate on the right. A signpost points to Keswick as 19 miles distant, straight on. This latter route misses Strands, and joins the other road, through that village, some way up the lake. There are two very small inns at Strands, the

* If Wasdale Head be the starting point, the tourist may devote the first day to the ascent of Scafell Pike, descending to Boot, 5—6 hrs.; visiting Stanley Gill, 3 m.; and returning from Boot to Wasdale Head by Burnmoor Tarn, 6 m.

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"Strands Inn" on the right, and the "Strands Hotel" (!) on the left. Hence the road to Wasdale Head is described in Route 5.

Fortnight's Tour, see p. 10.

4. Sellafield or Beckermet to Wasdale Head by Calder Bridge.—Tourists who wish to visit Calder Abbey on their way to Wastwater should take one of these routes. Beckermet is on the branch line from Sellafield to Egremont, and there are not always trains in connexion with the main line service, in which case it is best to commence the walk at Sellafield. The road thence is a cross-country one. From Beckermet the high road from Egremont to Broughton is joined soon after leaving the village. Both routes are plainly given on the map.

Calder Abbey is situated nearly a mile from the main road, which must be left for a path through the churchyard and by the river side, just before the bridge over the Calder is reached. The ruins are rather attractive from their position in the well-wooded valley, than extensive or remarkable in themselves. The Abbey dates from the 12th century.

From the high ground between Calder Bridge and Gosforth there is a mountain panorama extending from Muncaster Fells in front to those which rise to the north of Wastwater on the left. Black Combe and part of the Coniston range are seen further south than the former, while Scafell lords it over his fellows on the far side of Wastwater.

The road from Gosforth is the same as that described in the preceding route.

Fortnight's tour, see p. 10.

5. To the Angler's Inn, Ennerdale Lake, from Egremont (8 m.), **or from Seascale by Calder Bridge** (15 m.) —The distance to be walked from Egremont may be reduced to about 4 miles, if the trains by Moor Row Junction to Yeathouse happen to fit in. Should there be any delay, however, the tourist must be very chary of his legs who will submit to the jolting of the railways about Egremont in order to save a few miles of walking.

This approach is only to be recommended to those who being already on the western side of the district wish to see Ennerdale Lake properly; and it is well worth seeing. Egremont is a dull, commonplace town, and during the first half of the eight miles between it and Ennerdale there is little to indicate the proximity of beautiful scenery. A more interesting but longer approach is from the hotel at Calder Bridge, whence a road, skirting the fells and affording occasional glimpses of the Wastwater mountains, leads to Ennerdale Bridge. It is described the reverse way in Route 23. To avoid disappointment, however, the tourist should recollect that he is not in the Lake district till he has reached the lake of Ennerdale itself.

From *Egremont* take the road passing under the railway, south of the station. The Ehen, reddened by the ironworks which abound in this neighbourhood, is soon crossed. Red, in fact, of a bright brick quality, is the favourite colour hereabouts, extend

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ing even to a large number of the inhabitants, with respect to whom one may well wonder how, if at all, they ever scrub it off their faces and clothes.

A round-shaped mountain to the far right, which appears soon after the town is left, is Caw Fell. Soon after Grassmoor is seen in front. *Cleator Moor* presents a very busy and smoky appearance on the other side of the stream, which is crossed in about three miles by the road from Whitehaven. On approaching *Ennerdale Bridge* the pyramidal peak of Red Pike, and High Stile, the Buttermere fells, appear, and after crossing it and turning to the right the depression of the Ennerdale valley, nobly flanked by the Pillar on the right, is revealed. Bearing slightly to the left at the next junction of roads, about half a mile further on, and turning to the right in another three-quarters of a mile, you come to a modern farmhouse, facing you, called "How Hall." A cross over the gable of a barn, and a pointed window or two on the far side, indicate the antiquity of part of it. Keeping it on the left, you soon descend to the Angler's Inn, a comfortable little hostelry on the margin of the lake, a good view of which is obtained during the descent.

FORTNIGHT'S TOUR FROM THE ANGLER'S INN (ENNERDALE), OR SCALE HILL HOTEL (CRUMMOCK).

Day

1.—*Scale Force, Red Pike, High Stile, High Crag, Scarf Gap, Black Sail, Wasdale Head*, 5—6 *hrs.*

2.—*Scafell Pike, descending to Boot*, 5—6 *hrs. Stanley Gill and back* 3 *m. Burnmoor Tarn, Wasdale Head*, 6 *m.*

3.—*Styhead Pass, Seatoller, Honister Hause, Buttermere, Newlands, Keswick*, 21 *m.*

4.—*Lodore, the Bowderstone, Castle Crag, Rosthwaite, Watendlath, High Lodore, Ashness Bridge, Keswick*, 15 *m.*

5.—*West side of Thirlmere, Wythburn*, 8 *m. Helvellyn, descending to Patterdale*, 3½—4½ *hrs.*

6.—*Aira Force and back (boat)*, 6 *m. Boredale Hause, Howtown, Measand, Mardale Green (Haweswater)*, 5—6 *hrs.*

7.—*Kidsty Pike, Hayeswater, Patterdale, Grisedale Pass, Grasmere*, 7—8 *hrs.*

8.—*Round Grasmere by Red Bank*, 5 *m. Easedale Tarn, Codale Tarn, Stickle Tarn, Dungeon Gill*, 2½—3½ *hrs.*

9.—*Blea Tarn, Fell Foot, Wetherlam, the Old Man, Coniston*, 5—6 *hrs.*

10.—*Tarn Hows, Ambleside*, 9 *m. Wansfell Pike, Troutbeck, Windermere Village*, 2½—3½ *hrs.*

6. Cockermouth to Scale Hill (Crummock Water.) Crummock water, like all other outlying lakes, except Loweswater, must be approached from the direction of its lower end to be appreciated. This is usually done by adopting the Whinlatter route from Keswick, No. 23.

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To some, however, Cockermouth may be a more convenient starting place. Hence the scenery, tame at first, increases in interest with every mile till, before Crummock is reached, it attains a very high degree of excellence.

The town of Cockermouth, the birth place of Wordsworth, being outside the Lake District, calls for no description here. The principal inns are the Globe, the Sun, and the Apple Tree.

The Whinlatter road to Keswick is followed for the first 3 miles, and then a divergence to the right is made, soon followed by another in the same direction, to *Lorton* village. "The Yew Tree, pride of Lorton Vale" shows but a poor appreciation of the poetry which has been lavished upon it, and is certainly not worthy to be pitted against the similarly distinguished "fraternal four of Borrowdale," or even the chief of the Yewdale veterans.

From Lorton the road proceeds due south, and there is no fear of mistaking it all the way to *Scale Hill*, about a mile short of which the direct route to Buttermere branches off on the left. On the way Red Pike and High Stile become more and more conspicuous in front, Whiteside and Grasmoor on the left, and Mellbreak, for all the world like the top of a huge haystack, on the right.

The Scale Hill Hotel is an excellent hostelry.

Fortnight's Tour, see p. 12.

FROM THE NORTH AND EAST.

1. **Penrith to Keswick,** *by rail* 18 *m.*
2. **Penrith** (L. & N. W.) **to Pooley Bridge** *by coach* 5½ *m.*
   Langwathby (Mid.) ,, ,, ,, ,, 9 *m.*
   Pooley Bridge to Patterdale (**Ullswater**) *by steam yacht*, 7 *m.*
3. **Shap to Mardale Green** (**Hawes water**) *by road* 12 *m*; *on foot* 9½ *m.*

Visitors entering the Lake District from the north, almost invariably choose between Keswick and Patterdale (Ullswater, *vid* Pooley Bridge) as their starting point, and indeed for carriage folk the most profound diplomatist would find it difficult to discover a "third course open." Pedestrians, however, who wish for a little originality, are strongly advised to "try Shap." The reasons for this advice will be gathered from the description of the approach from that village.

Between Keswick and Patterdale the balance of convenience, as far as travelling facilities go, is in favour of Keswick, to which town the last train leaves Penrith about 7, whereas there is no public conveyance to Patterdale later than between 2 and 3 o'clock. In other respects the Ullswater route has a decided advantage, inasmuch as it lands the tourist on one side of the district and not half-way between the eastern and western sections. The visitor who wishes to see all the "lions" is at Keswick in the

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awkward position of having them on both sides of him, and he must needs exercise a good deal of strategic tact to avoid travelling over the same ground twice.

Derwentwater, again, is almost too good to begin upon. Its beauty, unlike that of Windermere, which works gradually to a climax during the voyage up the lake, bursts suddenly on the eye in its entirety, and should consequently rather be worked up to, than made the first object of interest encountered in the tour. The case is different with those who wish to make one particular spot their head quarters, and to take daily excursions from it. Keswick, to be sure, is a singularly uninteresting town in itself, considering its close proximity to the loveliest of English lakes, and the most strikingly chiselled of English mountains; but the numerous excursions from it, its overflowing supply of hotels, and the abundant means of locomotion public and private, which they afford, render it a deservedly favourite place of sojourn with those who wish to see the best of scenery without the trouble of finding out where it is, or how it is to be got at, for themselves.

1. Penrith to Keswick. The approach to this famous little Cumbrian town needs very few words of description. After leaving *Penrith*, a good view of the fells surrounding the head of Ullswater is obtained on the left, including St. Sunday's Crag, and Helvellyn. The train then performs a considerable "circumbendibus," during which it passes within two miles south of *Greystoke Park* and *Castle*. The red sandstone of the Eden valley has been quickly left, and the limestone, an index to so much beautiful scenery in other parts of England, but up here a sign that we have either just left, or not yet entered the limits of Lakeland proper, takes its place. *Penruddock* and *Troutbeck* stations, from the latter of which there is a coach route to Patterdale (see route 24), 8 miles distant, follow in quick succession. We have now risen to the top of a desolate and featureless moor, relieved only by the round-topped, larch-covered height of Mell Fell, which Miss Martineau justly stigmatises as the "ugliest of hills," and the Dodds of Helvellyn more to the west, but it is only when we reach the next station, *Threlkeld*, and the many-ridged Saddleback to the right competes for our attention with the opening of the narrow valley of St. John on the left, that we realise our proximity to the beautiful land we have come to see. The moorland is quickly left, and the picturesque, flowery glen of Southey's Greta entered. The stream is crossed times innumerable, and then comes Keswick station and the mountain "cordon" of Derwentwater. The lake itself, scorning, perhaps, to be associated with anything so vulgar as a railway station, or too maidenly-wise to display its beauties for the first time to a traveller whose æstheticism is blunted by a long journey, and whose thoughts are dinnerwards, remains unseen.

There is a large and well placed hotel, close to the railway station—the Keswick,—besides many other good ones in the town, including the Queen's, the Royal Oak, the King's Arms, and the Skiddaw Temperance, in the main street, the Lake, on the Borrowdale Road, the George and the Station on the road to

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the railway. There are also two good hotels, the Derwentwater and the Tower at Portinscale, about 1¼ miles from the station, and near the foot of the lake; and two more, of equal merit, within a ¼ of a mile of each other, the Lodore and the Borrowdale at the south-east end of the lake, 4 miles from Keswick and 1 mile from the entrance into Borrowdale. An omnibus takes passengers from the station to either of these last named hotels, at 6d. a head—the cheapest ride in the Lake District.

FORTNIGHT'S TOUR FROM KESWICK.

Day

1.—*Druidical Stones, Valley of St. John, Thirlspot*, 8 *m. Over Helvellyn to Patterdale*, 3½—4½ *hrs.*

2.—*Howtown (steamer)*, 6 *m. Fusedale, Measand, Mardale Green (Haweswater)*, 3—4 *hrs. Kidsty Pike, Hayeswater, Patterdale*, 3—4 *hrs.*

3.—*Grisedale Pass, Grasmere*, 3—4 *hrs. Ascend Helm Crag, or walk round Grasmere Lake by Red Bank*, 1½—2 *hrs.*

4.—*Easedale Tarn, Codale Tarn, Stickle Tarn, Dungeon Gill*, 2½—3½ *hrs. The Stake Pass, Rosthwaite*, 2½—3½ *hrs. Keswick*, 6½ *m.*

5.—*Scale Hill (Crummock) by Whinlatter Pass*, 10 *m; or by Coledale Pass*, 3—4 *hrs; or over Grisedale Pike*, 4—5 *hrs. Scale Force, Buttermere*, 2—2½ *hrs.*

6.—*Honister Pass*, 4 *m. Grey Knotts, Brandreth, Green Gable, Great Gable, Sty Head Pass, Wasdale Head*, 4—5 *hrs.*

7.—*Burnmoor Tarn, Boot, Stanley Gill, Birker Moor, Ulpha, Seathwaite, Walna Scar, Coniston*, 7—8 *hrs.*

8.—*Tarn Hows and back*, 5 *m. Furness Abbey (rail)*, 20 *m. Lake Side (Windermere), rail*, 17 *m. Ambleside (steam yacht)*, 11 *m.*

9.—*Skelwith Bridge, Colwith Force, Blea Tarn, Dungeon Gill, Chapel Stile, Red Bank, Rydal, Ambleside*, 20 *m.*

10.—*Wansfell Pike, Troutbeck, Windermere Village*, 2½—3½ *hrs; or back from Troutbeck to Ambleside, by Low Wood, same time; and coach to Keswick*, 16 *m.*

2. Penrith or Langwathby (viâ Penrith) to Pooley Bridge (Ullswater) and Patterdale.—Hotels, &c.: *Penrith*, the Crown, the George, and the Gloucester Arms (Dockray); the latter considerably smaller than the other two, but well deserving a visit (if only a passing one), from its historical associations. The house was once the residence of Richard III., as is testified by the arms of that much abused monarch—a couple of boar-pigs, *very* "rampant," hung over the entrance. The oak wainscoting in some of the rooms further attests the antiquity of the building.

Langwathby. The Shepherd and the Fish.

Pooley Bridge. Barrow's Sun Hotel and the Crown.

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Patterdale. The Ullswater Hotel, close to the landing-stage; and the Patterdale, one mile further, at the entrance to the valley.

Those who enter the Lake District by the Ullswater route may travel either by the London and North-Western or the Midland line. By the former they leave the train at Penrith, whence there are three coaches a day to Pooley Bridge; by the latter at Langwathby, from which coaches start for the same place at about 1 and 7 p.m. The coach drive by the Midland route is 4 miles further than by the North-Western. It passes through Penrith. The inducements for its adoption are the fine fell and valley scenery south of Langwathby as far as Settle (52 m.), and the lovely reaches of the happily-named Eden valley, northward, to Carlisle (20 m.).

The line rises by a continuous gradient of 1 in 100 for the first 14 miles from Settle, till it attains, near Blea Moor tunnel, a height of some 1,200 feet above sea level. During the ascent the Yorkshire hills of Ingleborough (2,361 feet) and Whernside (2,384 feet) on the left, and Penyghent (2,270 feet) on the right, appear to full advantage. Soon after the summit level of the railway is reached, exquisite peeps down the beautiful and thoroughly characteristic Dentdale and Garsdale are obtained from the lofty viaducts by which they are crossed. The line then descends through a wild mountain valley to the rich and beautiful strath of the Eden, which it pursues all the way to Carlisle. Some of the river reaches are as striking as anything of the sort in England. The Pennine chain, with Crossfell pre-eminent, fences the valley in on the eastern side, and westwards, if the weather be clear, Helvellyn, the High Street range, and Saddleback are conspicuous. The L. & N. W. route to Penrith also passes through some good scenery, crossing the backbone of the fells at Shap summit, nearly 1,000 feet above sea-level. The views down the Lune Valley from Low Gill, and across the Eden Valley, between Shap and Penrith, to Crossfell on the right, are well worth looking at; while Saddleback and the Ullswater fells stand out boldly in the other direction. From a scenic point of view, however, the North-Western route is considerably inferior to that of the Midland.

The latter part of the following description will apply to both routes.

From *Langwathby* the coach bowls merrily along a good high road through the woods of Longfellow's "Edenhall," and before reaching Penrith the tourist will, if lucky, obtain a fine view of the mountains surrounding the head of Ullswater, St. Sunday's Crag, and the peak of Catchedicam being specially noteworthy.

An hour or two's stay at Penrith may agreeably be devoted to an ascent of the "*Beacon*" (966 feet), a wooded height, with a space cleared at the top, about a mile from the station, in a north-easterly direction. From it there is a comprehensive panorama extending from the Ullswater fells to the border land beyond Carlisle. It is surmounted by a square tower, formerly used as a beacon, and formed

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in olden times one of the heights in the fiery line of communication between the Cheviots and Lancashire, though Macaulay, with a poet's license, has substituted Skiddaw for its less pretentious but more accessible little neighbour.

"Till Skiddaw saw the flash of light on Gaunt's embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle."

Other objects of interest in the neighbourhood of Penrith are *Long Meg and her daughters*, a Druidical circle, between 6 and 7 miles to the north-east; *Brougham Castle*, a ruin, 1¾ miles from Penrith on the Appleby road; and two mysterious remnants of antiquity called *Mayborough* and *King Arthur's Round Table*, respectively on the right and left hand side of the Pooley Bridge road, close to where it diverges from the main road to Kendal and the south, about 1½ miles from the town. Long Meg is in an excellent state of preservation, and well deserves her name, being not only 18 feet long herself, but also rejoicing in a "long" family of 67, to "fetch a compass of whom" involves a walk of nearly 400 yards. The Round Table and Mayborough are a couple of mound-encircled areas, about 20 and 100 yards in diameter respectively, and both of them capable of taxing the brains of the archæologist to the utmost. As, however, none of these objects of interest are actually within the Lake District, we will proceed on our journey without describing them more minutely.

From *Penrith* the Kendal road is followed for more than a mile. At *Eamont Bridge*, a conspicuous inscription outside an inn on the right bids people coming from an opposite direction "Welcome to Cumberland," and a more ancient quotation graven above the door —"*Omne solum forti patria est*"—seems to point to the far distant period when this locality formed part of the turbulent border-land, and Cumbria was independent of England.

Across the bridge a wide foot-path strikes off to the right along the riverside, and, cutting off an angle, rejoins the road at Yanthwaite.

A little further on, the Pooley Bridge road diverges at a right angle, just beyond the Crown Inn, and near to the aforesaid "Round Table" and "Mayborough." The North-Western Railway to the south is soon crossed, but keeping low down, the road has no particular interest until it draws near to *Pooley Bridge*, where are two hotels—the Sun and the Crown. Here the lowest reach of Ullswater comes into view, and the fells which crowd round the other two; the lateral ridges of Helvellyn, St. Sunday's Crag, and Place Fell being conspicuous.

Hence an enjoyable walk of about 4 miles may be taken along the eastern shore of the lake to Howtown. Commence it by passing through a gate a little short of the bridge, and following a footpath by the water's edge for nearly a mile, till you reach a farm-house. Here join the road which continues along the lake-side to Howtown, where is a good inn,—Farrer's Howtown Hotel. Beautiful views up the lake are obtained all the way, the cluster of fells round its head overlapping one another with most picturesque effect. From Howtown the walk may be continued to Patterdale, either by the lake-side or by Boredale (see Patterdale Section).

The sail from *Pooley Bridge* to *Patterdale* is one of increasing interest throughout. The lowest reach of Ullswater is part of the

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transition region from ordinary to "lake" scenery, not—like that of Windermere—thoroughly identified with the peculiar charm of the district.

The wooded hill which rises to the west at the outlet of the lake is *Dunmallet*, which has obtained more than its fair share of notoriety from the fact of Charles Dickens having ascended it. For all that, it commands a fine prospect. Two miles up the lake, on the same side, is the *Brackenrigg Hotel;* then, as the view of the middle reach opens up, the overlapping ranges of fells assume a more imposing appearance; a kind of mystery enshrouds the scene, caused by the sharp angles of the lake—nor is the feeling dispelled when, instead of keeping up the reach which has just disclosed itself, the steamer plunges boldly into a watery "*cul-de-sac*" on the eastern shore of the lake. This is *Howtown* (good hotel), whence he who is tired of riding will find a delightful walk of some 6 miles along the lake side to Patterdale (Patterdale Section).

The middle and longest reach of the lake extends from Howtown and Skelly Nab to Glencoin Park. It is commanded at the upper end by Helvellyn and its north-eastern spur, Catchedicam. Hallin Fell stands boldly out on the left as we leave Howtown, and beyond it the waters of Boredale and Rampsgill find an outlet in the lake near the hamlet of Sandwick. Further on the same side, comes Birkfell, and on the other side the sylvan glades of Gowbarrow Park, the ivy-mantled Lyulph's Tower, and the stream of which Aira Force forms part. Then, turning sharply to the left, the steamer enters the shortest and grandest reach of the lake, a scene which, in its own style, rich, and at the same time severe, is perhaps the finest in the district. The semicircular depression of Glencoin and the nobly wooded Stybarrow Crag are the most striking features on the right. Opposite them Place Fell descends steeply from head to foot to the water's edge, while Patterdale and St. Sunday's Crag, the presiding fell of Ullswater, supply a beautiful background. Beyond Patterdale the ascent of the Kirkstone Pass to Ambleside and Windermere commences.

After passing one or two small and rather featureless islands, the landing-stage is reached in the grounds of the *Ullswater Hotel*, and half a mile from the end of the lake.

FORTNIGHT'S TOUR FROM PATTERDALE.

Day

1.—*Aira Force and back* (*row-boat*), 6 *m. Boredale Hause, Howtown*, 6 *m. Fusedale, Measand, Mardale Green* (*Hawes-water*), 3—4 *hrs.*

2.—*Nan Bield Pass, Kentmere, Troutbeck;* (*or over High Street to same point*), 3—4 *hrs. Low Wood, Ambleside*, 4 *m.*

3.—*Barn Gates, Tarn Hows, Coniston*, 9 *m. Furness Abbey* (*rail*), 20 *m. Lake Side* (*Windermere*), *rail*, 17 *m. Ambleside* (*steam yacht*), 12 *m.*

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Day

4.—*Grasmere, Red Bank, Easedale Tarn and back, Skelwith Bridge, Colwith Force, Fell Foot, Blea Tarn, Dungeon Gill,* 18 *m.*

5.—*Rossett Gill, Esk Hause, Scafell Pike, the "Woolpack," Boot (Eskdale),* 7—8 *hrs.*

6.—*Stanley Gill, Santon Bridge, Strands, Wasdale Head,* 16 *m.*

7.—*Angler's Inn, Ennerdale, over the Pillar,* 4—5 *hrs; or by Black Sail Pass and Ennerdale Valley,* 4 *hrs. Angler's Inn to Scale Hill (Crummock) by Floutern Tarn,* 6 *m.*

8.—*Buttermere, Honister, Borrowdale, Keswick,* 18 *m.*

9.—*Ascend Saddleback or Skiddaw,* 5—6 *hrs; or visit High Lodore and Watendlath, returning by Rosthwaite and west side of Derwentwater,* 15 *m.*

10.—*Coach to Windermere Village,* 21 *m.*

3. Shap to Haweswater.—*Walking: Shap Station to Rosgill Bridge,* 3 *m; foot of Haweswater,* 5½ *m; "Dun Bull" Inn (Mardale Green),* 9½ *m.*—*Driving: Shap Station to Bampton,* 5 *m; "Dun Bull,"* 12 *m.*

This is an undeservedly neglected approach. Haweswater in its own style, quiet but decisive, ranks high among the sisterhood of lakes for beauty, and, like most of the other outlying ones, can only be seen to advantage from the lower end. Shap, too, is an excellent starting point for a walking tour, being well on one side of the district, and not introducing the pedestrian too suddenly to the "*crême de la crême*" of the scenery. It is on the main line of the L. & N. W. Railway, and four or five trains a day, in each direction, stop at the station, close to which is the Greyhound Inn, a hostelry well known in the old coaching days, being on the great north road, 16 miles from Kendal and 10 miles from Penrith. A walk of half-a-dozen miles along this road, in the direction of Kendal, and over the desolate Shap Fells, will give the tourist as striking an illustration of the effect of "rail" upon "road" as we can find anywhere in the kingdom, unless it be between Aberystwith and Rhayadr, or over the Grampians at Dalnaspidal. There is another good inn at Shap, the King's Arms, about a quarter of a mile from the station.

Shap Wells, noted for its waters, which are of the "rotten egg" flavour, is situated close to a fir plantation in a hollow of Shap Fells, between 3 and 4 miles south of the village. There is a large hotel there, but the surrounding scenery is of the bleakest character.

Starting from *Shap Station*, we travel northwards through the long village, with its characteristic clumps of sycamore trees, by the Penrith road, to where a sign-post indicates the divergence of the Bampton road to the left. In a few hundred yards along this road a barn is passed on the right; 30 yards beyond it is a wicket. Pass through this, and take the right hand one of the two paths—that to the left leads to Shap Abbey, ¼ mile distant, whence the main route may be regained in about 20 minutes at Rosgill, by recrossing the stream and keeping along its east bank.

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By Shap Abbey to Mardale Green.—Pedestrians may reach Mardale Green direct from Shap Abbey in from 2 to 2½ hours, passing through Swindale, and over the heights (1,500 ft. above sea-level) between it and Mardale. The route is an interesting one, but misses the view of Haweswater from its lower end, which is generally the chief object of those who make Shap their starting point.

The foot-path to the Abbey, after crossing the field, rejoins the road, leaving it again very soon at a junction where there is a sign-post directing to the Abbey. The ruin, which is situated at the bottom of the valley on the far side of the River Lowther, consists of a square tower and an irregularly marked enclosure. It was founded in 1150 under the name of Heppe—whence probably the modern "Shap"—a word apparently akin to "hip," and owing its origin to the thorn bushes which, planted at regular intervals, and jealously guarded by stone walls, still remain as evidences of the means adopted by our forefathers to guide their steps across the desolate tracts of Shap Fells. After the "dissolution" the Abbey appears to have been regarded, like many other similar structures in "distressed circumstances," as a public stone quarry to be drawn from by all comers at the simple cost of carting away the material. This system of "free trade" has now been put a stop to for many years.

The route onward leaves the stream, and passing through a gate, some hundred yards from the Abbey, crosses a common, over which there is no regular track. Pursue a south-westerly direction, keeping a clump of trees at first prominent, but shortly disappearing, considerably to the right. In about 20 minutes the cart track from Keld to Swindale is entered a little to the left of a farm-house called Tailbert. Do not pass by the farm-house, but, where the track forks, keep the greener left-hand branch which gradually ascends the fell side, and then, bending slightly to the left, descends obliquely into Swindale, crossing the main beck of the valley by stepping stones a little in front of the rustic little sycamore-shaded church.

Swindale is a wild, secluded, and thoroughly characteristic valley, with a head dominated by Selside Pike, and suggestive of Great Langdale on a small scale. It contains a few farmsteads and the "wee-est" of churches—the latter a dependency of Shap. The present population is 42, and the character of the preferment (?) may be guessed from the fact that for many years past no one has been found willing to accept it. Consequently its religious needs are satisfied direct from Shap. When the weather is desperate, a flag, hoisted on the tower of Shap Church, and responded to by another on the fell top overlooking the valley, announces that there will be no service on that particular afternoon. The Westmorland parson of the present day, however, is not easily beaten by the weather, and the hoisting of the flag is a very rare occurrence.

There are some waterfalls at the head of the valley which, but for their remoteness from beaten tracks, would be more thought of than they are at present.

On the other side of the stepping stones the regular road through the valley is joined. Follow this for about ¾ mile, and then turn up a horse track to the right, close to a half-ruinous farm-house. This track climbs the steep part of the fell, bending first to the right and then to the left, to ease the gradient, and when it has reached the comparatively level ground at the top, becomes difficult to trace for a time. The best direction is to keep straight on in a line with the track by which you descended into Swindale, distinctly visible on the other side of the valley, at the same time making for the most depressed part of the range which you are crossing. Selside Pike rises on the left, and beyond it the mountains surrounding the head of Mardale soon come into view. Named in order from left to right they are Branstree, Harter Fell, High Street (long and almost flat-topped), and Kidsty Pike, with its sharply-peaked summit. Mardale itself soon follows far below, and its green pastures contrast finely with the splendid array of encircling fells. This is one of the most striking of the near mountain views in the district, and all the more so from the suddenness with which it bursts upon the eye. Haweswater is not visible.

In descending there is a steep but good and easily-found peat road, which should not be neglected. Its course is to the right-hand of, and considerably above the beck, which is seen running into the main stream of the valley close to the highest houses in it. The beck forms many refreshing cascades, and the highest house is the "Dun Bull."

The direct path, after crossing three fields, re-enters the Bampton road, which it leaves again in less than 100 yards, pro-

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ceeding in the same direction as before, and passing between a quarry and a limekiln, with a gate on the left, which must be avoided. As it leaves the first field at its far corner, two valleys appear on the left; the nearer is Swindale, the farther Mardale, in which lies Haweswater. Beyond the latter rise High Street and, to the right of it, the sharp peak of Kidsty Pike. In front is spread the wide and pleasant vale of Bampton, with its limestone Scar overlooking it on the right. On reaching Rosgill, descend to and cross the bridge over the Lowther. Thence make straight across the moor, by a faint track, for the farm-house on its brow. Pass through the yard and out of it through a farm gate. Keep a fence on the left for a few yards, and then bear down in the same direction towards the Haweswater depression, which has re-appeared. The path, a faint one, leaves a block of farm sheds on the left and joins a cart track at the bottom of the valley. Pursue the cart track for a short distance, as far as the first bridge, crossing which you will pass by Thornthwaite Hall—the scene of a good deal of thrilling fiction in Trollope's "Can you forgive her?"—into the high road from Bampton to Mardale Green, at a point 4½ miles from the Dun Bull Inn.

A few minutes may be saved by keeping the river on the right as far as a second bridge, passing a waterfall of considerable volume on the way. Just on the far side of the bridge turn into a woody glade on the left, through which a path, at first keeping near the river-side, leads into the Mardale road close to a barn. This is not a lady's route.

Thus far the scenery has been simply rather wild in a commonplace way, and suggestive of good things ahead. A few minutes more, however, and you are startled to find that almost in a single stride you have come into full view of one of the most perfect pictures in Lakeland. Haweswater, graceful and solemn, and almost inurned in lofty mountains, lies before you. On both sides the fells rise steeply out of it, those on the right bare of everything but grass and bracken and heath and parsley fern, the lower ones, on the left, craggy, precipitous, and richly draped with forest foliage—oak, larch, ash and sycamore all lending their varied hues to enhance the scene. This is Naddle Forest, and the rock is Wallow Crag. A low green promontory narrows the lake almost to a river's breadth about a third of the way up it, beyond which it expands again into a noble sheet of water. The features are few, simple and unpretentious, but all good of their kind, and well knit together. There is no aping of the grandeur of Windermere, the loveliness of Derwentwater, or the wildness of Wastwater, but there is a classic repose and dignity about the whole which makes one feel that not to have seen Haweswater would have been to fall short of a just appreciation of the beauties of English Lakeland. A little way up the lake the waters of the upland valley of Measand come tumbling down the fell side in a series of Lodore-like cascades. In front, Harter Fell lords it over Mardale. At the head of the lake Whelter Crags are an imposing feature on the right. High Street and Kidsty Pike appear when Riggindale opens in the same direction; the primitive little church, with its encircling band of

yews, is passed, and then, after crossing the main feeder of the lake, the route comes to an end at the "Dun Bull," the last house in the valley. The inn is capable of accommodating some half-dozen visitors.

FORTNIGHT'S TOUR FROM SHAP.

Day

1—*Rosgill, Thornthwaite Hall, Mardale Green (Haweswater)*, 9½ *m. Kidsty Pike, Angle Tarn, Boredale Hause, Patterdale*, 3½—4½ *hrs.*

2.—*Aira Force and back (row-boat)*, 6 *m. Kirkstone Pass, Troutbeck, Low Wood, Ambleside*, 14 *m.*

3.—*Grasmere (by Red Bank)*, 5 *m. Dunmail Raise, Harrop Tarn, Watendlath, High Lodore, Ashness Bridge, Keswick*, 4½—5½ *hrs.*

4.—*Buttermere excursion by coach*, 23 *m. Fare*, 5*s.*

5.—*Whinlatter Pass, Scale Hill (Crummock), Angler's Inn (Ennerdale)*, 16 *m.*

6.—*Over the Pillar*, 4—5 *hrs; or by Cold Fell, Calder Abbey, Gosforth, and Strands to Wasdale Head*, 16 *m.*

7.—*Scafell Pike by Esk Hause, descending direct to Wasdale Head*, 5—6 *hrs.*

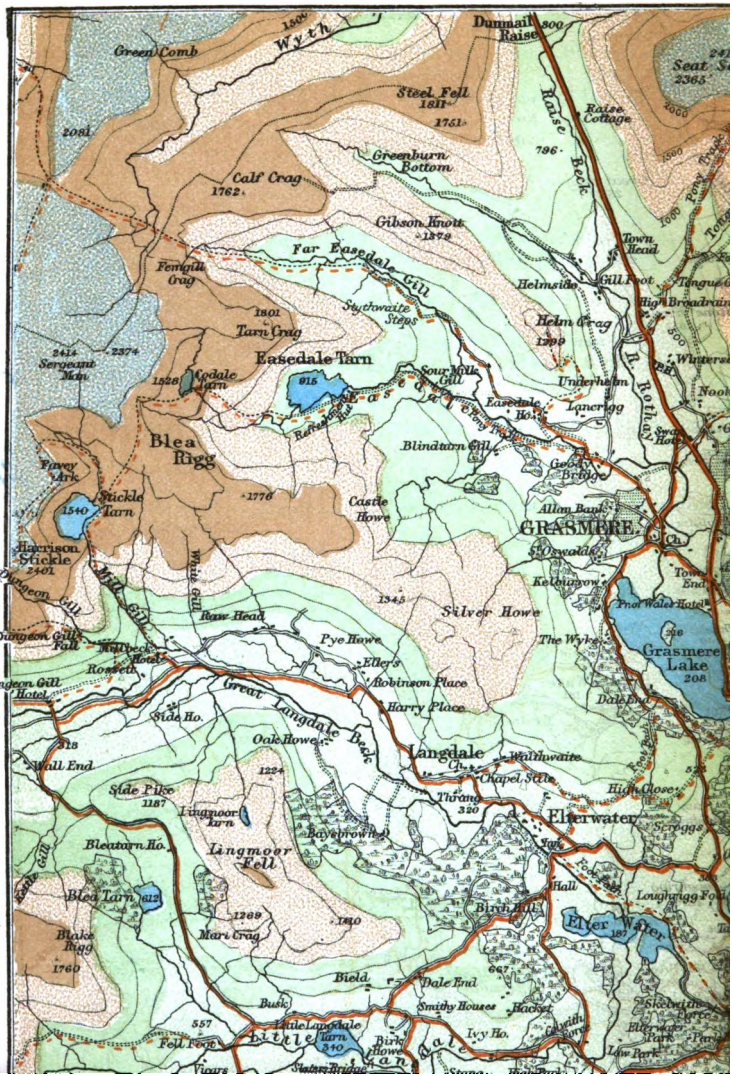
8.—*Burnmoor Tarn, Boot*, 6 *m. Stanley Gill, Birker Moor, Ulpha, Seathwaite, Walna Scar, Coniston*, 5—6 *hrs.*

9.—*Furness Abbey and back (rail)*, 40 *m; or ascend Old Man*, 2½—3½ *hrs. Tarn Hows, High Yewdale Farm, Tilberthwaite, Fell Foot, Blea Tarn, Dungeon Gill*, 11 *m.*

10.—*Great Langdale, Waterhead (Ambleside)*, 8 *m. Lake Side (Windermere), by steamer*, 11 *m.*

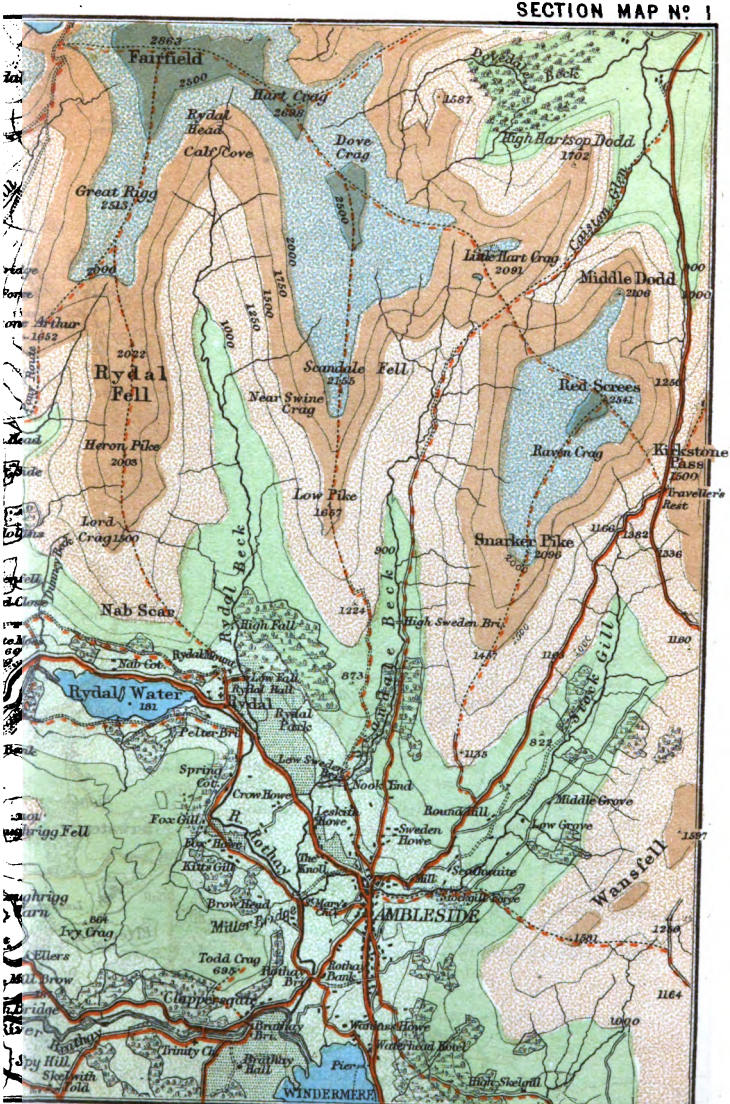
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SECTION MAP Nº 1



The tints indicate the Contours of altitude at intervals of 500 feet.

J. Bartholomew, Edin.

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Ambleside.

Ambleside is a thriving little town of about 2,000 inhabitants. It is beautifully situated in the park-like vale of Rothay, nearly one mile from the head of Windermere, and except southwards, in the direction of the lake, encircled by fells varying in height from 1,000 to 3,000 feet, all richly bedight with wood and purple crag. As a tourist's head-quarters, it disputes pre-eminence with Keswick, claiming the advantage of a much more picturesque and countrified appearance in itself, and giving to its visitors a decidedly more characteristic sample of lake life and scenery. The drawback to a prolonged residence at it is undoubtedly the great disadvantage at which Windermere appears from the most frequented routes in its immediate neighbourhood. Instead of the mingled grace and grandeur which characterises the lake from other points of view, we have a large square pool, a modern castle, and a flat-topped fell compassed by a monotonous plantation of larches. Wordsworth might well have illustrated his antipathy to that species of tree by means of this hill of Latterbarrow and Mell Fell, near Ullswater. From Keswick, on the contrary, 20 minutes' walk brings us to the best view of Derwentwater.

The irregularity of the streets, the rough grey stone of the houses, and the innocent rivalry in floral decoration which has lately been evinced by all grades of its inhabitants, add greatly to the individual charm of Ambleside. The only fear is lest modern architecture should assert itself in too pronounced a manner. The builders of "houses made with hands" will do well to recollect that the Rothay Valley is not Hyde Park. It is a gem, but on a *bijou* scale, and its smallness makes any effort of art, out of character or proportion, painfully conspicuous.* Those, who can recollect what the old "Salutation Inn" at Ambleside was, will realise the force of these remarks.

* "Wealthy purchasers erect new mansions out of the ruins of the ancient cottages, whose little enclosures, with all the wild graces that grew out of them, disappear. . . . It is then much to be wished that a better taste should prevail among the new proprietors, and, as they cannot be expected to leave things to themselves, that skill and knowledge should prevent unnecessary deviations from that path of simplicity and beauty along which, without design and unconsciously, their humble predecessors have moved."—*Wordsworth.*

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Ambleside New Church (St. Mary's) has been roundly abused by many writers, and it is certainly out of proportion both in its own parts, and in respect of the valley in which it is placed. The real mistake, however, seems to be that all attempts at architectural display and daintiness are out of place in the Lake District, where the varied features of natural scenery are not only so beautiful in themselves, but also so delicately proportioned to one another as to make the loftiest efforts at competition by man a comparative failure. Even our most beautiful abbeys, in their sweet sylvan recesses, owe their charm more to the work of time and nature, than to human agency. With reference to the church, it is said that the eminent architect who designed it (Sir Gilbert Scott) was among the first to discover its incongruity.

The hotel accommodation of Ambleside is excellent, the Queen's, the Salutation, and the White Lion being the principal inns. Lodging-houses also abound in the town and neighbourhood. There are three or four coaches a day to Keswick, passing through from Windermere station and Waterhead. Omnibuses to the steamboats at Waterhead (¾ mile), and to Grasmere (4 miles); and public conveyances every morning to Patterdale (Ullswater) and Coniston, returning the same evening.

The convergence of the Windermere and Keswick high road with the Langdale road from the Brathay Valley, and the Patterdale road over the Kirkstone Pass, renders Ambleside a very convenient place for carriage excursions, while pedestrians will find the greater part of the southern division of the district within a day's march there and back. Coniston, the Langdales, Rydal, Grasmere, Easedale Tarn, Ullswater, and Troutbeck; the Old Man, Wetherlam, Bowfell, the Langdale Pikes, Fairfield, and High Street, all come under this category.

The most attractive walks are as follows:—

1. Stock Gill Force (¼ mile).—This waterfall has lately been a source of much trouble to the townspeople. It had been from time immemorial free to the public. A few years ago, however, a Mr. Mackereth bought and set a fence round a portion of the wood between it and the town, and established an "entrance fee" of 3d. An appeal to the law having been made without any practical result, the inhabitants have now, with laudable public spirit, bought back the ground, and are making every effort to collect such a sum of money as will enable them to discontinue the charge for admission.

The route out of the town is in front and through the yard of the Salutation Hotel, beyond which there can be no mistake. The water comes down in two channels, separated by an intervening rock, and each broken by a cross ledge. The entire fall is 70 feet.

2. Rydal Falls (2 miles).—Take the high road to Keswick, to Rydal village (1½ miles) and there turn up the steep hill to the right. The falls are situated in the park, and a guide must be taken from a cottage on the left, immediately after leaving the high road. The lower fall is shown from a summer-house. Like

Stock Gill, it is broken vertically into two parts by a projecting rock. There is rich foliage around, and a picturesque bridge above.

The higher fall is half a mile up the glen. Art has not favoured it with a frame and a bridge *à la* its lower and smaller sister, but looked at as a work of Nature, it is, perhaps, the finer of the two.

Rydal Mount, the home of Wordsworth from 1817 to 1850, is a house which retires from the road above the church, and is almost hidden by a mass of foliage. There is a beautiful, but a somewhat circumscribed view from the grounds, over the richly timbered Rothay valley. Rydal water and part of Windermere—not the most beautiful,—are also visible.

The road continues to climb beyond Rydal Mount into the deep valley of Rydale itself, headed by the screes and flanked by the two southern spurs of Fairfield. The ascent of Nab Scar and the whole Fairfield range is best commenced at a farm-house about two minutes' walk above Rydal Mount, on the left.

3. The Rothay Valley. *To Pelter Bridge,* 1½ *m. Ambleside,* 3 *m.* This is a pleasant after-dinner stroll, and will give the tourist a much deeper insight into the beauties of the Rothay Valley than he would obtain by simply taking the high road from Ambleside to Grasmere, which, by the way, is often very dusty in dry weather, and very sticky in wet.

The Rothay valley is remarkable for its verdant pastures and the size and abundance of its timber, the two features together giving it the appearance of a nobleman's park, set in a framework of mountains.

Quit Ambleside by the archway on the south side of the Queen's Hotel. Leave the new church on the left, and traverse the meadows by a public footpath which crosses the Rothay at *Miller Bridge.* Here turn to the right and keep along the carriage road skirting the eastern slopes of Loughrigg to *Pelter Bridge,* on the other side of which the main road from Ambleside is entered. Fox How, the somewhat obtrusive residence of the late Dr. Arnold, is passed on the way.

The walk may be extended in various ways: first, by visiting Rydal Falls (p. 24); secondly, by continuing on the cart-track along the west side of the Rothay, instead of crossing that stream at Pelter Bridge, This road skirts the south side of Rydal Water to *Loughrigg Terrace* and *Red Bank,* which will be found fully described in the Langdale Round (p. 31). From Red Bank the circuit of *Grasmere Lake* may be made, and Ambleside again reached by the main road, the entire round being one of from 9 to 10 miles; or by turning sharp to the left from Red Bank, where the track joins the carriage road from Grasmere to Skelwith Bridge, the tourist may again reach his starting point by Loughrigg Tarn and the Brathay valley, after a beautiful walk of 8 miles, during which he will have gone the entire round of Loughrigg Fell. We recommend the latter route.

4. Loughrigg Fell. *Highest point* 1,101 *ft.; Time, anything from* 2 *hrs. to a day.* Loughrigg Fell occupies almost the entire space between Windermere, Rydal Water and Grasmere. Westwards it descends steeply to the lower undulating slopes of the Langdale valley. It commands an uninterrupted view southwards, and, in other directions, a grand amphitheatrical display of mountains. There is no single view from it equal to that from Wansfell, but its many peaks and the wide area over which they

extend, render a much greater variety of prospect obtainable than from the latter height. The best way up is, perhaps, to cross *Miller Bridge* (p. 25), and thence (1) to pass Loughrigg Brow and a farm called Brow Head; or, (2) proceeding along the Rydal Road, to climb from a point just short of the sharp bend of the Bothay at Fox Gill, avoiding the wood on both sides. The two highest peaks are upwards of a mile from this bend, in a westerly direction, about 200 yards from one another, and both marked by a cairn. They command views of the upper end of Grasmere Lake, and the more easterly one looks down on Rydal. The circular depression beyond Grasmere is Dunmail Raise, the highest point on the road from Windermere to Keswick, and the hill which fills it up, part of Skiddaw. The fell to the right of the "Raise" is Seat Sandal, immediately above which appears the sharply toothed ridge of Helvellyn. Westward the familiar range reaching from Coniston Old Man to the Langdale Pikes appears, the principal dip being the Wrynose gap between Carrs and Pike O'Blisco. Loughrigg Tarn and Elterwater lie close beneath, to the south-west, and Esthwaite water, with its woody shores, is seen almost due south, to the right of Windermere, which is visible from Low Wood to Belle Isle. If the weather be clear, the flat top of the Yorkshire fell, Ingleborough, is visible just over the Low Wood Hotel. Eastward we have the higher part of Ambleside, backed by Wansfell, and beyond the latter to the left, Ill Bell and Froswick, part of the High street range. Nab Scar, Fairfield, Rydal Head and Red Screes, are already well known objects to the sojourner at Ambleside.

A steepish, but easy descent may be made on to *Loughrigg Terrace* and *Red Bank* (for *Grasmere*). The best general direction is to keep as nearly as possible in a line with the west shore of Grasmere Lake. This course will lead to a little footpath, which drops into Loughrigg Terrace at its western extremity. Thence, by passing through a gate marked "private," and following the drive which runs parallel to the lake, the village of Grasmere may be reached in less than half an hour.

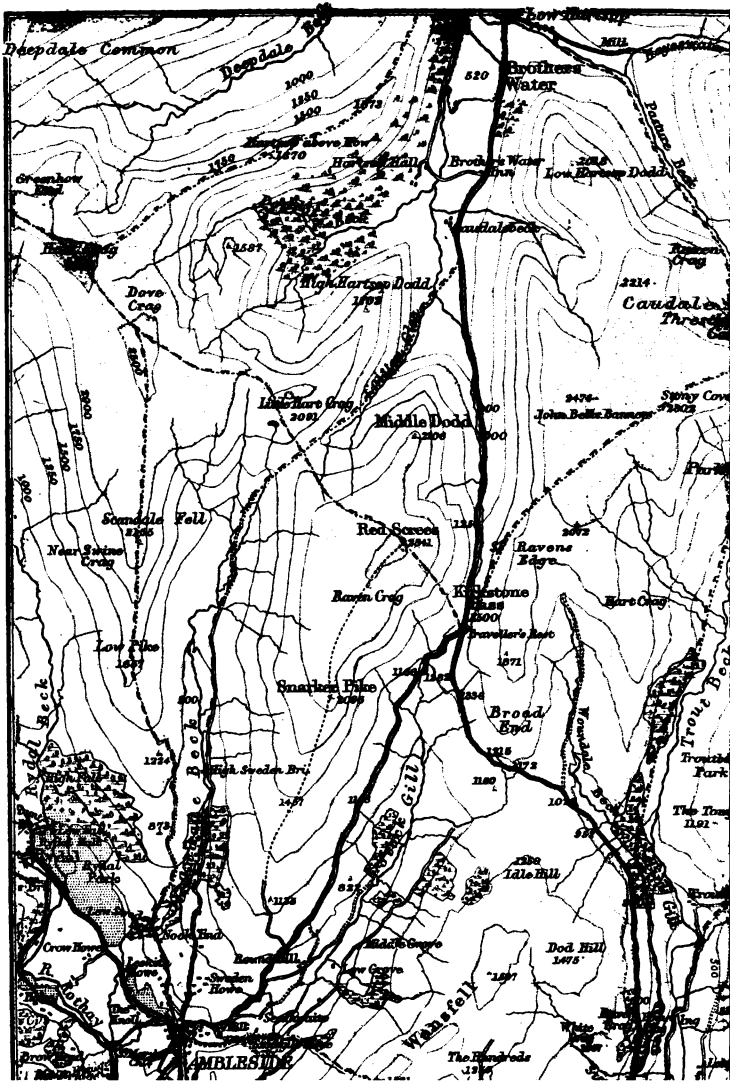
The best way back to Ambleside is over the southern end of the fell, where are two peaks commanding fine views of Windermere. From a point just below the more southern of these two peaks a zigzag path descends to Clappersgate, 1 mile from Ambleside.

We conclude this description with the remark that those who wish to benefit their lungs and delight their eyes at the same time, without undergoing much physical exertion, cannot do better than spend a whole day on Loughrigg. Its stature is diminutive, but it is more of a mountain than many heights that boast of 4 times its elevation.

5. Wansfell Pike and Troutbeck. *Ambleside to top of Wansfell* ¾ *hr*; *Troutbeck* (*Mortal Man Inn*) 1¼ *hrs*; *Low Wood* 2¼ *hrs*; *Ambleside* 3 *hrs*. *Distance of the carriage road part of this walk, from Troutbeck to Ambleside,* 4½ *m.*

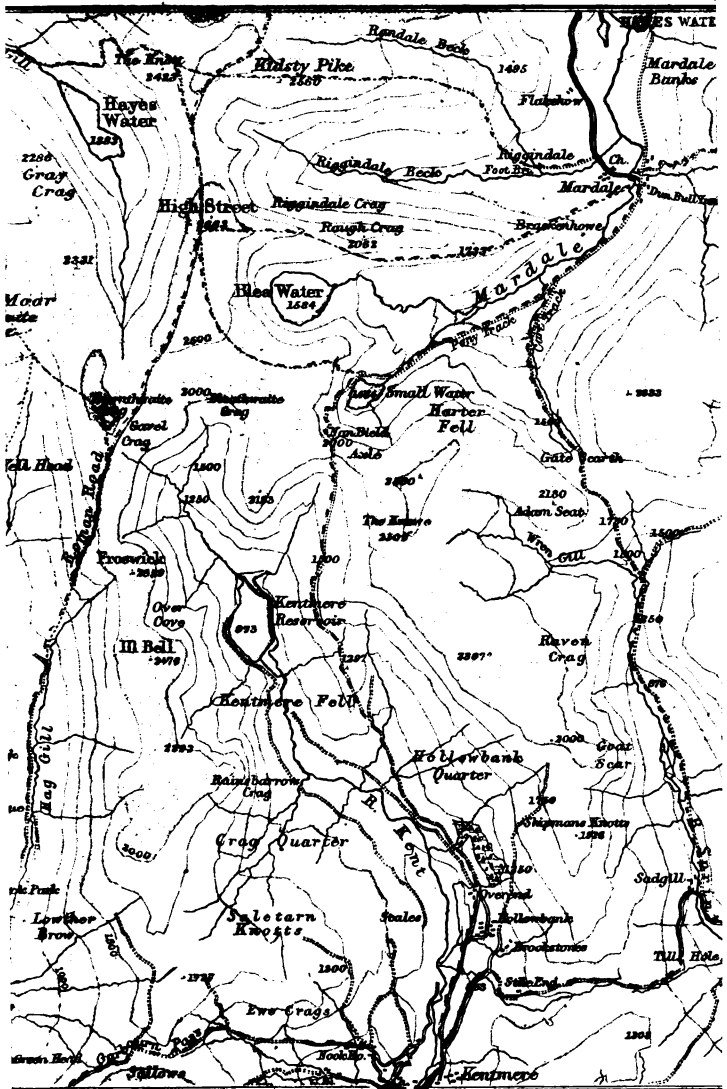
This is a lovely ramble, especially to be recommended to those who wish for typical views from easily accessible heights. It has been the fashion of guide books hitherto to treat Wansfell as an

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SECTION MAP Nº I


Rydale Becke
Hidsty Pike
Mardale Banks
Flakskow
Hayes Water
Riggindale Becke
Riggindale
Mardale
Gray Crag
High Street
Riggindale Crag
Rough Crag
Brock Thowe
Blea Water
Mardale
Moor
Small Water
Harter Fell
Gate Scarth
Adam Seat
Wren Gill
Kidsty Pike
Gavel Crag
Hall Hause
Kidsty Pike
Prosewick
Over Cove
Kentmere Reservoir
Ill Bell
Raven Crag
Kentmere Fell
Hollowbank Quarter
Goat Scar
Baisdale Crag
Crag Quarter
Hag Gill
Sadgill
Overend
Hollowbank
Brockstones
Till Hole
Low Moor Brow
Saletarn Knotts
Scales
Ewe Crags
Nook Ho.
Kentmere
Yallows
Green Head
Gill
Pasture
Pasture
Pasture

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excursion in itself, the tourist presumably returning almost direct to Ambleside by one of the ordinary routes which he had the choice of in ascending. The charm of variety, however, at the expense of very slight extra toil, is obtained by combining with Wansfell a visit to the quaint straggling village and green pastoral valley of Troutbeck. The return route from Troutbeck keeps well up the south slope of Wansfell, till it drops to Low Wood, and presents almost all the way a splendid panorama of Windermere, its islands and mountain background. The tourist, who does not include in his programme the direct drive from Windermere village to Patterdale, should on no account omit this particular road.

The ascent of Wansfell from Ambleside may be accomplished by various routes, a right of way out of the town being the only thing needful to begin it. Two ordinary routes up are from the old Windermere Road, which rises to the left from the new one, about 200 yards from the centre of the town. The quickest, easiest, and most artistic (because it admits of a *coup d'œil*) ascent, however, is by Stock Gill. Those from the Windermere Road are over lumpy ground, and beset with stone walls to an extent which makes it almost impossible to give available directions for avoiding them.

Pass in front and through the yard of the Salutation Hotel as in the route to the waterfall, but, instead of diverging to the latter, keep straight on till you pass through a gate beyond which is a bank with some trees on it. At the end of this bank, just short of a runnel, a gate lies back to the right, through which enter and cross a field to a lane above, coming from the old Windermere Road above referred to. Turn to the left up the lane for a few yards, till two gates face you. Pass through the right hand one, and climb the fell between two becks which unite just beyond it. A green path is traceable for a part of the distance. There is a cross wall some way up with a gate in it, and a second wall going straight up the fell just beyond. Pass through an opening in the latter, and keeping it henceforth on the right, you will reach the summit in 10 or 15 minutes.

Wansfell itself is a long ridge extending N.E. to S.W. for upwards of a mile, from 1,500 to 1,600 feet above sea-level, and 1,400 feet above Ambleside. Its comparatively isolated position, and the fact that on the western side, in which direction the chief cluster of lake mountains lies, there is nothing close at hand of equal height, make it a first rate natural observatory. From the south-west end of the ridge a grand view of the whole length of Windermere with its winding wood-fringed shores, and its finely timbered islands presents itself. From no other point of the compass does the beautiful bend which so thoroughly individualises the lake, appear to such advantage.

"I climbed, I saw the lake extend;
'Mid lessening hills it lay,
Till its long silvery gleam had end
Far in the south away:
And far it stretched, the southern sky,
O'er landscapes vague as dreams;
The limit of the north was nigh,
On mountains loud with streams."

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Mankind is generally much more alive to the beauties of Art than of Nature. Everybody talks about the curve of the "High" at Oxford, and realises the fact that to that peculiar contour it owes much of its fame, but one seldom hears the keynote of Windermere's beauty struck even by those who are sensible of its full charm. That long drawn curve of unspeakable grace, which has neither the monotony of the circle, like Geneva, nor the rigidness of the corner, like Lucerne, is very inadequately expressed in the term "river lake" so frequently employed to sum up the beauty of Windermere.

From the lake itself the eye wanders on to the blue fells beyond, separated from it by a belt of rich valley and undulating wood. To the north and east the view is abruptly closed by mountains of greater height, with most of which the tourist will have become familiar while staying at Ambleside. The circular depression almost due north is the Kirkstone Pass, filled in by Place Fell, overlooking Ullswater, and the white building at the bottom of it, the "Travellers' Rest." The three ridges descending into the Rothay valley from Fairfield, Rydal Head, and Red Screes, appear to great advantage. Eastwards and north-eastwards the far side of the Troutbeck valley extends, and beyond it the High Street range, the southern peak of High Street itself, Thornthwaite Crag, being marked by a columnar pile of stones, and Ill Bell conspicuous by its cone-shaped summit. The somewhat similar intervening peak is Froswick. The village of Troutbeck lies to the south-east, but is hidden by a ridge of the fell on which we stand, and which somewhat mars the view in this direction. Southward the Troutbeck valley opens on to Windermere. Little Blelham Tarn is conspicuous over the upper reach of the lake, but Latterbarrow, the flat-topped, uninteresting hill with the firs, rising south of the tarn, hides Esthwaite. Hawkshead appears to the right of Latterbarrow, and beyond it, a little to the right again, in the far distance, the whale-back of Black Combe brings to an abrupt end the range which separates the Duddon valley from the Irish Sea. Then comes the weather-beaten Old Man, the southern buttress of that range so familiar to the Windermere sojourner, which, with the single depression of Wrynose, seems to extend in rugged but unbroken line all the way round to the Kirkstone Pass again. Scafell Pike is just visible over the right shoulder of Bowfell, almost due west, and Scafell itself beyond the abrupt southern dip of the same mountain. Rydal Water and Grasmere are both in sight, to the right of Loughrigg Fell.

If it be desired to return to Ambleside by a different route, but without visiting Troutbeck, an easy descent may be made by Skelgill to the Low Wood Hotel, 1½ mile from Ambleside, the general direction to be followed being a little to the left of Wray Castle on the other side of Windermere; or, on reaching Skelgill Farm, a lane will conduct the tourist back through Skelgill Wood in about two miles, the latter route being one of exquisite beauty.

In descending to Troutbeck a rough track, called Nanny Lane, will be found about a quarter of a mile east of the summit ridge. This drops into the road from Kirkstone to Low Wood, at a point a little south of the "Mortal Man" Inn, from the kitchen of

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which, by the way, there is a charming peep down the dale and over a portion of Windermere. There are, however, several rough lanes leading down from Wansfell to Troutbeck, on reaching which inquiry should be made. The old signboard—which attested the excellence of "Birkett's ale"* by the ruddy glow which it imparted to the nose of the "Mortal Man" himself—has disappeared. Birkett has vanished, and "Ind and Coope" reigns in his stead. For Troutbeck see p. 72.

Hence the return to Ambleside *viâ* Low Wood needs no comment, the splendid views of Windermere on the way having been already remarked. The road branches to the right at a small plantation, nearly a mile from the "Mortal Man." The left fork descends the valley on the right-hand side of the beck to Troutbeck Bridge, on the Windermere and Ambleside road, 1½ miles from Windermere Station.

Another way back is by the "Travellers' Rest," on Kirkstone top, 3½ miles north of Troutbeck, and thence down to Ambleside, 3 miles more. Beautiful views of the Upper Troutbeck valley are obtained from this route.

6. Skelgill, 2 miles.—No sojourner at Ambleside should omit this walk. It may be either taken alone, or made part of the ascent or descent of Wansfell (p. 26). The road may be sloppy, but a good pair of "native" boots will render this drawback quite immaterial.

Follow the Waterhead road for nearly half a mile, and then turn to the left at a cluster of houses, crossing the old road immediately afterwards. In about 5 minutes, where the road forks, take the lower branch to the right. The upper one leads on to Wansfell. In another 7 or 8 minutes cross a beck, avoiding a track up the left-hand side of it. Hence the road is unmistakeable. It threads its way through a wood well up on the side of Wansfell. The foliage supplies the place of a frame, through which, from time to time, are caught those peerless glimpses of Windermere to which we have so often occasion to draw attention. The distinguishing features of the Skelgill prospect are the freshness imparted to it by the twin vales of Brathay and Rothay, which lie almost immediately under the spectator's eye, and the attractive appearance of the little inlet of Pullwyke Bay on the other side of the lake.

The track onward from Skelgill farm enters the road from Low Wood to Troutbeck rather more than a mile south of the "Mortal Man."

* The jingle ran as follows:—

"O mortal man that liv'st on bread,
How comes thy nose to be so red?
Thou silly ass, that look'st so pale,
It comes of drinking Birkett's ale."

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7. Scandale (Sweden Bridge) and back, or on to Patterdale. (Route 1. Maps I., IX.)

High Sweden Bridge, 1¼ *m*; *Low Sweden Bridge*, 3½ *m*; *Ambleside*, 4 *m*. *Over Scandale Head* (1,700 *ft.*) *to Brother's Water Inn* (*Kirkstone Foot*), 2½—3 *hrs.*

Scandale is the middle glen of the three which sink into the Rothay Valley from the north-east. The Red Screes mountain separates it from the Stock Gill Valley, and the Rydal Head spur of Fairfield from Rydale. The Sweden Bridge walk is a very interesting one, alternating richness and cultivation with wildness and sterility with a rapidity uncommon even in this region of quick transitions. The tourist who prefers grass and moorland to hard high road will also find in this route a pleasant substitute for the ordinary Kirkstone Pass road to Patterdale.

Turn to the left out of the Kirkstone road just before reaching the old church. Avoid a divergence to the left through a gate (the way to Low Sweden Bridge) and two likely looking turns to the right along wider roads. The track rapidly ascends between hedges and walls, and reveals a charming prospect of the Rothay valley, with Rydal Water reposing under Nab Scar at its extremity. The Langdale Pikes and other western fells already familiar to the tourist appear over Loughrigg. The valley below narrows into a glen, down which the beck rattles merrily along, forming a multitude of little falls. The banks on either side are pleasantly wooded almost as far as Sweden Bridge, a primitive and picturesque little stone arch. Then come the wild fell sides, diversified (?) only by stone walls. It is best to cross the bridge, and return on the other side of the stream at once, unless the bed of an old tarn in the *cul de sac* of the mountains be considered an object worthy of a few minutes' more exertion. In returning, either the side of the beck may be kept at the cost of a little scrambling, or the ridge climbed until a view into the next valley (Rydale) is obtained. In either case recross the stream at the lower bridge, close to a farm called Nook End, whence a few minutes' walk will take you on to the Kirkstone road again at Ambleside.

Those who cross the "*col*" at the head of the dale will notice traces of two or three paths forming a sort of continuation of the cart-track. The best to follow is the one to the right, nearest the Red Screes, and leaving the two rocky knobs called Little Hart Crag on the left. A stiff stone wall has to be surmounted at the top of the pass. Hence a stream will be found descending into Patterdale. Following its course, and crossing it by a stone slab at the bottom of the glen, you will reach the Kirkstone road about half a mile above the Brothers' Water Inn at Kirkstone Foot. Hence to the Patterdale Hotel is three miles. (P. 73.)

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The Round of the Langdales. (Route 2. Map I.)

Ambleside to Rothay Bridge, ½ *m*; *Skelwith Bridge* (*Inn*), 3 *m*; *Colwith Force*, 4½ *m*; *Smithy Houses* (*Inns*), 5½ *m*; *Blea Tarn Farm*, 8 *m*; *Dungeon Gill* (*Old Hotel*), 9½ *m*; (*New Hotel*), 10½ *m*; *Chapel Stile*, 12½ *m*; *High Close*, 14 *m*; *Grasmere Church*, 15½ *m*; *Ambleside*, 19½ *m*.

This is the favourite circular route of the southern part of the Lake District, just as the Buttermere excursion is of the northern. It is not equal to the latter in richness and grandeur of separate views, but in variety and rapid change of scene it is unsurpassed. People usually lunch at Dungeon Gill, returning to Ambleside in time for a late dinner.

The route admits of numerous variations, some of which we shall describe *en passant*, but the only one to be specially recommended for its own sake, is the walk from Red Bank, ¼ mile beyond High Close, along Loughrigg Terrace and the south side of Rydal Water to Pelter Bridge, which crosses the Rothay at Rydal Village and places the traveller on the high road a little over a mile from Ambleside.

We leave Ambleside by the road which strikes down to the level of the Rothay Valley at the Royal Oak Inn, and after crossing *Rothay Bridge* skirts the southern slopes of *Loughrigg* for about two miles. The colouring and vegetation along this side of the fell are very rich. The village of *Clappersgate* flowery and picturesque in itself, but with rather a cooped up and high-wall-encumbered appearance is passed about a mile from Ambleside, and at its farther end the road to Coniston branches off to the left across the Brathay Bridge.

A fine *detour* may be made from here by taking the south side of the Brathay as far as Skelwith Bridge. Extra distance, ½ mile. Cross the Brathay Bridge, and where the Coniston road leaves the stream, follow the right-hand road by the water-side. It is worth while to pass through the little gate on the left, and ascend to the churchyard for the sake of the view from it. The bewitching little Brathay Valley, backed by the hamlet and bridge of Skelwith, lies immediately below, and the mountain range from the Old Man to the Langdale Pikes forms a striking background. The church tower, plain to the verge of ugliness in itself, is a telling feature in the landscape when seen from a distance. Between the church and Loughrigg the valley is contracted, and the stream works its way through impeding rocks in a succession of pools and rapids.

Returning to the road, we pursue an up and down course to *Skelwith Fold*, whence another excellent view is obtainable, by going through a field-gate on the right to a rocky eminence called *Spy Hill*. This is, perhaps, the best view of the Brathay Vale. From Skelwith Fold the right-hand road must be taken, which will bring us in a little over half a mile to our main route again, a few yards short of Skelwith Bridge. The lanes diverging to the left lead to the Ambleside and Coniston road.

The main route after leaving Brathay Bridge skirts the north bank of the stream making a couple of bends round the slopes of Loughrigg, which command excellent views. The Lancashire fell, Wetherlam, is monarch of the scene, and his fine crest, massive and rounded, without conveying any oppressive sensation of heaviness, is a really grand feature. The hamlet of *Skelwith* with its picturesque bridge and bobbin mills terminates the level part of the Brathay Valley.

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(*a*) Most tourists will be glad to halt for a few minutes here (there is a good inn), and if they chance to drop upon *Skelwith Force* without having had their expectations raised by reading of it as one of the forces of the district, they will not regret the delay. It lies a few hundred yards up-stream, beyond the hamlet, and is reached by the lane which strikes off to the right a few yards short of the bridge, and passes a bobbin mill. A little path in a wood, through a wicket on the left, will place the spectator in a few yards on a rock overlooking the fall. After rain there is a considerable volume of water, but the height is only about 20 feet, and an artificial channel leading from above the fall to the bobbin mill levies a very appreciable contribution from the stream at ordinary times. As is the case with most of the waterfalls of the district, it is the *tout ensemble*, and not the fall itself, or any one particular feature, which forms the charm. Bearing this in mind, perhaps the best way to see Skelwith Force is to cross Skelwith Bridge, and then go through the first gate to the right, on the Coniston Road, after passing the sign post. The view of the stream from this path, furrowing its narrow course between rock and wood, and backed by the noble outline of the Langdale Pikes is a very fine setting, and, but for the lack of middle distance, would probably be greatly "run upon" by artists. The path continues to Elterwater, and then turning to the left, rejoins the road at Colwith Bridge.

(*b*) By continuing along the lane, past Skelwith Force, and then crossing some meadows and a coppice to the right of Elterwater Lake, Elterwater Village and Great Langdale may be reached. Distance from Skelwith Bridge 1½ m.

Elterwater Lake is in itself rather a ragged and ill-defined sheet of water, but its immediate environs are singularly rich in happy combinations of wood and rock, especially when Wetherlam forms the background. They are best seen from the route we are now describing, and require bright sunny weather to be appreciated.

"The white and happy village!
The slopes of flowery pillage
For bees, the streams and isles!
I think the lake is fairest
When tempest-rain is rarest,
And summer is all smiles."

Our road after crossing Skelwith Bridge turns sharply to the right, and climbs for a mile round the north side of Skelwith Brow, being thus far the same as the Oxenfell route to Coniston. As we ascend, fresh views open up to the north and north east. Elterwater Lake appears below us on the right, and over its western end the village of the same name, marking the commencement of Great Langdale. The large modern house well up in the dip north of Loughrigg Fell and over the Lake, is High Close, and the round shouldered mountain beyond it Helvellyn, easily distinguishable by its succession of little peaks, which suggest to the experienced eye the precipitous character of the eastern side. The Langdales Pikes over the Langdale Valley, and the long straight back of Fairfield lying south of Helvellyn will easily be recognised, as well as the cone of Ill Bell to the north east on the far side of the Troutbeck Valley. The depression in front, to the right of Wetherlam, is the Wrynose Pass, traversed by the road to the vales of the Duddon and the Esk. Northwards of the pass appear the short level top of Pike O'Blisco, the three humps called Crinkle Crags, and the clear cut peak of Bowfell, sloping steeply to the south.

A mile beyond Skelwith Bridge we leave the main road to Coniston, and turning sharply to the right, descend a steep pitch to *Colwith Bridge*. A few yards further the road forks, the right hand prong leading to Elterwater Village, and the left, by which we shall shortly continue our journey, to Wrynose and Blea Tarn. Here we must again halt for a few minutes. At a cottage between

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the two prongs dwells the "janitor" of Colwith Force, a waterfall at all times worth seeing, and after a good "downpour" one of the finest in the district. Possessed of the key, we pass through a wicket a little way up the Wrynose road, and in a couple of minutes or so find ourselves looking down upon the object of our search. A steepish path and a ladder lead to the bottom of it.

Colwith Force consists of several falls, accomplishing in all a descent of about 90 feet into a picturesque little glen. The upper portion is an irregular cascade, and the lower is broken into two, like Stockgill, by a massive abutment of rock.

The position of the force makes it impossible to get a full view of it from the north side, where we now stand, but in ordinary weather there is a plank at the bottom of the ladder, by which the south side may be gained. After heavy rain, when the fall is in all its grandeur, the crossing is impracticable, and it is best to make the approach from the south side of Colwith Bridge. A stone stile must be got over, and then a path leads through the copse to a rock facing the fall, whence the best view of it is obtained. Rock, foliage, and cataract lend their varied attractions, and form a most refreshing picture.

On leaving Colwith *Little Langdale* is entered, a valley which is separated from Great Langdale by Lingmoor Fell, a longitudinal ridge attaining a height of nearly 1,500 feet. Wetherlam still reigns supreme on the left. In about a mile we pass a hamlet containing two small inns. The road diverging to the left, in the middle of it, leads to Tilberthwaite and Coniston, and that to the right, a little further, to Elterwater. Then comes the much-abused *Little Langdale Tarn*. That it is beautiful in itself few will be bold enough to assert, but those who anticipate an exhibition of aqueous ugliness will be agreeably disappointed. A short distance below it, is a most picturesque little stone bridge over the Brathay, called "Slater's Bridge," and best reached from the road on the other side of the stream. "It consists," says Mr. Gibson, "of one bold, graceful arch, spanning the beck with as much elegance as though it were the segment of a rainbow." Half a mile further the open fell is gained, and our road ascends to the right just before reaching Fell Foot. As we climb, the "Lions" of Langdale pop up over the intervening pass with striking suddenness and boldness of contour. In the way of surprises there is, perhaps, nothing equal to this in the district, unless it be Honister Crag at the moment of gaining the top of Borrowdale Hause. Swiss travellers may possibly be reminded of the double-crested Mythen above Schwytz, as seen from the Lake of Lucerne on rounding the sharp bend into the Bay of Uri. The Langdale Pikes are, to be sure, not half the height of those two wondrous limestone crags, but for all that, they will, to use a sporting phrase, "hold their own in any company." Where else, it may well be asked, do 2,500 feet create such an impression on the mind of the beholder?

We are now on classic ground. *Blea Tarn* and the cottage of the "Solitary," lonely as ever, except for the restless foot of the passing tourist, appear before us. The tarn is a disappointment.

Photographs have magnified it, and made it a worthy foreground to the twin peaks which rise so majestically behind it. Photographs are right, of course, but the human eye fails to grasp foreground and background simultaneously, when presented to it on the large scale of nature, in the same way as it grasps them on the small area of a photograph, and therefore does not obtain that mathematical exactness of perspective which the photograph presents to it. This is, generally speaking, fortunate: if the natural eye saw with the accuracy of the photographer's lens, some of the grandest panoramas in the world would dwindle into insignificance. Anyhow, Blea Tarn appears too small to fill its proper place in the landscape.

The cottage, the "one bare dwelling, one abode, no more," now a farmhouse and a "pop" shop, is beyond the tarn, and the top of the pass, a gateway some 700 feet above sea-level, about half a mile further. As we approach it, the mountains which form the head of Langdale, come into prominent view, but not till the actual summit is reached does the full force of the prospect strike us. We then feel that we are looking down into one of those recesses which nature has carved out for herself, and which the hand of man can only spoil. There is nothing in the district except the head of Ennerdale which beats this view for silent and solemn grandeur. The one or two farmsteads in the valley scarcely diminish the sense of isolation inspired by the scene. Crinkle Crags, Bowfell, and the Langdale Pikes, all displaying their full stature to the greatest advantage, form an effectual barrier to the west and north, and the cultivated part of the valley is shut out by higher ground on the right. The winding track to the left of the Langdale Pikes is the Stake Pass into Borrowdale. A steep crag, called Rossett Pike, rises between it and a deep gully, up which, by no discernible track, hundreds of tourists make their way yearly to Scafell Pike and Wasdale Head.

Hence to the *Old Dungeon "Ghyll" Hotel* is a pleasant drop of a little over a mile. The pedestrian may cut off corners and enjoy the luxury of travelling over soft velvety grass. The hotel is seen on the other side of the main stream of the valley, and to the right of the road, until the "strath" is reached. From it to Dungeon Gill itself, which is so situated as not to be visible from this direction until you are almost in it, is about a quarter of an hour's walk, chiefly along a wet and grassy lane skirting the steep slope of the Langdale Pikes.

To reach this lane, pass through the gate which appears close to the hotel on the right hand, as you approach it. Cross the field diagonally, and then, entering the lane by a little wicket, proceed along it until another green path diverges obliquely to the left. Ascend by this, and cross the stream at the end of it (which is the Dungeon Gill stream) by a stone slab. Work round a little rock on the left, and recross the stream by another stone footbridge. The path climbs steeply for a few yards, and then ends at a flight of wooden steps, from the bottom of which the gill and force are in full view. A plank higher up conducts the visitor, as it were, into the inner chamber of the ravine.

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Dungeon Gill Force is without doubt the most unique of all the waterfalls in the Lake District, and is by no means dependent for its attraction on the volume of the stream which composes it. Perhaps it shows to best advantage when it is little more than a silver thread. The name is appropriate. Perpendicular cliffs, 100 feet high, and not more than two or three yards apart, enclose the basin into which it makes an unbroken plunge of 70 feet. Two rocks have wedged themselves into the top of this ravine, and form a natural bridge which now and then people cross in imitation of Wordsworth's "shepherd boy," who must have been as foolish as he was "idle." There is a character about the whole scene, which will prevent those who have once visited it from ever confusing it in afterthought with any other waterfall.*

We advise all who are not pressed for time to continue their walk beyond Dungeon Gill as far as *Stickle Tarn*, descending thence by Mill Beck to the New Dungeon "Ghyll" Hotel. Two hours is an ample allowance of time for this expedition from inn to inn. It may be made in two ways,—first by continuing from the force up the left-hand side of the gill, as in the ascent of the Langdale Pikes, and crossing the plateau which is reached some way before the last part of the climb commences; or, secondly, by recrossing the foot-bridge just below the force, and following a green path which works upwards round the spur separating Dungeon Gill from Mill Beck. The tarn is 1,540 feet above sea level, and, though the effect is somewhat spoilt by the artificial dam erected at its foot, combines with the precipices of Pavey Ark, than which there are few finer in the district, to form a very impressive picture. The descent should be by the well-marked track on the eastern side of Mill Beck.

The tourist who has already lunched at the old hotel will probably prefer to descend to the new one, which is about a mile nearer Ambleside, especially as by so doing he can refresh his ears with the musical cadence of Mill Beck, which descends from Stickle Tarn into the Great Langdale Beck by a long succession of charming little falls. To do this he must turn to the left at the last gate which he passed through before reaching the "force," and make his way down across a field to the hotel, which is only about ¼ mile distant.

The return journey is made by Great Langdale, a green and well-defined valley, by which the waters gathering on the slopes of Bow Fell, Crinkle Crags, Pike o' Blisco and the Langdale Pikes, make their way into Elterwater and the Brathay Valley. The shape of the valley is that of a modified S, and the feature of it the back views of the two peaks which owe their name to it. They rise full length from the level "strath," and convey to the mind as powerful an impression of bold and rugged grandeur as any

* The following extract from the "Æneid" is, strange to say, such an exact description of Dungeon Gill that we cannot forbear quoting it:—

"Iam primum saxis suspensam hanc aspice rupem:
Disjectæ procul ut moles, desertaque montis
Stat domus, et scopuli ingentem traxere ruinam.
Hic spelunca fuit, vasto submota recessu,
Solis inaccesso radiis."

So much for the gill and its wondrous "bridge of rock." The "force" itself the poet has already painted:—

"Medioque fragosus
Dat sonitum saxis et torto vertice torrens."

To quote Wordsworth and Coleridge after this is superfluous.

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mountain in Great Britain. The cause of this impression is two-fold—first, the striking contour of their sky-line; and secondly, their continuous steepness. The "lake" mountains, from "top to toe," have a greater mean steepness than any other mountains in the kingdom, except the Coolins of Skye; but even in Lakeland, an average slope of 40 degrees continued vertically for 1,800 feet—as it is in the case of the Langdale Pikes—is unique. Honister Crag and Wastwater Screes are both rather steeper, but in actual height, from the point where their steepness begins, they fall short of Pike o' Stickle by several hundred feet, nor is their sky-line so boldly marked.

The tourist must recollect that in travelling *down* Great Langdale he is seeing it at a disadvantage.

Only he who is tied for time or a "glutton" at scenery, will probably go the whole round by Red Bank and Grasmere, the remaining portion of which we are about to describe. Our advice, however, is—go back straight to Ambleside, and come again and do justice to Great Langdale, in combination with Red Bank and Grasmere, another day. The latter are too good for the "fag end" of a day's excursion.

Two miles lower down the valley than the New Dungeon "Ghyll" Hotel, we reach the hamlet of *Chapel Stile*, with *Langdale Church* conspicuous in its midst. All about here the primitive beauty of the fell sides is marred by a multitude of slate quarries. The "Thrang" one, close by on the right hand side, is worth looking at.

At the church the road forks, the left hand branch leading to Grasmere, and the right to Elterwater village and Ambleside.

The latter route must be taken by those who wish to return direct to Ambleside, a good five-mile walk. At Elterwater Village, nearly a mile on the way, the road from Grasmere to Little Langdale is crossed. (On it there is a small inn, the Britannia, about 100 yards to the right of the crossing, whence the field route, starting a few yards short of the bridge over the Langdale Beck, and already described on p. 32, may be taken to Skelwith Bridge.) The road then climbs the open fell for a short distance, joining in about a mile another road from Grasmere. Thence it passes within a field of the west shore of Loughrigg Tarn, a fine and clear sheet of water in a fertile hollow under Loughrigg Fell, and then by a steep descent to the left (the right-hand route leads direct to Skelwith Bridge) joins the main road, which we have already traversed to-day, at a turn about half a mile from Skelwith Bridge, and 2½ m. from Ambleside.

Taking the left hand, or upper road, we skirt the southern side of Silver How, and soon emerge upon an open common, where a road from Elterwater village joins us on the right. Hence, by a steep, zigzaggy ascent, the top of the depression between Loughrigg Fell and Silver How is soon gained.

The pedestrian may shorten the way to Grasmere by about half a mile by taking a track to the left from a short distance beyond the junction of the roads from Elterwater village and Chapel Stile. He should, however, by no means do so unless he has other opportunities of viewing the prospect from Red Bank, which this short cut involves the loss of. The path is easily discernible passing under a projecting spur of Silver How. From its highest point a lovely view is obtained both before and behind, but that of Grasmere in front is not nearly so complete or characteristic as the one from Red Bank. He will descend into the road he has left, about half way between High Close and Grasmere Village.

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On the summit are a large modern house, called *High Close*, a vexatiously long and high wall, and a seat bearing the inscription "Rest and be thankful."

The view, looking back from here, is very grand. The Lancashire fells rise beyond Elterwater Lake, and, to the right of them, our old friends, Pike o' Blisco, Crinkle Crags, Bowfell, and the Langdale Pikes maintain their usual solemn and uncompromising attitude, and form a striking contrast to the leafy luxuriance and the perennial verdure of the intervening landscape. But fresh fields are in store for us. In ten yards all the back view is lost, and we are descending to Grasmere. Our road is joined in a couple of hundred yards or so by one from Ambleside and Skelwith Bridge, and a few steps further is a gate on the right marked "private," and a road apparently leading to a private residence. Whether we mean to go through Grasmere village or not, we should walk along this drive, which is only theoretically private, and leads to no house at all, till, passing through a similar gate at its other end, we reach the open fell on the steep northern slope of Loughrigg, called *Red Bank*, and the whole lake, village, and valley of Grasmere burst upon our view with magical effect. The lake lies nearly 300 feet below us, and the steep, green slope descending to it is covered with bracken, whereby the prospect is greatly enhanced in the late autumn. To the left the steep western shore of the lake is beautifully timbered with a great variety of trees, till it sinks down to a level greensward on the north. Then, at the far end of the lake, is the village, with its little stump of a church tower, than which nothing can be plainer in itself, and nothing more picturesque in its relation to the surrounding scene. All round it, and beyond, for several miles, the valley extends, bristling with villas and farmsteads, and remarkable for its verdure, even among the green valleys of Westmorland. The high road to Keswick may be seen climbing its eastern side, as far as the semi-circular "dip" of Dunmail Raise, formed by Seat Sandal on the right hand, and Steel Fell on the left. The mountain in the rear, filling up the gap, is the eastern spur of Skiddaw, Lonscale Fell. Beyond Seat Sandal, and on both sides of it, Helvellyn appears, the depression to whose right marks the Grisedale Pass, leading to Ullswater. Nearer at hand, on the same side, an arm of Fairfield stretches southwards to Nab Scar, whence it descends abruptly to Rydal Water. The stream connecting Grasmere with Rydal is seen winding its way through a grove of varied foliage to the east, but the latter lake is not visible from our present standpoint. Turning northwards again, we see Helm Crag, crowned by a rock as much like one thing as another, between us and Steel Fell, and to the left of it the commencement of the Easedale Valley. Loughrigg Fell shuts out all view to the south, except itself, and Silver How is the prominent feature to the west. We must in fairness add that the one island which Grasmere possesses does not from this point add to the beauty of the landscape. If the Lake Improvement Society wants a "job," let it plant a

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few trees on this bare and featureless island, and not be discouraged by observing that the one planted by Prince Arthur some years ago has not so far shown itself worthy of its royal origin.

The shortest way back to Ambleside from here is by the terrace route on which the tourist now stands. Rydal Water comes into view towards the other end of it, and then a sharp short descent leads to a road skirting its southern shore. When the other end of the lake is reached, there are two ways of proceeding, one by crossing the bridge on the left (Pelter Bridge, p. 25), and joining the high road at Rydal village, 1¼ miles from Ambleside; and the other by keeping the river on the left, and following the road under Fox How as far as Miller Bridge, just opposite the town. The latter is much the pleasanter of the two.

To reach Grasmere, we retrace our steps a few yards, and enter another drive, marked "private," through a gate on the right. This drive traverses the wood which rises from the western shore of the lake, and brings us into our original road at a lodge about a mile and a half from Grasmere village. We may, if so disposed, ferry across from the first farmhouse (Dale End) on the right, beyond the lodge, to the "Prince of Wales'" hotel, whereby 1¼ miles of walking will be saved; but if the Rothay or Swan Hotel be our bourn, we must continue along the road almost to the church, and then turn to the left. The first regular road to the left leads to the "Swan" (about half a mile distant), and the second, close to the church, to the "Rothay," some 100 yards away. For the four miles from Grasmere to Ambleside, see Route 31.

Ambleside to Coniston by Barn Gates, and back by Oxenfell. Route 3. Maps III., IV.

Ambleside to Rothay Bridge, ¼ *m*; *Brathay Bridge* 1 *m*; *Barn Gates Inn* 3 *m*; *High Cross*, 5 *m*; *Coniston* (*Water Head Hotel*), 7 *m*; (*Crown Hotel*), 7½ *m*; *Top of Oxenfell*, 11½ *m*; *Ambleside*, 15½ *m*.

Public conveyances (char-a-bancs or waggonettes) make this round daily during the season, leaving Ambleside in comfortable time after breakfast, and returning by the *table d'hôte* hour. The journey may also be continued by rail from Coniston to Furness Abbey, whence the return viâ Ulverston and Lake Side, and by steamer on Windermere, completes a very pleasant circular tour. The tickets for the round are 11s. first-class, and 8s. second, and may be obtained at any of the principal stations upon it. They are available for seven days, but the journey is easily accomplished in one.

The outward portion of this route, though presenting beautiful distant views, has not that absorbing interest which journeys through the heart of the district possess. It is rather an agreeable antidote to any who may chance to feel a "wee bit" overdosed with fine scenery. In short, it gives the mind an "easy."

The route as far as *Brathay Bridge* has been described in the "Langdale Round" (p. 31). After crossing the bridge it proceeds, through pleasant woods and meadows, past *Brathay Hall* on the right, for about 1¼ miles, and then diverging to the right

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(the road straight on is the main one to Hawkshead), a few hundred yards after crossing the beck which flows into Pull Wyke Bay, climbs a steep hill to a comfortable little inn, called *Barn Gates*.* Hence a fine prospect is obtained to the north and north-east, Helvellyn and Fairfield over Loughrigg, and Red Screes over Ambleside, being prominent, as also the High Street Range over Wansfell Pike.

Hawkshead may be reached in 2½ miles from Barn Gates by taking the cross-road opposite the inn, which joins the main road from Ambleside in about a mile.

Hence there is a gradual ascent through a comparatively open country, with views of Hawkshead and Esthwaite Water, till a height of about 600 feet above sea-level is attained at *High Cross*. Here the road from Hawkshead and the Ferry on Windermere converges.

Notwithstanding the beauty of the direct descent from High Cross to Coniston, we advise all who are making the round in one day, and are not afraid of giving their legs a "stretch," to dismount at a point about 1¼ miles past Barn Gates, and a third of a mile short of High Cross, where another road—the second beyond Barn Gates—to Hawkshead diverges, and turning up the opposite lane on the right-hand, to walk to Coniston by *Tarn Hows*. The reasons for this advice and the way of following it are given in the Windermere and Coniston route (p. 74).

At *High Cross* a descent more or less steep commences, and continues for nearly 2 miles. As we make it, lovely peeps at Coniston Lake are from time to time obtained, though the woods through which the road passes for the greater part of the way prevent a continuous view of it. The Old Man asserts himself with immense dignity in front, but the depth and wealth of foliage is the striking feature of the scene. Nowhere in the district does that variety of sylvan beauty which is so characteristic of the shores of its principal lakes impress itself more strongly on the traveller. The shore line of Coniston is comparatively tame, nor are its encircling hills marked by so much gracefulness of outline as those of Windermere, but it is difficult to imagine anything much finer than the glorious coronal of wood which surrounds its head, and is so nobly supported by the richly tinted crags of Yewdale and the weather beaten brow of the Old Man.

The *Waterhead Hotel*, the largest at Coniston and the nearest to the steamboat pier, is well situated on the border of the lake, half a mile before the village is reached. The *Crown*, at the entrance of the village, and nearly opposite the church, is nearer the station and the foot of the Old Man.

Those who are not making Coniston their head-quarters for any time will best spend the three or four early afternoon hours allowed by the public conveyances, and admitting of extension in the case of private ones, by either climbing the Old Man, or making the tour of the lake in the "Gondola;" or, if ruins be preferred to either climbing or sailing, there is the rail to Furness Abbey.

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* The origin of this name being lost in obscurity, the local "wags" have substituted the title "Drunken Duck," on the strength of a tradition that a flock of those animals once took advantage of the accidental bursting of a barrel of beer in the cellar to indulge in a regular drinking bout. The neighbourhood is said to have been free from "quack" doctors for years after.

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The whole of the time will be required for a comfortable ascent of the Old Man (*see* "The Fells").

The "Gondola" is conveniently timed for the tour of the lake, which it accomplishes in about 1½ hours (p. 79).

Furness Abbey is reached in about an hour, and the return may be made either by the same route (p. 6), or by Ulverston and Lake Side (Windermere, p. 4), whence Ambleside may be regained in comfortable time for supper (p. 59).

The return route by *Oxenfell* strikes off to the right just after crossing the first bridge (over Yewdale Beck) on the main road from the Waterhead Hotel to the village; or the direct road from the village may be taken, the two uniting in about a quarter of a mile. *Yewdale* is entered at once. Its crags rise precipitously on the left hand, the screes at their feet being richly fringed with wood.

The pedestrian may cut off a quarter of a mile or so by crossing a stone step stile on the right, about a mile from the bridge, and proceeding by a path through the meadows to Yewdale Farm, conspicuous by its trimly-cut yews, where the main road is rejoined. If he desire to return by Tilberthwaite, he must not cross the step-stile, but keep along the road for nearly a mile further, and then turn up the steep "pitch" to the left (p. 81).

The Oxenfell road bends to the right about 1½ miles from Coniston, leaving the opening into Tilberthwaite on the left; and passing *High Yewdale Farm*, with its mathematically cut yews, makes a gradual ascent to the top of the pass,—500 ft. above sea-level. The particular *Yew* for which the valley is famed, is in a field on the left hand, a few hundred yards beyond Yewdale Farm, and close to a little group of cottages. Raven Crag and Holme Fell are fine objects on the left, but otherwise the route has no special feature of interest until the descent into the *Brathay Valley* is commenced, nearly 4 miles from Coniston. Then the fells surrounding the heads of the Langdales suddenly break upon the vision with telling effect. Wetherlam is to the immediate left of us, and very soon we shall recognise the Wrynose depression to the north of it. Pike o'Blisco, the mountain with the short flat top, Crinkle Crags, three rounded humps, and Bowfell, sloping majestically to the south, succeed; then, over the intervening height of Lingmoor, which separates Great from Little Langdale, the unmistakeable Langdale Pikes are prominent. In front of us, over Elterwater, is the dip between Loughrigg and the Langdale range, below which on its further side, but invisible, reposes Grasmere. Further north Helvellyn and Fairfield are seen with the Grisedale Pass between them. Red Screes, somewhat of the same shape as Wetherlam, lies north-east, and then, as the road veers to the right round the copsy slope of Skelwith Brow, the Brathay Valley, often converted into a beautiful lake by heavy rain, is revealed in front, backed by Wansfell and the High Street range with the pyramidal Ill Bell for its most conspicuous peak.

Nearly a mile beyond the top of the pass a road branches off at right angles to the left, and making another sharp corner after a few yards, descends a steep pitch to Colwith Bridge and Waterfall (⅓ mile, p. 33).

The level of the Brathay Valley is reached at *Skelwith Bridge*, by crossing which, the traveller re-enters Westmorland. Just

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before reaching it, the peep at the Langdale Pikes through the vista of Skelwith Force on the left is very winsome (p. 32).

Hence to Ambleside the road threads the Brathay Valley between Loughrigg and the stream. The back views are very charming, especially at two points where there are sharp turns round the spurs of the fell. The Brathay Valley, however, can only be appreciated when it is travelled up, and Ambleside is made the starting, instead of the returning point, in which direction it forms the first, and by no means the least interesting chapter in the story of many a long day's ramble among the best scenery of lakeland. It is fully described on page 31.

Ambleside to Patterdale (Ullswater). Route 4. Maps II., IX.

Ambleside to Kirkstone Pass Inn, 3 *m*; *Brotherswater Inn*, 5½ *m*; *Patterdale Hotel*, 8½ *m*; *Ullswater Hotel*, 9½ *m*.

Coach daily, at about 10 a.m., returning at 4 p.m. Fare, 4s.; return, 6s.

We have chosen to describe this route *in extenso* from Bowness and Windermere, rather than from Ambleside, for two reasons. Firstly, because the valley of Troutbeck and the grand views of Windermere obtainable from it, are missed by starting from Ambleside, and there is nothing to compensate for the loss. Secondly, because we should be sorry to encourage the hiring of carriages up such a tremendously steep ascent as the greater part of the three miles between Ambleside and the Kirkstone Inn. The carriage road from Seatoller in Borrowdale up to Honister Hause is bad enough, but there the rise is only about 700 feet, whereas here it is nearly 1,300, and is so badly engineered as to be rather a succession of jerks than a steep hill in the ordinary sense of the word. It is appropriately called the "struggle" out of Ambleside.

The road leaves the main highway to Keswick on the Rydal side of the market-place, just beyond Stock Gill Bridge, to which, however, there is no need to descend, as the street starting from the Salutation Hotel joins the route some way up the hill. The "struggle" commences almost immediately. The *old church* is passed on the right, and the rest of the route lies between Red Screes and Wansfell Pike, Stock Gill Beck being some way below it on the right all the way. The retrospect consists of the head of Windermere, robbed of all its "river" charm and looking like a big pond; then Wray Castle, little Blelham Tarn, and the familiar Old Man, and the other Lancashire fells. After a while comes a comparatively level stretch of road, to be paid for at compound interest by the last half-mile or so up to the *Traveller's Rest*, the "highest inhabited house in England," which, by the way, it is not, as we shall show further on. Here, within a few yards of the inn, we join the Windermere and Patterdale route (p. 71), to which the tourist is referred for a description of the rest of the journey. If he must start from Ambleside, he should make every effort to vary the return journey by taking

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the Windermere route from Kirkstone as far as Troutbeck, and descending thence to Low Wood (see p. 27), carriage road all the way. The extra distance is about four miles.

Ambleside to Wasdale Head by Eskdale and Strands (Nether Wasdale). Route 5. Maps I., IV., VII., and general.

Ambleside to Fell Foot (*p.* 31), 7 *m*; *Three Shire Stones* (*top of Wrynose Pass*), 8¾ *m*; *Cockley Beck*, 11¼ *m*; *top of Hardknott Pass*, 12½ *m*; *Woolpack Inn* (*Eskdale*), 15 *m*; *Boot* (*inn*), 16 *m*; *King of Prussia Inn*, 18¼ *m*; *Santon Bridge* (*inn*), 21 *m*; *Strands* (*inns*), 23½ *m*; *Wasdale Head Inn*, 29½ *m*.

Height of passes: Wrynose, 1,270 ft.; Hardknott, 1,290 ft.

By adopting this route the tourist will have the opportunity of visiting Dalegarth Force (Stanley Gill)—the handsomest waterfall in the district—and of seeing its wildest lake, Wastwater, to the greatest advantage.

The carriage road from Fell Foot to the far side of the Hardknott Pass is, in its present state, execrable. The Lake District Association would find it a useful subject for the display of their energies, and there can be but little doubt that the railway companies and inhabitants generally of Eskdale and its neighbourhood would materially benefit by sharing in the work of improvement.

The inn accommodation on the way is also susceptible of improvement. It is, without exception, on a very small scale.

The first 7 miles of the route, to within a few hundred yards of *Fell Foot*, have been described in the "Langdale Round" (p. 31). Fell Foot is a farm-house, almost surrounded by yews, a few hundred yards beyond the point where the Blea Tarn road strikes up the open fell to the right. The Eskdale road swerves to the right past the front of the house. Before railways worked their way round Black Combe and the Whinlatter fells, Fell Foot possessed considerably more importance than at the present time. What is now a route trodden only by the shepherd and the tourist, was then an important halting-place on the route from Kendal to Whitehaven. Traffickers of all sorts passed and repassed, and the wares they dealt in were not always of that lawful character which would bear a close inspection on the part of the exciseman. On one occasion a party of traders is reported to have descended the pass closely followed by the "creatures" of that much-loathed functionary. They entered the house, and the pursuers, feeling sure of their prey, allowed them a few minutes' breathing space. Then they, too, entered, and were shown into an upper chamber, where the landlady, sitting with wide-spread skirts on what they knew to be the object of their search, discoursed glibly to them for the space of half an hour. The joke was a good one, but thinking it might be carried too far, they, at the expiration of that period, politely intimated the nature of their business. The landlady arose at once, and in so doing, exposed to view a large barrel. A gauger gave it a professional thump; a hollow sound issued from it. Another more violent application of force upset it altogether. On examination a hole was discovered bored in the bottom of it, and a

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corresponding one in the floor. The gaugers rushed downstairs, but, alas! smugglers and liquor had both vanished, and the gaugers retired, sadder but wiser men, to reflect on the dangers of procrastination.

From Fell Foot to the *Three Shire Stones* (where Lancashire, Westmorland, and Cumberland meet) is 1¼ miles of rough and, in places, steep ascent. Wetherlam occupies the entire space to the left; Blake Rigg, overlooking Blea Tarn, and Pike o' Blisco (2,304 feet) to the right. There is a good retrospect over Little Langdale Tarn and the Brathay Valley to Wansfell Pike and Ill Bell, the latter always recognisable by its conical shape.

About a mile from Fell Foot, where the road turns to the left, a bridge is crossed. By tracing upwards the beck which flows beneath it, and keeping as nearly as possible straight on afterwards, the tourist will in less than an hour reach the somewhat isolated summit of *Pike o'Blisco*. From it there is a good and extensive view to the south-east, embracing the Little Langdale and Brathay valleys, and parts of Windermere and Esthwaite Water, while to the west and north the rugged escarpments of Crinkle Crags, Bowfell, and the Langdale Pikes present a most imposing appearance. Six hundred feet below, to the westward, lies Red Tarn, a most uninviting sheet of water. A descent may be made to Great Langdale and Dungeon Gill.

The summit of the Pass, called *Wrynose Gap*, is a few yards beyond the Shire Stones. We are now near the source of the Duddon, and descend for the next two miles or more through a wild, inhospitable valley, without any feature of interest except the little patch of verdure at Cockley Beck, and the craggy top of Hardknott beyond it. The name Wrynose (Wreyness) Bottom is not suggestive of cheerfulness, and the scenery does not belie the name.

From *Cockley Beck* there is a peep of Scafell over the Mosedale Valley—a name, by the way, which is of frequent occurrence in the lake district, and may generally be accepted as an index to dreariness, the only valley possessing it, which is redeemed by grandeur, being that from Wasdale Head to Black Sail and the Pillar.

At the farmhouse at Cockley Beck the tourist may refresh himself on "temperance" principles previous to the ascent of Hardknott, which is short, but steep in places. The pass is nearly 1,300 feet high, but owing to the elevated position of Cockley Beck itself, only involves an ascent of about 600 feet. It is the watershed between the Duddon and Esk valleys.

From Cockley Beck, roads down the Duddon valley, on both sides of the stream, strike off to the left. They pass through a succession of gates. As they descend, the scenery becomes more varied and beautiful. The distances from Cockley Beck are: to Seathwaite Church, 4 miles; "Travellers' Rest" Inn, Ulpha, 7 miles; Broughton-in-Furness, 12 miles.

As the road ascends Hardknott, the view down the Duddon valley expands. From the top of the pass the sea is visible, and the prospect of the rich sylvan beauty of Eskdale is most refreshing after the treeless wilderness we have been confined to for the last hour or so. The Scafell group rises majestically on the right hand. About 100 yards to the right of the road and a short distance before enclosed ground is again reached, a quadrangular

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fence of loose stones marks the position of what is reputed to be the remains of a Roman camp, now called *Hardknott Castle*.

The *Esk* is first reached and crossed a little more than a mile beyond Hardknott Castle, and soon after we reach the *Woolpack Inn*, a welcome and comfortable little hostelry, where oftentimes the 'lost' on Scafell first find rest for the soles of their feet. On the way the gracefully tapering peak of Bowfell, heading the valley on the right, may remind the passer by of Snowdon at its best.

(1) Those who wish to explore the beauties of Upper Eskdale *en route* should take a track to the right, just short of a wood, and about 100 yards before reaching the gate at the bottom of the Hardknott pass. Thence they may either cross the Esk by a foot-bridge at the first farm house, Butterilkel, about ¼ mile after leaving the road, and proceed by the farm house opposite, ¾ mile, to the two falls described in the ascent of Scafell Pike from Eskdale, or they may continue along the right-hand bank of the river to the falls on the main stream, 2 miles further. These falls lie just beyond the junction of the streams descending from Scafell and Bowfell respectively. A bridge facilitates the passage from one stream to the other. They are as perfect little pictures of wild mountain torrents as can be imagined. By following the western, or Scafell branch, Esk Hause may be reached in from 1 to 1½ hours, and by the eastern, or Bowfell one, the depression south of Bowfell may be crossed at the Three Tarns, and a descent made into Great Langdale; but neither of these trackless wildernesses should be traversed except in perfectly clear weather.

The return is by the farmsteads of Taw House and Bird How to the main road, nearly a mile beyond the point at which it was left, and ¾ mile short of the Woolpack Inn.

(2) Perhaps the best way for the tourist by this route to bring in *Dalegarth Force* (*Stanley Gill*) is to cross the Esk by the lane which diverges to the left a few yards beyond the Woolpack. By this means he will avoid the necessity of going and returning by the same road from Boot.

After crossing the bridge over the river, take the right-hand road, leading up to a farm-house. Proceed thence by a track more or less near the stream, which passes near the foot of *Low Birker Force*, a conspicuous but featureless fall, and leaves another farm-house a few yards on the left. It then descends to and crosses the Stanley Gill beck some way below the force, and passes on through a couple of gates and across an intervening field on to the road leading from Boot to the Duddon Valley. The entrance to the force is some way up the road on the left; but to get the key you must descend to the right, to the bottom of the valley where, just before reaching the bridge, you will see a notice directing to a cottage. You may have the key and a guide, or the key alone, but a guide is more to be desired than is generally the case, because even when the grounds are entered in which the fall is situated, the way to it is somewhat difficult to find, and the visitor is apt to spend his time in looking for, instead of at it. The general direction is as follows:—

Ascend the road for about half a mile from the cottage till you come to a padlocked gate on the left, opening into a wood. Pass through this and follow the main track, for about five minutes, as far as a small rill, which is a tributary of the Dalegarth Force beck. The path across this leads up on to the high moorland above the fall, and affords some fine peeps down the abyss into which it tumbles. Pedestrians proceeding Coniston way may shorten their journey by crossing the moorland on to the road.

For the fall itself do not cross the rill, but descend by the path which keeps it on the right-hand side, till you reach its junction with the main stream, whence the track up to the force is unmistakeable.

The height of the fall is 60 feet, less than that of many other well-known forces in the district; but here again, it is neither the height nor the volume of water which constitutes the attraction, but the "setting," and in this respect the scene is justly regarded as the finest of its kind in Lakeland. The cliffs on either side are precipitous, the foliage rich and varied, and greatly enhanced by the variety of exquisitely fresh and luxuriant ferns which drape the purple crags from head to foot.

The return route may be varied by crossing the three bridges which span the stream, and then proceeding with it on the right-hand till you reach a gate

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leading into the field through which the main road was entered on the way from the Woolpack (p. 44). After re-entering the road, descend and cross the bridge over the Esk, and a short distance further turn to the right up the main road, opposite the school-house. Then by the first lane to the left you will reach the Mason's Arms at Boot, half a mile from the school-house, or by turning to the left at the school-house you will be at the King of Prussia Inn in less than 1½ miles. Both are small inns with limited accommodation.

(3) From the Woolpack the pedestrian may cut off the Boot corner, on his way to Wasdale Head *viâ* Burnmoor Tarn, by climbing behind the house to a peat track leading up to Eel Tarn, a lonely little sheet of water. Leaving this on the right, make for the Burnmoor Beck on the left-hand, across which you will find a foot bridge in less than 1½ miles from the tarn, and a little distance short of Burnmoor Tarn. For the rest of the route see the description of it from Boot, below.

A mile beyond the Woolpack is the village of **Boot**, lying a little to the right of the main road, on a beck which descends from Scafell and Burnmoor Tarn. Here is another little inn, the Masons' Arms. Boot, on account of its iron ore, has recently been promoted to the honour of a place in "Bradshaw," there being a useful little branch line from it to Ravenglass, on the west coast, with about 5 trains a day in each direction (p. 8).

Hence the short pony track by *Burnmoor Tarn* reaches Wasdale Head in about 6 miles. Starting from the Masons' Arms, cross the beck and leave the station on the left. Climb the hill for a short distance, and then pass through a gate on the right into a field track. The cart road is simply a peat track, and works away to the left. After this you keep the Burnmoor Beck at a distance of from 50 to 300 yards on your right the whole way to Burnmoor Tarn, where you cross it just where it issues from the lake. On your way you leave a keeper's house, some little way on the left, beyond which the path is rather intermittent, but a pile or two of stones mark the doubtful places. The route is very dreary at first, but as it advances the Pillar range in front breaks the monotony, and when the highest point of the journey is reached, a little way beyond the tarn, and the fells surrounding Wasdale Head, including Great Gable and Kirkfell, come into full view on one side, and Wastwater and the Screes on the other, ample atonement is made for the previous dulness. On reaching the Lingmell Beck at the foot of the pass it is better to keep to the left, along some rough pebbly ground, and cross the main Wasdale stream just above the head of the lake. The direct route is dirty, and involves the passing of one or two streams.*

Quitting Boot, we follow the main road down the valley, and arrive in a couple of miles or more at the *King of Prussia* Inn, close to which the road from the Duddon Valley across Birker Moor converges on the left.

Those who visit *Dalegarth Force* (*Stanley Gill*) from Boot, will turn to the left opposite the school-house, half a mile from the hamlet. Then, after crossing the Esk, turn to the right, to the cottage at which the notice board states that the guide and key are to be obtained, and proceed according to the directions given in the route from the Woolpack (p. 44).

We now cross the railway and proceed past a few scattered cottages called *Eskdale Green*. The road turns sharply to the left, and crosses the low ridge separating Eskdale from Miterdale. The high ground to the left between the two valleys is Muncaster Fell (757 ft.) The *Mite* is crossed just before reaching the *Bower House Inn*, about 1½ miles beyond the King of Prussia. Then the road crosses another small *col*, on the other side of which is the river Irt, flowing out of Wastwater.

* It has recently been decided, we believe, that there is a public highway from Boot to Wasdale Head *viâ* Burnmoor Tarn. This decision will probably necessitate the making of a good carriage road between the two places.

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Across *Santon Bridge*, which spans the river, is another small inn, and the convergence of the road from Drigg. To reach Wastwater, however, we take the turn to the right just short of the bridge. Guide posts are capricious about here, abounding in one parish, and being utterly absent from the next. Nor are they to be regarded as indexes to carriage roads. The one here, to wit, states the distance to Keswick to be 22 miles. Five of these miles, however, are over the Styhead Pass, as wild and rough a bridle track as is to be found in Great Britain.

A steep hill is now ascended, from the top of which almost everything connected with Wastwater is visible, except the lake itself, which is hidden by an intervening belt of trees. Two miles beyond Santon Bridge the road again crosses the river, and the village of *Strands* is reached by "beating back" to the left for a quarter of a mile. To reach Wasdale Head, however, without visiting Strands, turn to the right immediately after crossing the bridge, and pass through an old gateway. The road soon enters the woods of Wasdale Hall.

Those, who are not in a hurry to reach Wasdale Head, should make a little *détour* on reaching the lane which leads up to the first farm-house on the left. Opposite this is a gate, and a path leading to a stone bridge. Take this path, cross the stream by the bridge, and follow its course by a path on the opposite side. By so doing you will reach the actual outlet of the lake, noticing, in the bed of a beck, which you cross *en route*, the red granitic formation af the locality. The view up the lake from here is very fine. The path continues along the slope of the Screes, and it is possible to reach Wasdale Head by this route; but its character is one of which, with the ordinary tourist, "a little goes a long way." It is worth while, however, to walk along it for a short distance, if only to obtain a just appreciation of the deeply riven crags which hang over the Screes along which the path passes. In returning, after crossing the stone bridge, follow a cart road to the right of the path, skirting the woods of Wasdale Hall, and entering the main road close to its drive gate.

People who anticipate finding nothing but wildness in Wastwater will be astonished at the extent and luxuriance of the woods which surround its lower end. Not only do all kinds of native British trees elbow one another in every direction, but many of the favourite flower-garden shrubs grow with remarkable vigour. There is an araucaria, to wit, some 30 ft. high. For all that, there can be no doubt that wildness is the pervading feature of Wastwater. The woods only form a foreground; the middle and far distance is the quintescence of wildness, and it is, perhaps, the only scene of like character in Great Britain, if we except Loch Coruisk, in which wildness is not marred by dreariness. The lake itself bursts suddenly into view where the road emerges from the wood and descends in a few yards to its margin. Whether its surface be unruffled as a pond, as is often the case, or, as we have more than once seen it, lashed into storm so violent that the spray, flung up from its mid waters, is felt a hundred feet above their level, the scene is one of the most impressive imaginable. There is a unity of spirit in the whole, and a beauty and grandeur of outline in the surrounding fells, which are seldom if ever found in combination elsewhere. The Screes, with their perpendicular crags towering above them, add greatly to the scene. The variety colour for which they are celebrated is best seen in the winter

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time, when the russet tint of the dead bracken contrasts with the red streaks of iron ore, the dark umber of the crags, and the patches of verdure in their interstices.

Hence, the road skirts the north-western shore of the lake all the way up it. Here and there a few patches of cultivation diversify the general wildness. The most remarkable feature, however, is the razor-like edge of Yewbarrow, which becomes more and more marked as we advance. At the head of the lake we enter Upper Wasdale, a narrow tract of green fields and stone walls, in the midst of an amphitheatre of steep and lofty fells. Scafell, and its northern spur, Lingmell, are on the right, Great Gable in front, and Kirkfell and Yewbarrow on the left. The effect is striking, but oppressive, and one feels at once what an effective feature the lake itself has been in the "*tout ensemble*." Those who visit Wastwater only from its upper end, know its wildness and gloom, but its beauty is entirely lost to them.

The *Wasdale Head Inn* is a mile beyond the head of the lake. Just before reaching it the road forks, the right branch leading past the church to the higher part of the valley, and the left to the group of houses, called "Row," one of which is the inn. For a full description of Wasdale, see the chapter on that subject.

Ambleside to Keswick, by Great or Little Langdale, and the Stake Pass (1,570 ft.) Route 6. Maps I., VII., VI.

Ambleside to Dungeon Gill, New Hotel, 6½ *m*; *Old Hotel*, 7½ *m*. (*by carriage road through Great Langdale; by Little Langdale*, 2 *m. extra*). *Dungeon Gill to Rosthwaite* (*Inns*), 3—3½ *hrs*. (*bridle path*). *Rosthwaite to Keswick* (*carriage road*), 6½ *m*.

Pony and guide from Dungeon Gill to Rosthwaite, about 15*s*.

This route is only to be commended to those who are in a hurry to get to Keswick, but wish for a fair insight into the "arcana" of the district on the way. Both the Pass itself and the Langstrath valley beyond, though excessively wild, are monotonous, and do not present nearly such fine views as the Esk Hause route from Dungeon Gill, which will be the subject of our next description.

Of the two routes to Dungeon Gill, the longer one, by Little Langdale (p. 31), comprehends the greatest variety of scenery, but with the "Stake" to follow, the climb past Blea Tarn will be regarded by most as rather too strong a preliminary "relish;" we shall, therefore, start *vid* Great Langdale.

For the first 2½ miles the road is identical with that described in the "Round of the Langdales" (p. 31). Then shortly after Skelwith Bridge has come into full view, it diverges up a steep hill to the right. From the top of this "pitch" *Loughrigg Tarn* appears on the right—a calm unassuming sheet of water, but one which adds its own soft charm to many a bright scene of Lakeland. Soon after passing it the road forks, the right hand branch leading over Red Bank to Grasmere, and the left dropping down to *Elterwater* village and *Great Langdale*. During the descent beautiful views are obtained over Elterwater lake, ragged and ill-defined in itself, but nobly backed by Wetherlam and others of the Lancashire

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fells, while in front the Langdale Pikes grow more and more impressive as they are approached. Elterwater village, where there is a small inn (the Britannia) and some gunpowder works, is passed a little on the left, and then the road goes by *Langdale Church* (*Chapel Stile*), with Thrang slate quarries close at hand, and, winding through the green meadows of Great Langdale for another couple of miles, reaches the *New Dungeon Gill Hotel* close to the foot of *Millbeck*, a conspicuous stream descending from Stickle Tarn. The ravine high up on the right hand, a little short of the hotel, is White Gill, in which the unfortunate peasants, George and Sarah Green, were lost half a century ago while attempting to return home to Easedale over the fells in a snowstorm. (See "De Quincey," vol. II.)

The carriage road ceases at the *Old Dungeon Gill Hotel*, a mile higher up the valley, which, as it is seen during the latter part of this drive, is one of the most impressive in the Lake District. The sky-lines of the encircling fells—Crinkle Crags on the left, Bowfell in front, and the famous Pikes on the right—are remarkable for their boldness, and their rugged sides shoot down with striking precipitancy to a dale-head, where cultivation is sparse and storm delights to linger. The landlords of both the hotels, John Bennett and George Mackereth are amongst the most experienced of local guides.

For a description of *Dungeon Gill* itself see p. 34.

It is the next gill beyond Millbeck, and tourists wishing to visit it on this journey should ascend to it from the New, and descend from it to the Old Hotel. To reach it from the former strike upwards across the meadow between the two gills.

A short distance higher up than the Old Hotel the valley is cut in two by the *Band*—a long projecting spur of Bowfell. The left hand branch, called *Oxendale*, leads to some gills well worth exploring, at the foot of Crinkle Crags and Bowfell, the principal of which are *Crinkle Gill* and *Hell Gill*. Our present course, however, is up the right hand and larger branch, called *Mickleden*. The pony track starts from the back of the Old Hotel, and after following the *strath* of the valley for a couple of miles, commences the ascent of the *Stake Pass* near a sheepfold. The pass is the depression on the right hand, between Stickle Pike and Rossett Crag, the comparatively low but precipitous cliff, rising exactly *vis-à-vis* to the traveller as he ascends the dale. The ravine on the left, between Rossett Crag and Bowfell is Rossett Gill, up which the track to Esk Hause and Wasdale Head struggles.

The path ascends in zigzag fashion by the side of a beck, on leaving which at the top of the steep part, it bears slightly to the right, and in a mile further reaches the side of another beck, which descends by a series of falls into Langstrath, the eastern arm of Borrowdale. The summit level of the pass is rough and spongy. The many-peaked Skiddaw appears in the extreme north, and the direction of the Langstrath valley, down which our path continues, is almost in a line with it. Proceeding down the slope, with the last named beck on our right, we cross it by a little

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bridge in about half a mile, at the same time entering the main valley, whose stream descends from Angle Tarn under Bowfell. Keeping this stream on the left, we trudge on over a terribly rough road for a couple more miles, at the end of which the track crosses the stream by a foot-bridge, and makes a sharp turn to the left round a precipitous crag. Here the roughness of the cart track may be avoided by taking a grass path between it and the stream, The rock to the right is called Eagle Crag, and forms, as it were, one of the door-posts of Langstrath, which is, perhaps, the most thoroughly desolate valley in the Lake district. Its western side is flanked from end to end by the steep slopes of Glaramara, separating it from the main Borrowdale valley. Hitherto we have neither passed nor seen human habitation since leaving Dungeon Gill, and the hamlet of *Stonethwaite*, which is reached about a mile beyond the sharp turn of the valley, is a welcome sight to eyes that have, perhaps, been for some time craving "something that shows of life, though low and mean." The track on the other side of the stream is the Easedale route from Grasmere, which joins our present one at Stonethwaite. Then leaving the joint church of Stonethwaite and Rosthwaite on the left hand, saving, if we like, 100 yards or so by crossing a couple of fields, we enter the main Borrowdale Road about half a mile higher up it than *Rosthwaite*. (Inns: the Scafell and Royal Oak Temperance, both comfortable houses.) The road between *Rosthwaite* and *Keswick* is described in the Buttermere excursion (Route 22).

Ambleside to Wasdale Head, by Dungeon Gill and Esk Hause, (2,370 ft.). Route 7. Maps I., VII.

Ambleside to Dungeon Gill (*New Hotel*), 6½ *m*; *Old Hotel*, 7½ *m*; (*carriage road*). *Dungeon Gill to Wasdale Head*, 3—3½ *hrs*; (*bridle path*). *Pony and guide, about* 15*s*.

This is the roughest and grandest of all the Lake District passes traversable by ponies. There is no habitation between Dungeon Gill and Wasdale Head. Those who wish to break the journey may do so very comfortably at either of the Dungeon Gill Hotels.

The route is the same as that over the Stake Pass (p. 47), until a little short of the point where the latter begins to climb to the right, about two miles beyond the Dungeon Gill Old Hotel, and near a sheepfold. On the way up the valley a steep rock is seen in front, breaking the depression between the Langdale Pikes on the right and Bowfell on the left. This is Rossett Crag. The Stake Pass ascends by the stream to the right of it, and is clearly marked; the Wasdale route by the stream to the left, and is only faintly discernible until the steep part begins, at the foot of Rossett Gill, where it disappears altogether, and is not again traceable until half the ascent has been accomplished. This is the shortest and best pedestrian route. The bridle path works round the side of Bowfell on the left. We need only give details of the former. The track is, we understand, likely to be improved.

Cross the Stake Pass branch of the stream just beyond the

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point at which it joins the *Rossett Gill* one, and a little way before the sheepfold is reached. Keep the latter branch on your left, and ascend gradually till you reach the steep part of the gill, where another runnel from Bowfell joins it. The crags of Bowfell look very grand in front. At the runnel, and some yards below a mountain ash, cross the gill so as to have its stream on your right. Then zigzag up the steep green humps, till you reach a point where the track becomes distinctly marked, at the bottom of the craggy part of the channel of the ravine, which is generally dry in this part. A steep climb of about 15 minutes straight up the gully, and under a precipitous cliff on the left places you on the top of *Rossett Gill*, about 2,000 feet above sea-level. A few yards before the summit is reached, the bridle-path converges on the left. Esk Hause, separated by two minor depressions, is now seen directly in front. Beyond it, on the left, is Great End, the northern buttress of the Scafell group. Saddleback appears far away to the right, and the Helvellyn range south of it. A few steps farther, and *Angle Tarn* is seen reposing, deep and lonely, under the craggy escarpment of Hanging Knott, the western spur of Bowfell. The stream flowing out of it threads the Langstrath branch of Borrowdale. Cross it about 30 yards below the tarn, and climb the boggy ground on the other side. The track is rather intermittent, owing to the sloppy character of the ground, but in clear weather its general course is easily discerned striking straight ahead. When the atmosphere is thick the tourist should never lose sight of it for many seconds together, and must be careful not to descend into the Langstrath valley, which defiles off to the right again at the second depression beyond the top of Rossett Gill. From this depression ten minutes' steepish ascent brings you to the pile of stones on the *Esk Hause* ridge. The path passes a few yards to the right of these stones, and the actual top of the Hause, whence there is a prospect down Eskdale, is a few hundred yards to the left of them. In foggy weather care must be taken to keep to the track here, neither descending into Eskdale on the left, nor following Grain Gill, which drops into Borrowdale on the right a little farther on.

In the former direction there is a sort of track, and a succession of small stone heaps which mark the ascent of Scafell Pike. Esk Hause itself is the depression between the Bowfell and Scafell groups, both of which rise on the left of our present track. (For map of Esk Hause, see Route 41.)

From the pile of stones there is a grand view of Great Gable in front, with the Pillar in the dip between it and the nearer crags of Great End.

The fells between Crummock and Derwentwater are visible to the right of Great Gable, and there is a retrospect of part of Windermere between Bowfell and Rossett Crag. Allen Crags shut out the view northwards, but after a few minutes' descent, by the side of a streamlet, Derwentwater, Skiddaw, and Saddleback come into sight in that direction. Between us and the lake

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is the beautiful little pyramid of Castle Crag in Borrowdale. The vista thus obtained is one of singular richness and beauty.

Very shortly the streamlet disappears down a ravine on the right, well named Ruddy Gill, an arm of Grain Gill, leading down to Seathwaite in Borrowdale, which may be reached from here in about an hour. The Wasdale track goes straight on to *Sprinkling Tarn*, skirting its western side, and crossing the beck which connects it with Sty Head Tarn. This tarn, too, is appropriately named, the wettest rain-gauge in England, "bar one"—that at Seathwaite—being on its shores. Shortly after leaving the tarn we recross the beck, and, traversing some very boggy ground to the south of Sty Head Tarn, join the Borrowdale and Wasdale track, a short hour's walk from Wasdale Head. Turning to the left and ascending slightly, we soon reach the top of the *Styhead Pass*, nearly 1,600 feet above sea-level. Hence a steep and very stony track obliquely descends the southern slope of Great Gable into the green valley of Wasdale. The mountain to the left during the descent is Lingmell, and the deep ravine between it and Great End, Piers Gill, perhaps the finest chasm in Lakeland. It may be reached by descending to the bottom of the valley from near the top of the pass, and climbing up by the stream on the other side,

The first houses reached in the valley are *Burnthwaite*.* Passing between these, we follow the road onward as far as the church, whence a field track at right angles brings us to the Wasdale Head Inn, or the corner may be cut off by taking a field path on the right, about 300 yards beyond Burnthwaite.

A strip of the upper end of Wastwater is seen during the descent of the pass, but we must again remind the tourist that very little idea can be obtained of the peculiar features of the lake except from its lower end.

* Recently become a Temperance Inn.

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Bowness and Windermere Village.

From a tourist's point of view Bowness and Windermere village form parts of one and the same town. The distance from Windermere Station to the centre of Bowness is a long mile and a half, to be sure, but what with private villas and lodging-houses, the two places are rapidly becoming so closely connected, that it will soon be difficult for any one but the parish authorities to tell where one ends and the other begins. Nor is there any material difference in the travelling facilities afforded by them, a sixpenny omnibus drive representing the balance of advantage possessed by either for the different routes of which they constitute the starting-points, and the scale turning sometimes one way and sometimes the other. Bowness is better placed for the lake itself, and for tours across it to Esthwaite and Coniston, while the distance from Windermere village to Ullswater and Haweswater is about 1½ miles less than from Bowness. From Bowness to Ambleside is 6 miles, by road the whole way, or by steam yacht to Waterhead, 5 miles, and thence by road, ¾ mile. From Windermere village the distance is 5 miles, by road only.

Omnibuses at Bowness meet all the trains at Windermere Station, and from Windermere all the steam yachts at Bowness.

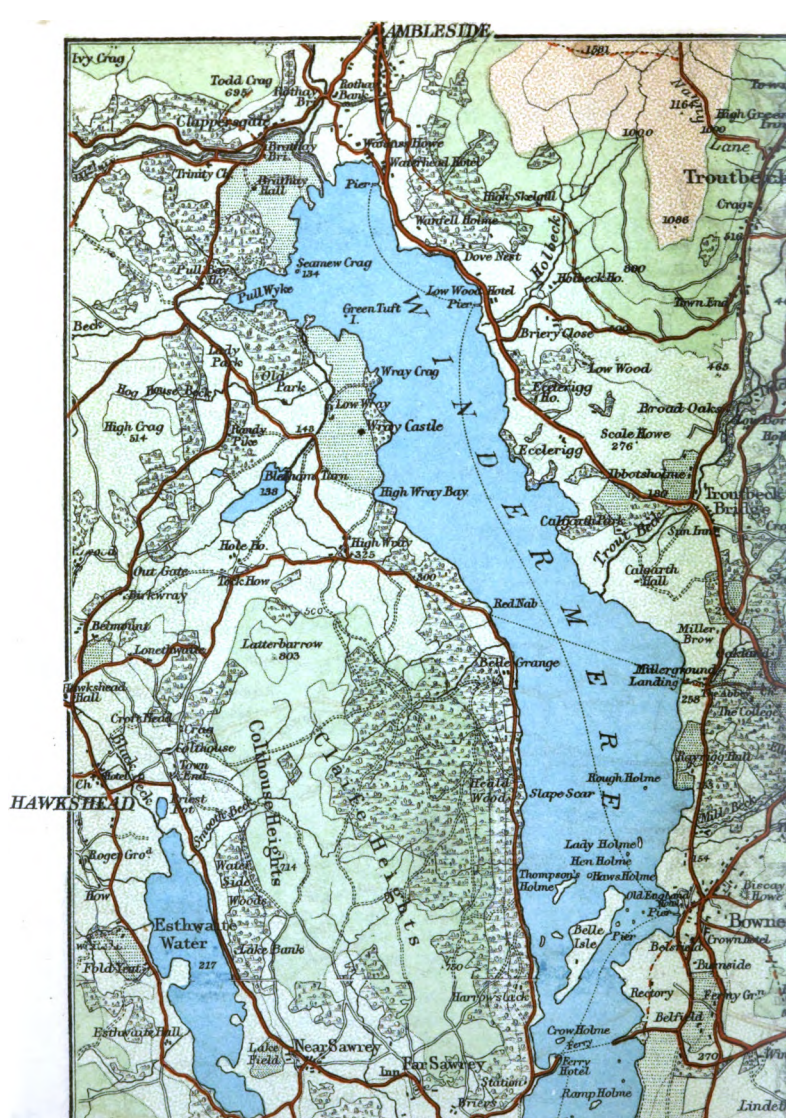
The choice between the two, as head-quarters for any length of time, depends on individual taste. If a high situation and distant as well as near views be desired, it will fall upon Windermere, while Bowness will win the day with those who wish for a closer communion with the beauties of the lake itself, or have strong aquatic leanings.

The hotels at both places are very good. Rigg's, at Windermere, is beautifully situated, commanding the Lancashire fells and the lower reach of the lake, while at Bowness the Crown and the Royal and the Old England vie with one another in providing excellent fare and accommodation. The Old England is a younger brother of the Royal, and under the same management. It is to be preferred to the "first-born" by reason of its superior position on the immediate border of the lake. The Crown is on higher ground, a few hundred yards from the water's edge, and commands a beautiful view. There are several smaller inns both at Windermere and Bowness.

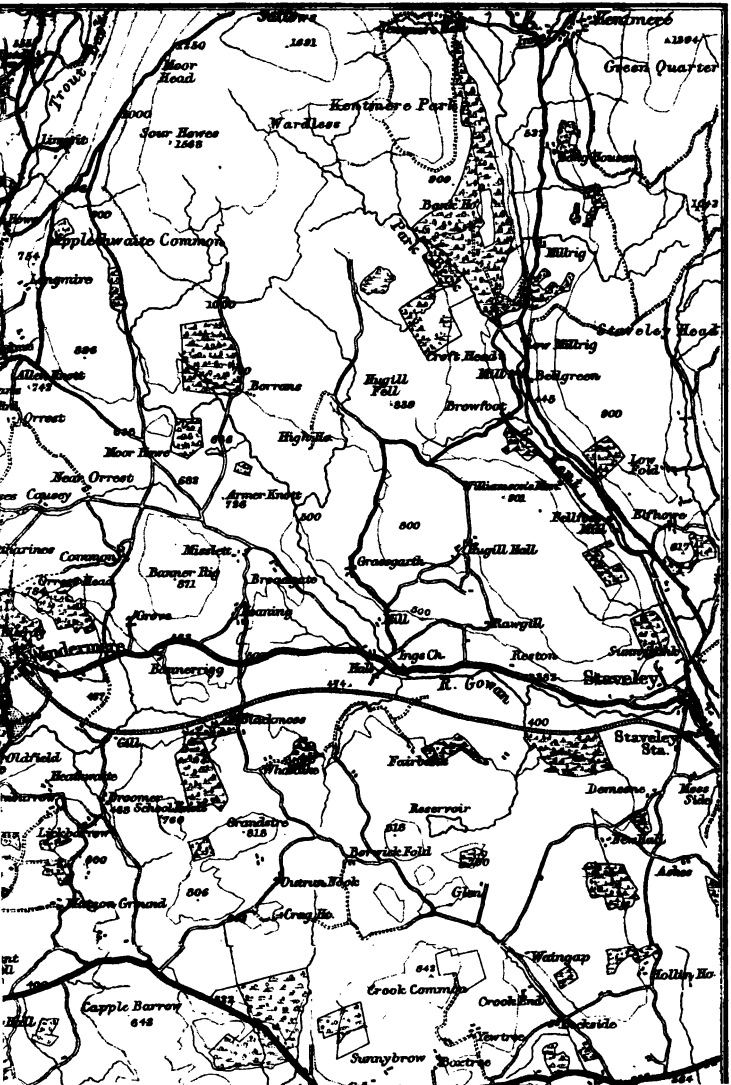
Both Bowness and Windermere have a considerable advantage over Ambleside in the opportunities they afford for exploring the beauties of the lake. Windermere is also somewhat more convenient for the High Street range of fells and Haweswater, and should certainly be taken as either the starting or finishing point in the Ullswater excursion, inasmuch as to go and return by the shorter route from Ambleside is to miss more than half the

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...district. For the central, northern, and western parts of the county, however, comprising the Coniston, ... Helvellyn and the Langdales, Ambleside may be ... ave the "pull" of the situation to the extent of ... rvening between it and Windermere is, in respect of the ... he village of *Windermere* which ... s nature and art have given it, ... land. Though situated on the very skirts of the ... re prospect commanded by it,—and a very extensive ... ,—is within the limits of Lakeland proper. ... western slope of Orrest Head shuts out all view of the ... resting country to the south-east immediately behind it. ... ber of villas which crop up on every side amid groves of ... kinds of towering trees and verdant shrubs, ... dings which form its business part, and its broad, well-built ... is and avenues, give it an air of great prosperity. It is ... and 500 ft. above sea level, and ... nearest point of which by road is at ... y, though it may be reached by a ... ess than half that distance. ... ile from the station, on the ... signed, ecclesiastical ... he natural beauties which ... he west window. The post-office ... ection of paintings ... e station and the ... congregations ... Browne, Esquire, ... orgiy Bowden, ... all speaks ... ur way is ... the ... here ... he ... ite. ... a ... ...

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beauty of the journey. For the central, northern, and western part of the district; however, comprising the Cumberland lakes, Grasmere, Helvellyn and the Langdales, Ambleside may be said to have the "pull" of the situation to the extent of the 5 miles intervening between it and Windermere.

The village of *Windermere* is, in respect of the combined advantages which nature and art have given it, the handsomest in England. Though situated on the very skirts of the district, the entire prospect commanded by it,—and a very extensive prospect it is,—is within the limits of Lakeland proper. Its position on the western slope of Orrest Head shuts out all view of the less interesting country to the south-east immediately behind it. The number of villas which crop up on every side amid groves of almost all kinds of towering trees and verdant shrubs, the grey stone buildings which form its business part, and its broad, well-kept roads and avenues, give it an air of great prosperity. It is between 400 and 500 ft. above sea level, and about 300 higher than the lake, the nearest point of which by road is at Bowness, nearly 2 miles away, though it may be reached by a footpath, hereafter described, in less than half that distance. The church is about a quarter of a mile from the station, on the Ambleside road. It is a neatly-designed, ecclesiastical-looking structure, and happily subordinate to the natural beauties which crowd around it. It has a very handsome west window. The post-office, where there is a library and a good collection of paintings and photographs of the district, is between the station and the church. The station is, perhaps, the most incongruous building in the place, but, luckily, it is not prominent.

Bowness—rightly pronounced Bówness by the natives, and wrongly Bownéss by nearly everybody else—is a labyrinth of small streets, in which the only thing more difficult than to find your way is to lose it. No tourist ever goes twice through the town by the same way, or has at any given moment a precise idea as to where he is; yet he always comes out at the right place in the end. The centre point of this confusion is St. Martin's Church, a large white, long-roofed, square-towered "pile," certainly not "raised in nice proportion," or a sightly object in itself, but venerable and interesting from association and the dark shadows cast round it by the grove of dark yews in the churchyard. Bishop Watson, erewhile Bishop of Llandaff, lies buried therein, near the east window of the church, which, by the way, contains some very fine painted glass, said to be from Furness Abbey. The interior was restored in 1870 in a manner which is, perhaps, rather effective than in strict accordance with the canons of high art.

There is a good model of the Lake District at Bowness.

Coaches run several times a day from Windermere Station to Ambleside (2s.), Grasmere, and Keswick; also (daily) from Bowness and Windermere to Ullswater and back (single fare, 4s.; return, 6s.), and from Bowness, over the ferry, and *vid* Hawkshead to Coniston and back (single fare, 4s.; return, 6s.)

The Neighbourhood of Bowness and Windermere Village. MAP III.—The best standpoints for views of the lake

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of "Winander" and its surroundings are Orrest Head and Miller Brow, close to Windermere village; Biscay How and Brant Fell, overlooking Bowness. The highest of these, and the one commanding the most extensive prospect, is *Orrest Head*, the western slope of which is occupied by the woods and villas of Elleray, descending from almost the highest point to the Windermere and Ambleside road. We shall describe the panorama from this point *in extenso*, and in visiting the three other spots above named, afterwards, merely draw attention to the variations and peculiar characteristics of the view from each.

From Rigg's Hotel, whence so many obtain their first glimpse into Lakeland, there is also an excellent view. Westward the richly wooded hills, sloping steeply down to the opposite shore of the lake, are Claife Heights. Beyond them the Lancashire fells display their bold yet graceful outline, the peaked summit of the Old Man on the left contrasting finely with the round sweep of Wetherlam to the right. The sharp angular peak over and beyond the ridge of the latter, and apparently bringing the Old Man range to a sudden termination, goes by the name of Carrs. The only part of the lake visible is the lower reach, extending from the ferry—whose old sycamore-shaded inn is now a thing of the past—to Lake Side. Above the latter is a wooded pyramidal hill, topped by a kind of observatory, called "The Tower," and the highest of the fells, sinking to the eastern margin of the lake, is Gummer's How. There is nothing big or grand about this far-receding vista, nor, on the other hand, anything common place. The long reach of water, saved from monotony by the headlands and islets with which it is interspersed, and the gracefully sloping hills, with their rich drapery of wood on either side, form a picture which, to an imaginative mind, may well suggest a strip out of fairyland.

Orrest Head. *Height*, 783 *ft. above the lake; about* 300 *ft. above the railway station;* 15—30 *minutes walk from Rigg's Hotel.*

We must, oddly enough, commence our description of the ascent of Orrest Head by stating that there is none, by which we mean that there is no authorised right of way from Windermere village to the open ground which forms the summit of the fell. We can only, therefore, point out the route as it used to be, leaving it to the tourist's discretion to test the accuracy of our description. In so doing he will meet with no more formidable obstacles than a stone wall or two and a trespass board.

Those who do not care to encounter difficulties may obtain the most beautiful part of the summit view, from a more attractive stand-point, by taking the winding path, which we shall describe a little further on, through the Elleray Woods. The only part of the panorama lost from this point is the eastward prospect which is hidden by the higher and open part of Orrest Head. The view in this direction is outside the lake district, and comparatively uninteresting.

About 150 yards on the Kendal side of Rigg's Hotel, a lane ascends to the left, passing the farmhouse of Orrest Head on its right. About 300 yards up this lane a gate on the left opens on to a path which ascends to the far corner of a field, whence, crossing a few yards of rough wood, principally undergrowth, it leads over a wall on to the highest part of the fell.

The summit may also be gained by traversing the Elleray Grounds, as described on p. 58, and after crossing the stone-step stile, where the public path over the moorland to Troutbeck emerges on to the open fell, climbing by the side of the wall on the right. Between this and the top there is a stone wall or two

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This is, in any case, the best descending route. For the ascent the previously described one has the advantage of a *coup*. The moment the ridge is gained half of the Lake district bursts upon the eye with the suddenness of a transformation scene, and the effect is dazzling. What delight then to saunter down through the pleasant woods of Elleray, realising in detail the beauties of that wonderful landscape, as each turn of the path brings us face to face with some particular part of it!

From the summit almost the entire expanse of Winandermere is visible. Let us not be accused of affectation in giving the lake its full name from this spot. Who thus beholding it can help regretting that a title so singularly expressive and happy in its application, has been suffered to die out? Surely, here in Lakeland there was no pressing need to adopt the economic principles which guide the street nomenclature of a City omnibus conductor. Wherein lies the affinity between "Ch'ing Cross" and Winandermere? But let it pass.

Many, in gazing on this scene, will call to mind Scott's well-known description of Loch Katrine, where that beautiful lake—

> "In all her length far winding lay,
> With promontory, creek and bay,
> And islands that, empurpled bright,
> Floated amid the livelier light,
> And mountains that, like giants, stand
> To sentinel enchanted land."

Those who know both will, we fancy, agree with us that the lines are a more "lifelike" portraiture of the English mere than of the Scotch loch.

The mountain amphitheatre extends from the Old Man in the west, northwards and then eastwards, to the far Yorkshire fells in the south-east. Behind the Old Man, to the left, are Dow Crags and Walna Scar, and still further in the same direction a strip of Black Combe appears over the Claife Heights, whose wooded slopes sink steeply down to the margin of the lake. The massive rounded fell, to the right of the Old Man, and rather more prominent, is Wetherlam, behind whose southern ridge is a sharp angular peak called "Carrs," forming the northern spur of the former mountain. All these are in Lancashire, but to the north of Wetherlam, where a slight depression marks the position of the Wrynose Pass into the Upper Duddon valley, Westmorland and Cumberland begin, the boundary of the counties being pretty nearly the skyline of the fells. The first summit north of Wrynose Gap is Cold Pike, and to the right of it, a little in advance of the direct chain, Pike o'Blisco is prominent. Both these fells are characterised by short flat tops and sloping shoulders. Then come the correctly, if not euphoniously, named Crinkle Crags, three distinct humps, diminishing in size from left to right. The fells of Lakeland are remarkable for the incongruity and inappositeness of their names. Glaramara, to wit, faces Base Brown (should it not be Baysbrown?); and the tourist standing in the midst of Newlands finds the prospect barred at one end by Blencathara, and at the other by Robinson.

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Northwards of Crinkle Crags is a sharp depression, the right slope of which rises steeply to the peak of Bowfell, one of the finest mountains in the district, and a landmark from the whole north-eastern shore of Windermere. The mountain rising beyond the dip is Scafell Pike, the comparative remoteness of which prevents its asserting its pre-eminence among the neighbouring fells. Then, what appears to be the northern buttress of Bowfell is in reality Great End, a mountain, forming the northern shoulder of the Scafell group. Close underneath Great End, in a dip of a few hundred feet, are Esk Hause and Allen Crags, the former the great watershed of the district, whence flow the Esk and the Derwent, and within a short distance of which the waters of Wasdale have their source. The mountain rising beyond Allen Crags is Great Gable, overlooking Wasdale.

The line of fells now draws nearer, and the eye rests upon two peaks, which together, probably, constitute the finest mountain of its size, not only in Lakeland, but in the whole kingdom. These are the Langdale Pikes. They have been likened to a lion *couchant*:—

"And peaceful o'er the Langdale Pass
Are couch'd the lions still."

The resemblance is not so fanciful as is generally the case when inanimate is likened to animate nature, but no such comparison is needed to impress the beholder with a just appreciation of these bold and rocky summits. They are both under 2,500 feet high, and when looked at from the neighbouring fells dwindle into two inferior "tumps;" but, whatever their actual likeness may be, they are decidedly the "lions" of the famous mountain screen of Windermere, from whatever point on that lake they are seen.

The valley leading up to the Pikes is Great Langdale. To the right is a precipitous rock called Pavey Ark, and then a long almost level ridge, broken only by one little excrescence, with the strange appellation of Sergeant Man, extends as far as Dunmail Raise, the "dip" over which passes the Windermere and Keswick-road, almost north of our present point of observation. This long ridge is the one "crime" of the head of Windermere view, but it is atoned for by a "thousand virtues," not the least of which is the beautiful little Loughrigg Fell, rising in front of the ridge at the head of the lake. It separates the Brathay valley leading up to Great Langdale from that of the Rothay, whose course may be traced in the direction of Dunmail Raise, though its "strath" is invisible. In the midst of it rises Helm Crag, overlooking Grasmere, and eastwards the fells again rise steeply to Nab Scar and the Fairfield group, behind which, and unseen, is Helvellyn. The lower and nearer ridge of Wansfell Pike all but hides Fairfield itself, only a strip of its highest part being visible. The fell, sinking boldly to the east, to the right of Fairfield, is Red Screes, between which and the next high part of the range is the Kirkstone Pass, on the way to Ullswater. The green valley and long straggling village of Troutbeck lie between us and Wansfell, and then come the steep, smooth slopes of High Street, at the head of the valley, Froswick and Ill Bell, the two last-named recognisable by the pyramidal

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form of their summits. Behind them lie Kentmere and the track to Haweswater, with Harter Fell still more to the right. Then comes a wide stretch of high ground diversified with but few peaks, retiring further and further, till the flat square summit of Ingleborough is seen far away in the south-west. Southward are parts of Morecambe Bay, whence the Furness Fells extend to the Coniston Old Man, with whom we began our description.

In descending, keep near the wall which forms the boundary of the Elleray woods, and goes in the direction of Wetherlam, till you strike the public path leading out of them. Here cross the stone step-stile, and take any of the paths which lead downwards to the village and hotel, keeping well to the left if you wish to reach the latter. Lovely peeps are obtained at various points, greatly enhanced by the rich growth of shrubs and trees in the close foreground.

Biscay How.—300 *feet above the lake. From Bowness*, 10 *min; from Windermere*, 30 *min.* The view from Biscay How is neither so varied nor so extensive as those from Orrest Head and Brant Fell, nor so grand as that from Miller Brow. It comprises, however, a very fine near view of the upper reach of the lake, and as much of the mountain *cordon* visible from Orrest Head as extends from Crinkle Crags to Ill Bell.

Starting from Bowness, follow the Windermere road as far as the first turn beyond the point where the direct Ambleside road diverges from it, close to the Royal Hotel and Post Office. Then turn to the right, and a few minutes' climb will place you on the top. For the names of the fells, &c., consult the Orrest Head description.

Miller Brow.—*From Windermere station,* ¾ *m; from Bowness,* 1½ *m.*

Miller Brow, otherwise called Hammer Bank, is on the direct road from Bowness to Ambleside, a few hundred yards short of its junction with that from Windermere to Ambleside. From it there is, perhaps, the grandest, if not the most extensive, of all the views in which the lake of "Winander" plays the leading part. "There is," says Professor Wilson, in his well-known "encomium," "the widest breadth of water, the richest foreground of wood, and the most magnificent background of mountains, not only in Westmorland, but, believe us, in the whole world." Of course, taken separately, each of these statements is absurd; but he who realises the fact that proportion in the different elements which constitute scenery is of as much importance as their individual size, may be excused if, under the influence of the wonderful harmony which characterises this particular prospect, he comes to the conclusion that the professor's words are as true in spirit as they are false in letter. The same authority—enthusiast, if you will—says, in writing of another view of Windermere—the one from Elleray:—"The charm lies in its entirety, its unity, which is so perfect—so seemeth it to our eyes—that 'tis in itself a complete world—of which not a line could be altered without disturbing the spirit of beauty which lies recumbent

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there wherever the earth meets the sky. There is nothing here fragmentary." In the last epithet the charm of Windermere is "hit" most happily. It is no single feature in the view which calls forth our admiration, but the consciousness that there is spread before us a scene of such wide extent, embracing so many elements of the beautiful, from its richest to its wildest phase—and all so faultless. If England were an arid desert, with the prospect from Miller Brow as its sole oasis, it would hold a place for natural beauty among the countries of the world.

Brant Fell. — 400 *feet above the lake; from Bowness*, 20—30 *min.* This view is to Bowness what Orrest Head is to Windermere village, with the important difference that it is made as accessible and attractive to the public as Orrest Head is the reverse. It belongs to the landlord of the Crown Hotel, who has lately facilitated the ascent by laying out pleasant walks to the summit.

The ordinary route from Bowness is by the lane passing between the "Crown" and the Grammar School, whence a divergence to the left must be made in about six or seven minutes.

From the top almost the whole of the lake is visible, and the Lancashire Fells (the Old Man and Wetherlam), hidden from Biscay How by the Claife Heights, reappear. The view is altogether of a very high order. For a description of it see page 54 (Orrest Head).

Elleray.—No spot in Great Britain—possibly none anywhere else—commands prospects of more varied and complete beauty than the grounds of Elleray, and the tourist, who omits to stroll through them, robs himself of one of the most pleasurable hours to be spent in the Lake District. The stroll may be taken either as an appetiser for the morning meal, or as a soothing supplement to a day of physical exertion. The generosity of the proprietor, Mr. Heywood, in throwing open the greater part of the well kept and tastefully planned walks and drives, which wind through the grounds in every direction, is in striking contrast to the niggardly spirit of whoever is responsible for there being no public way over the crowning height of Orrest Head.

The views obtained during the walk may be briefly described as the Orrest Head panorama cut into pieces, for a description of which in its entirety see page 54. Instead of the grand panorama which almost dazzles the gazer from Orrest Head, we have a peep here and a glimpse there, sometimes extending over a wide area, and then, thanks to the surrounding foliage, which sets each prospect in a frame of native green, contracting into a mere slip of the lake, a verdant valley, or, may be, some particular one of the great host of mountains which form the limit of the prospect in the direction of three out of the four points of the compass.

The grounds are entered by either of the two gates at the foot of the northern drive up to Rigg's Hotel. The best plan is to enter by the first of them, and then turning sharp round, to ascend by the winding drive which skirts the top of a field, and then enters the wood. Keep well up to the right till you pass a

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newly built cottage, beyond which the road forks, the regular track bearing slightly to the left. It is worth while, however, to follow the right and less used branch for a few yards, till it winds round to the right, and then to return and pursue the beaten track as far as its junction with the public path over the moor to Troutbeck, at a point where the latter emerges from the Elleray estate by a gate and a stone step-stile. By crossing the stile, and keeping up the hill to the right by the side of the wall, you will soon reach Orrest Head, but the regular Elleray walk zigzags down the hill to the left, and gives the tourist the option of either returning to Rigg's Hotel, or entering the high road about ¼ mile nearer Ambleside. In the former case he will take only one zigzag to the right, in the latter, two, and then, crossing the public path from Windermere village to the Patterdale road, descend into the Ambleside road by what appears to be a private drive.

Boating from Bowness and Miller Ground (Windermere).—There is a good and abundant supply of boats in Bowness Bay, close to the steamboat pier, while visitors staying at Windermere village have only to descend about three-quarters of a mile to Miller ground landing, where they will find a smaller but equally comfortable assortment. The path thither leaves the Ambleside road at a sharp turn to the right just beyond the church. At the corner so formed, two public paths and a private road to the Abbey diverge. The route to the lake is the second of the public paths, and continues pretty much in a straight line with the main road from the station. Traversing Rayrigg Wood, it crosses the Bowness and Ambleside road, and in 300 yards more reaches the lake. There is a fair bathing-place at some distance to the right, but the gradual slope of the shore about here renders a haphazard "dip" rather disappointing.

There is an excellent *low view* point a little above Miller Ground to the left of the path we have just described. It is called Queen Adelaide's Hill, and is marked by a flagstaff. Less ambitious than the more exalted and extensive prospects, obtained from the other heights we have guided the tourist to, it has a charm of its own, and shows up the wooded and winding character of the shores of the lake better than any of them.

Tour of Windermere Lake from Bowness. MAP III. and the general one.

Bowness to the Ferry, 1 *m*; *Lake Side*, 6 *m*; *Newby Bridge* (*road*), 7 *m*.

Bowness to Low Wood, 4 *m*; *Waterhead*, 5 *m*; *Ambleside* (*road*), 5½ *m*.

Fares, for the entire tour of the lake, starting from any point, 3s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. Intermediate distances in proportion. No pier dues.

There are good hotels at all the landing stages.

1. Bowness to Lake Side.—In passing through the straits between Belle Isle and the southern horn of Bowness Bay a fine glimpse is obtained of the northern reach of the lake. Immediately behind it rises Loughrigg Fell, east of which is the Rothay

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valley, backed by the Fairfield group of mountains. The richly wooded, park-like *Belle Isle* displays a beauty which even the incongruous building erected upon it cannot altogether mar. The scene on approaching the Ferry is very charming. For a description of it, see page 62. The small island, close at hand, is Crow Holme. Quitting the Ferry, the steamer goes south to Lake Side, without making any more stoppages. *Ramps-holme Island* is passed on the left. The narrow promontory a little farther on, with a kind of observatory, called *Storr's Temple*, at the end of it, is Storr's Point, and the Hall is seen behind it. Here met, some half century ago, Wordsworth, Southey, Scott, Canning, and Professor Wilson, to witness the regatta which was held in honour of the great Scottish poet. Then, on the right, the stream flowing from Esthwaite joins the lake, and beyond it is a promontory called *Rawlinson Nab*, and another island, *Grass Holme*. From about here a glimpse of the Old Man is obtained over the fells to the west. Hence to the foot of the lake the scenery is unique but unpretentious. The shores on both sides are clothed with an almost unbroken fringe of wood, and the hills slope to them in a succession of outlines graceful and varying, but shrinking from any approach to the sensational. The highest and steepest of them is *Gummer's How* on the left, which attains a height of about 1,000 feet, a mile or so before the end of the lake is reached.

The lake maintains its character to the very end. There is, in fact, if possible, less marsh and uninteresting ground at its foot than at its head. The retrospect from Lake Side is very beautiful (see p. 4). The railway station and hotel are close to the pier.

(1) The tourist, who visits Lake Side from Bowness, should, if possible, allow himself two or three hours' grace, before returning, for the sake of visiting *Newby Bridge* and the *Tower* above it, which forms such a conspicuous feature during the voyage down the lake. The hill on which it stands is Finsthwaite Fell.

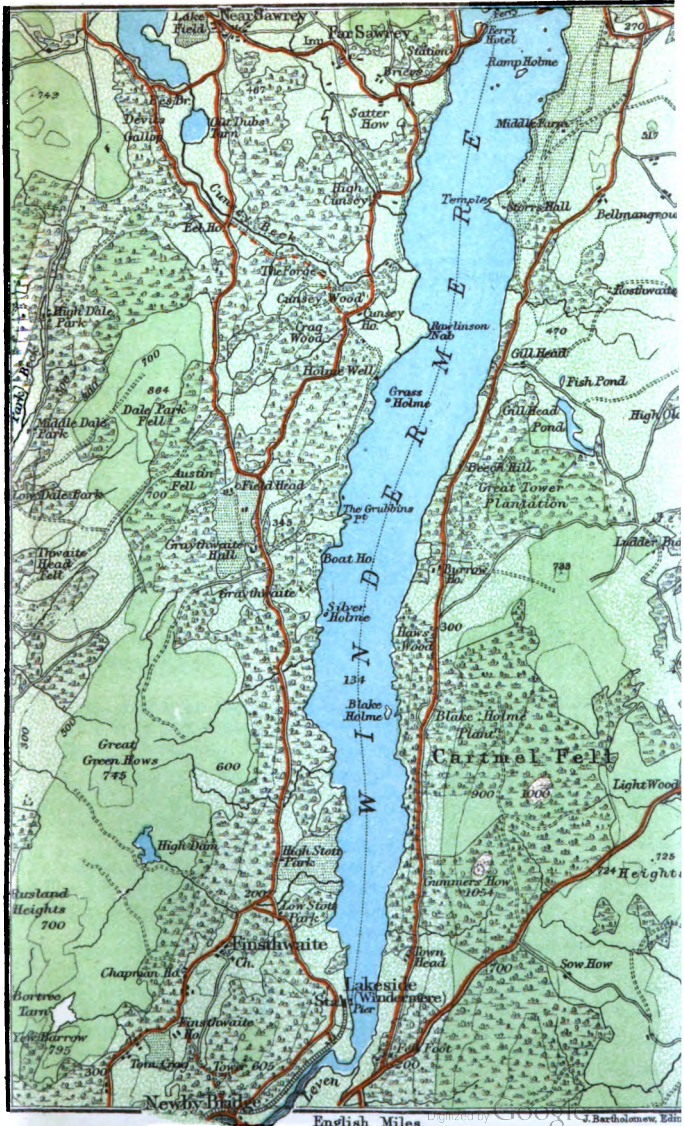
From Lake Side to Newby Bridge is ¼ hour's walk. Before the railway was opened the steamers used to thread their way down the stream almost to the hotel. The way to the Tower is through a wicket on the right hand side, contiguous to and just short of the railway bridge. It is well to get the key of the Tower from the joiner's on the other side of the bridge before commencing the ascent, as the view from the foot of it is a good deal obstructed by yew trees and undergrowth. Armed with this, recross the river and the railway, and, passing through the wicket, proceed for a few yards by the side of the line. Then turn up a narrow footpath, much beset with nut bushes and oak copse in places. Avoid a sharp turn to the right a minute or two after entering this footpath, after which you have no chance of missing the way. The path climbs through the little wooded ravine, and then turns, sharp and steep, up to the Tower. The ascent from the railway bridge takes from a quarter to half an hour. The view comprises the lake itself from its foot to beyond Bowness, and almost the whole of that grand amphitheatre of mountains, with the individual features of which you will have acquainted yourself before leaving Windermere. Southwards the woody glen, through which the Leven conveys the waters of Windermere to the sea, is very charming, and there is a wide prospect beyond it over Morecambe Bay.

In descending, the route may be varied by following the track north-westwards, which in a few yards diverges, both branches leading into the road passing Finsthwaite village. Nothing particular, however, is gained by the variation.

(2) *Gummer's How*, 2½ miles from Newby Bridge, and 15 minutes' walk to the left of the high road from there to Kendal. There is a splendid view up and over Windermere from this fell. The distance may be greatly shortened by rowing across the lake from Lake Side.

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SECTION MAP Nº I



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2. Bowness to Waterhead (Ambleside).—This is the grandest water excursion in the Lake district. The three valleys, through which flow the waters which supply Windermere, open up successively. As we issue forth from Bowness Bay, the Rothay valley with Fairfield and its southern ridges appears, almost due north, at the head of the Lake; then, separated from it by Wansfell and the Red Screes, the Troutbeck Glen descends through Calgarth Woods on the right. The sharp green ridge of High-street, Froswick, and Ill Bell, the first marked by a lofty cairn, and the last recognisable by its pyramidal contour, form the eastern limit of the view. Then to the north-west the opening of the Brathay valley, and the low ground near Wray Castle, discloses a grand array of "huge hill tops," chief amongst which, in bold outline and abruptness, are the famous "lions" of Langdale. Lastly, the Old Man and Wetherlam bring up their contingents on the extreme left, and then the triple-headed "Winander," with its full mountain panoply, is stretched before the gazer's eye in all its magnificence.

As the steamer approaches *Low Wood*, the eastern heights are hidden by the bosky slopes of Wansfell Pike. A monument on a little promontory to the right marks the spot of one of those fatalities which, unhappily, occur on Windermere almost every season. Beyond Low Wood, Loughrigg Fell begins to close in the northward view. The church and hall of Brathay rise out of the wood on the west shore of the lake, in which direction, also, little Pull Wyke Bay has a very tempting appearance. Another five minutes and we are ashore on the Waterhead pier. Omnibuses to Ambleside and Grasmere meet every boat.

The foregoing description will suffice, also, for the return journey from Bowness.

Bowness to Coniston by the Ferry, Esthwaite Water and Hawkshead; returning by Barn Gates and Waterhead. Route 8. Maps III., IV.

Bowness to Ferry Nab, 1½ *m*; *Ferry Hotel*, 1½ *m*; *Hawkshead*, 5½ *m*; *Coniston* (*Waterhead*), 9 *m*; *Barn Gates Inn*, 13½ *m*; *Waterhead* (*Windermere*), 16½ *m*; *Bowness* (*steam yacht*), 21 *m*.

Coach from Bowness to Coniston, about 10 a.m.; returning, same way, about 4 p.m. Fare: one way, 4*s*.; return, 6*s*. There are also return coaches from Coniston to Ambleside, *viâ* Oxenfell and Skelwith Bridge, in the afternoon (p. 40).

This is, perhaps, the best route for those who wish to visit Coniston for a few hours only. If the return is made by Oxenfell (p. 40), a great variety of the best Westmorland scenery will be comprehended in the day's journey. The alternative route by Barn Gates affords fine distant views for a great part of the way, but they are pretty much the same as those which have been seen during the morning's ride, and we have only chosen it in the present instance because the Oxenfell road has been already described. Those who contemplate paying a visit to Coniston

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from other parts, are recommended to make a special journey along this route as far as Lower Sawrey, and thence to drive round Esthwaite Water by Hawkshead, and back to the Ferry Hotel. The tour abounds in soft, sylvan beauty of a pleasing type. The entire distance, out and in, from Bowness is about 12 miles.

On quitting Bowness by the lower road, which skirts the bay, the pedestrian cuts off a few hundred yards by taking the field path to the right, a little beyond the steamboat pier. This path passes behind the rectory, and rejoins the carriage-road a short distance from the *Ferry Nab*.

Between the Nab and the Ferry Hotel the spirit of Scott's paradox, "Through the depths of Loch Katrine the steed shall career," is almost realised, for the capacious ferry boat, which runs to and fro with the frequency of a tram-car, takes over all comers, be they men, horses, or carriages. In the severest winter, when the rest of the lake is frozen over, no effort is spared to keep the ferry track open.

The views in crossing are very fine both ways. The long southern reach of the lake, with lessening hills and shores, draped to the water's edge with a flowing robe of wood, displays no startling features of beauty, but it never degenerates, as so many lakes do at their lower end, into commonplace. Northwards, over the beautifully timbered Belle Isle, with its unhappily prominent "tea-caddy" building, appear Fairfield, Rydal Head, the Red Screes, and the High-street range, the green valley to the left of the latter being Troutbeck.

Nothing can be lovelier in its way than the approach to the little bay-indented promontory on which the Ferry Hotel stands. Change the fresh into salt water, and it will compare, without disadvantage, with the very best of those exquisite little wood-girt inlets which lend such a charm to Devonshire scenery, while the islets and the mainland in front, fringed here by a shining strip of sand, and there almost dipping the varied foliage of their sylvan covering into the clear water, may remind the Scotch traveller of the "silver strand" and drooping "birks" of Loch Katrine. The feature of the Windermere foliage, however, is its variety, and the tourist must not expect that unmatched delicacy which the uniform silver grey of Ellen's Isle imparts to the scenery of the Scottish loch.

In the early morning, when the sunlight streams full on the manifold features of this scene, it is very striking, and again when it reposes in shadow in the lull of a summer's evening:—

"Water and wood and islets all,
The same are—far and near;
Still, as of old, at eventide
Peace kisses Windermere."

The old Ferry Hotel, under its canopy of sycamores, is becoming a thing of the past even as we write these lines, and in its place a modern and more commodious one is all but completed.

An hour or two's stay at this point of the route may be enjoyably devoted to a visit to the "Station," a pleasure house a little above the hotel, whence the artist, who is partial to "loud" colours, may gratify his taste by seeing the lake

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through glass of varied hues. Behind the station a winding walk ascends Claife Heights to a summer arbour from which there is a view as extensive as it is beautiful.

From the Ferry the road ascends sharply round the south end of Claife Heights, and, passing *Upper* (*Far*) *Sawrey* (Inn) and *Lower* (*Near*) *Sawrey*, drops down again to the shore of *Esthwaite Water*.

To make the circuit of Esthwaite, take the left-hand road at Lower Sawrey, and, avoiding a second turn on the same side about a quarter of a mile further on, skirt as nearly as possible the southern and western shores of the lake. The road is for some distance fringed with wood, on emerging from which it leaves the water's edge and passes a farm-house called Esthwaite Hall. Beautiful views across the lake are obtained. The mountain due north is Fairfield. Half way up the lake, where the road again approaches it, a peninsular, looking from many points like an island, agreeably diversifies its surface, and in another mile, three miles after quitting the high road at Lower Sawrey, Hawkshead is reached.

The "East Coast" route of Esthwaite, after passing *Lake Fields*, draws near the shore at *Lake Bank*, a villa just opposite the promontory described in the above *détour*, and thence skirts the lake almost to its head.

Esthwaite Water is rather more than 1½ miles long, and less than half a mile wide. Its attractions are the soft sylvan character of the scenery immediately surrounding it, and the fine view it commands of the fells to the west and north, from the Coniston Old Man to the Red Screes. Previous experience will probably enable the tourist to identify them.

A very short distance beyond the head of the lake is a small pool, called *Priest Pot*, a name which has puzzled the *savants*. It is probably so called from having been a fish preserve for the monks of Hawkshead Hall, but our "temperance" friends will draw a moral from the popular idea that it held just the *quantum* of good liquor which a priest could comfortably consume at a sitting, while the melodramatically inclined will prefer to regard it as the untimely grave of a belated member of the sacerdotal order.

The Hawkshead road diverges to the left just after passing the "Pot," and in less than half a mile we are in the town. Once there the traveller must find his way out as he best can. Such an extraordinary arrangement, or rather disarrangement, of houses was probably never seen. Bowness, to use a vulgar phrase, "can't hold a candle to it." Whether the inhabitants are as much at "sixes and sevens" as their dwellings, we cannot say; but, from a study of sundry epitaphs in the old churchyard, we are led to believe that they take warning rather than pattern from them. One of these epitaphs (which, by the way, was once pointed out to us by a local driver as the thing most admired by visitors to the town) concludes as follows:—

> "And from her cradle to her grave
> She was never known to misbehave."

These lines have been, with insufficient evidence, attributed to Wordsworth, who, as everybody knows, was educated here. Further we shall not describe Hawkshead, except by quoting a

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verse from the poetical limning of it by Mr. Gibson in his amusing "Rambles round Coniston."

> "A quaint old town is Hawkshead, and an ancient look it wears;
> Its church, its school, its dwellings, its streets, its lanes, its squares,
> Are all irregularities—all angles, twists and crooks,
> With penthouses and gables over archways, lanes and nooks."

The town contains a good hotel, the Red Lion.

Between Hawkshead and High Cross the pedestrian may save a quarter of a mile, and greatly enhance the pleasure of his walk, by turning to the left up the lane opposite the Red Lion, and, after proceeding a short distance, taking an unmistakable footpath on the right, which climbs the hill and rejoins the high road just short of the Baptist Chapel at High Cross. During the walk there is a beautiful mountain view northwards, which is not visible from the road.

On reaching the chapel, those who wish to include the exquisite scenery of *Tarn Hows* in their day's programme, should diverge to the right from the main road, and crossing the Ambleside and Coniston road, almost immediately, proceed according to the instructions given on page 74.

From Hawkshead the main road continues northwards over a bridge and past one turning to the left, to *Hawkshead Old Hall*, just short of which the turn to the left alongside of the telegraph wire must be taken. The road straight on leads to Ambleside. Climbing the hill we reach in another mile *High Cross*, where the route from Ambleside to Coniston is joined. For which see page 39, and for a description of Coniston page .

The return journey is by the same route as far as High Cross, where it diverges to the left. Fine distant views of the fells in front cheer the way. We pass *Barn Gates Inn*, descend to the level of Windermere at *Pull Wyke Bay*, and join the Ambleside and Langdale road at *Brathay Bridge* (page 38). At *Rothay Bridge*, half a mile further on, a road diverges to the right, which joins the Windermere and Keswick road at Waterhead, 4 miles from Windermere village by road, and 4¼ from Bowness by steam yacht.

Windermere to Keswick, *by Coach.* Route 9. Maps III., I., X., V.

	M.	Coach Fare.
Windermere Station to Ambleside	5	2s. 0d.
,, ,, ,, *Grasmere*	9	3s. 0d.
,, ,, ,, *Wythburn (inn)* ...	13	5s. 0d.
,, ,, ,, *Dale Head (inn)* ...	15½	6s. 0d.
,, ,, ,, *Keswick*	21¼	7s. 6d.

Inside seats from 25 *to* 33 *per cent. extra.—Waterhead to Ambleside*, 6d; *Grasmere*, 1s.

The above mileage is reckoned through Grasmere village. If the direct route to the right of the village be taken, a quarter of a mile is saved. There are several through coaches a day between Windermere and Keswick, the time occupied being from 3 to 4 hours, and omnibuses for Ambleside meet all the boats, and for Grasmere nearly all, at Waterhead.

This is the only really good carriage road through the Lake District, and constitutes, without doubt, one of the most beautiful and varied drives in the kingdom. In its length of one and twenty miles five lakes are visible, and, from one point or other, the summits of nearly all the principal fells. At the same time,

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no delusion can be greater than the Yankee-bred idea, encouraged by the small area of the district, that by taking this one journey through it, the tourist has "whipped off the cream," and that nothing but skimmed milk remains. Let the northward-bound traveller break his journey, by all means, for this excursion, as he speeds on his way to the land of wild sea lochs, incomparable glens, and extortionate hotels, but let him not come home and make comparisons. The characteristic beauty of Scotland is of that broad, dashing type which challenges admiration at first sight, and often has a tendency to pall with familiarity. That of English Lakeland is of a finer tissue. The very diversity of the threads which compose it is apt to disappoint the rushing tourist, who "goes in" for a "loud" pattern, and is not satisfied unless he gets it. But there is probably no scenery in Europe which so grows upon the thorough-going lover of nature as that of Westmorland and Cumberland. One hurried journey, though it be through the midst of it, is apt to establish a very false impression. The true one is only gained by lingering and leaving the beaten tracks. In whatever part of it this is done, the explorer may depend upon a rapid succession of new and unexpected beauties. We must apologise for this digression, which we only make as a comment upon the many inane comparisons we have heard indulged in by those who have just, as it were, run the blockade of the Lake District fells as a "preliminary canter" to a long race through the wilds of Scotland:—and now, *en avant!*

Even the habitual pedestrian will do well to ride the first part of the route we are describing. The road is often dirty or muddy, and the walls are of just that height which renders anything like a continuous view impossible. The elevation of a conveyance makes all the difference.

The Route.—After passing through a part of *Windermere village*, with the church and school on the left and the grounds of *Elleray* on the right, the cross roads from Bowness and to Patterdale are reached in less than a mile from Windermere Station. Here the pedestrian should diverge for a few hundred yards along the Bowness road for the splendid view from Miller Brow (see p. 57–58), which should on no account be lost. From the cross roads the highway descends, partly under a natural archway of fine forest trees, to *Troutbeck Bridge*, where are an inn (the Sun) and bobbin mills. Thence there is nothing particularly noteworthy, unless it be the yellow and heavy looking mansion of *Calgarth*, on the left, until the margin of the lake is reached at the *Low Wood Hotel*, a large and beautifully situated hostelry, by common tradition sacred to Hymen:—not that "Benedick" is in such force as to entirely oust his less happily circumstanced fellow-creatures. Many a thoroughly established family man, many a beaming matron—nay, even many an obstinate "Adonis" and disdainful "Diana" have we seen enjoying the beautiful panorama visible from the terrace and pier immediately in front of the hotel. The mountain view extends from the Old Man to the Langdale range. It is, with a few variations, the same as the one from

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Orrest Head. Carrs has vanished behind Wetherlam, to reappear shortly on the right of the latter fell. Wray Castle, Brathay Hall, and the campanile of Brathay Church are conspicuous objects on the other side of the lake, which, between the two former, retires into the deep recess of Pullwyke Bay. The lesser heights of Skelwith Brow, Lingmoor, and Loughrigg prevent all abruptness in the transition from the rich foreground to the wild fells behind. Fine, however, as is the view from the terrace and pier, it is surpassed by that from a little away above the hotel, on the way to Troutbeck village, the road from which joins the highway about a quarter of a mile short of the hotel. From Low Wood to Waterhead our route skirts the lake along the base of Wansfell Pike, and passes underneath *Dove Nest*, the temporary residence of Mrs. Hemans. At *Waterhead* is the pier for Ambleside, and a road branching off to the left, and joining the Ambleside and Langdale road at Rothay Bridge, half a mile away. The cluster of white cottages just over the head of the lake is Clappersgate, and beneath it the streams of the Brathay and Rothay meet, and, after half a mile of happy communion, pour their combined waters into the calm depths of Windermere. Waterhead is a sort of "Clapham Junction" of Lakeland, the point where the two principal southern approaches converge, the steamboats landing their freights from Lake Side and the Furness route, and the rival coaches bowling past from Windermere Station to Keswick. On a fine summer day the scene is a lively one from morning till night, with its constant flow of passengers and officials to and fro, and *mêlée* of steamers, row-boats, coaches, and conveyances of every sort gathered round the landing stage. Immediately after passing it, the road enters the Rothay Valley, and the higher western fells retire one by one behind the rugged and picturesque slopes of Loughrigg. *Ambleside* is reached in less than a mile. For a description of the town, see p. 23. The mountain with the deep hollow in front, and extending two parallel arms towards us, as we approach it, is Fairfield, and the valley thus enclosed, Rydale.

Quitting Ambleside by a steep "pitch," at the bottom of which the well known "struggle," as it is called, up to the Kirkstone Pass commences, the road passes the *Knoll*, once the residence of Miss Martineau, on the left, recognisable by its livery of stalwart ivy, and then proceeds up the richly-timbered Rothay Valley to *Rydal village*. The Scandale and Rydale valleys appear in quick succession on the right, the latter passing by a very quick transition from its wild, uncultured upper part, into the luxuriant park which forms the demesne of Rydal Hall. On the left, across the Rothay, is Fox How, Dr. Arnold's old residence. From Rydal village there is a steep road, leading in a few hundred yards to *Rydal Mount* and the entrance to Rydal Falls (see p. 24).

By crossing the bridge over the Rothay (Pelter Bridge), just before entering Rydal village, and turning to the right, the tourist may skirt the west side of Rydal Water, and thence reach Grasmere by Red Bank. (See p. 37). Hence is obtained the best view of Grasmere village and lake.

Pedestrian Route from Rydal to Grasmere.—This, a more enjoyable one than the "turnpike," ascends the hill as far as the first turn beyond Rydal Mount.

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Thence follow a path along the western declivity of Nab Scar, overlooking Rydal Water and the main road, and keep on as straight as possible until you descend into the main road again, a little beyond the Prince of Wales's Hotel, Grasmere. The main road will be seen making a wide divergence to the left, round the head of Rydal Water. The only thing lost by adopting this route is the first view of Grasmere from the turnpike road.

The main road turns slightly to the left at Rydal village, and passes through the gorge between Nab Scar on the right and Loughrigg Fell on the left. Rydal Water appears through a thick foreground of trees. From a rock on the left of the road, climbed by some natural steps, there is a good view over the lake, behind which rise Silver How and Sergeant Man. *Nab Cottage*, erst the abode of Hartley Coleridge, and now a favourite lodging house, is next passed on the right, and thence the road winds round the western end of the lake, and through a thick wood to Grasmere lake.

About a third of a mile beyond Nab Cottage, where the fence ceases, a green track climbs a short hill on the right, by some quarries, and descends directly to the high road again, just beyond the Prince of Wales's Hotel, at Grasmere. This shortens the distance by half a mile, but, like the last *détour*, misses the striking "burst" of Grasmere from the turnpike road.

A sharp turn to the right brings the whole of Grasmere and the rich valleys beyond suddenly before the eye. The valley over the island is Easedale. Silver How rises to the left of it, Helm Crag to the right. The line of a track, along the slope of Loughrigg, some few hundred feet above the lake is visible. This is Red Bank, or Loughrigg Terrace, and from it is obtained one of the most famous views in the district. The lake and village of Grasmere are described in the Grasmere section (p. 86). The coaches stop at the Prince of Wales and Rothay Hotels, and just before regaining the direct road, nearly three-quarters of a mile beyond the Rothay, the Swan is passed a little to the right. Behind it an apparently impracticable grass zigzag between two walls marks the commencement of the pony track up Fairfield. Three-quarters of a mile further, just beyond a little inn, called the Traveller's Rest, the Grasmere ascent of Helvellyn and the Grisedale Pass to Ullswater are commenced by a narrow lane to the right. About a quarter of a mile on the way thither is a beautiful little "force" called Tongue Gill. Then the ascent of *Dunmail Raise*, long but gradual, begins. As we look back during it, the peculiar rock outlines, which have made the summit of Helm Crag notorious, assume a greater reality than from any other point of observation. But whether they individually represent a lion and a lamb, or an old woman, or a cobbler, or anything else, we leave the tourist to judge for himself. Whatever they may be, they play a very decided "second fiddle" to the famous "Cobbler" of Loch Long.

The summit of Dunmail Raise (780 ft.), where the division line between Westmorland and Cumberland crosses, about 3 miles beyond Grasmere, is marked by a pile of stones on the left of the road, said to cover the remains of Dunmail, "last king of rocky Cumberland." The views from the summit level are good, though not extensive. At no one point are both Grasmere and Thirlmere

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visible at the same time. The fell on the right is Seat Sandal, on the left Steel Fell. *Thirlmere* comes into view in front almost immediately after Grasmere has disappeared in the rear, and sweetly pretty it looks, embosomed between the stalwart shoulder of the "huge Helvellyn" and the lesser, but more rocky heights of Armboth Fell and Raven Crag :—

"Here widening and there narrow,
Like neck and brest of swan,
That soar'd for Dunmail's barrow
In elfin age agone ;

But from the far north flying,
Sank on tired pinion here,
And with a wild song dying,
Was changed into a mere."

What it will look like when it has been widened out and improved into the reservoir form, in which Manchester æstheticism sees such a wonderful realisation of the *utile cum dulce*, remains to be seen.

The distant mountain, filling up the dip beyond Thirlmere, is Skiddaw. Between the top of the Raise and Wythburn a little stone memorial will be noticed on the left side of the road, bearing the inscription :—

"Fallen from his fellow's side,
The steed beneath is lying :
In harness here he died ;
His only fault was dying."

The passer-by will be glad to think that this stone is an old one, and join us in hoping that there may be no more occasion for such tributes to equine excellence. The church and inn of *Wythburn*, 1¼ miles beyond the Raise, are opposite one another. The church was once one of the many aspirants to the doubtful honour of being the smallest in England. Latterly, however, it has been considerably enlarged and improved. Both church and service have, in fact, kept pace with the times. Some strange stories are told of the lake clergy of a past generation, and, as they are in no way applicable to those of the present, we may be excused for relating one. By the side of the old pulpit at Wythburn was a narrow slit, locally called a "grike," into which, on one occasion, the preacher had the misfortune to drop his sermon, when he was about half-way through it. Finding all efforts to recover it vain, he turned to the congregation, and taking up his Bible, remarked, "Brethren, I've dropp'd t' sermon doon t' grike, but I'll read a chapter in t' Bible that's worth twal' of it."

The margin of Thirlmere is reached in less than a mile beyond the Nag's Head.

There is also a pony track along the west side of the lake, which is decidedly to be preferred by pedestrians. The turning points for this route are: (1) A lane diverging to the left from the top of Dunmail Raise, and passing a line of farmsteads. (2) Another lane to the left, half a mile beyond the Nag's Head. This lane traverses the level ground at the head of the lake, crossing two becks and passing a farmhouse dignified by the title of the "City." Beyond this, keep to the right, and as the road continues along the base of the crags for the whole length of the lake, there is no further risk of losing it. Its highest point

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is just before reaching Raven Crag, at the north end of the lake, where it is nearly 200 feet above the water level. It also mounts to a height of 100 feet just after reaching the lake, nearly a mile beyond the "City." The fell filling up the gap to the north is Saddleback. Several fine crags overhang the path on the left, notably Bull Crag, Fisher Crag, and Raven Crag, the last named one of the finest elevations of its class in the district, and distinguished by the fir planting on its summit. More than one tempting gill is also crossed, considerably the most beautiful being *Lawnchy Gill*, between Bull Crag and Fisher Crag, nearly a mile from the south end of the lake. This gill well repays the trouble of exploring it. The grouping of the rocks and the freshness and abundance of the foliage make it the *beau ideal* of a place to saunter up on a hot summer's day. Soon after crossing Lawnchy Gill, the path reaches the margin of the lake at a charming little inlet, called Deergarth Bay; then, quitting it again, it is joined on the left by the mountain track from Borrowdale, over Armboth Fell (p. 94), just before passing some farm buildings called Yew How. Beyond these, where it branches, the left-hand track by Armboth House must be followed (the one to the right crosses the neck of Thirlmere, by Wath?Bridge). *Armboth House* is the haunted house of the district. That it is a farm and not a public-house is a great pity. Were it the latter the wearied and belated tourist would probably find it more to his liking than any hostelry in the district. He would have only to sit down and—presto!—the bell rings of its own accord, the table is "spread by unseen hands," the candle lights itself, while the plates and dishes "jump for joy" at the thought of the luscious viands about to be placed on them. Fancy! *bougies* (the natives call them bogies) for nothing, and no charge for attendance!

From Armboth the track rises to the foot of *Raven Crag*, which towers 800 feet above it. The retrospect of Thirlmere from about here is exquisitely beautiful. Over Dunmail Raise, Loughrigg Fell re-appears. Helvellyn Low Man is conspicuous across the lake, and the sharp-ridged Saddleback northwards. The wooded height of Great How, almost exactly opposite, is a fine feature in the view. The Crag is easily ascended by "fetching a compass" round it on the north side, or by starting up from about where the wall ceases to be a double one on the south. The track then proceeds, keeping the stream issuing from Thirlmere on the right, past a farmstead called Smeathwaite, to the main road again, which it rejoins within 200 yards of the fourth milestone from Keswick. The actual length of this route is not much greater than that of the high road between the same points, but its roughness makes it occupy considerably more time.

Thirlmere is nearly three miles long and never much more than a quarter of a mile broad. In fact, it is by nature better entitled to the epithet "river" lake than Windermere. It is 533 feet above sea level, the only one of its sister lakes exceeding it in this respect being Haweswater. The side of Helvellyn, along which the main road runs, is heavy and uninteresting; after much rain it is deeply scored with cataracts of the Sour Milk Gill type. On the opposite side, the shores of the lake are gracefully fringed with wood diversified with rocky knolls, while the line of hills is broken by lateral gills in which the leisurely tourist may spend many a happy hour. Two routes hence into Borrowdale, the one by Harrop Tarn, and the other by Armboth Fell, are hereafter described (pp. 92, 94).

The lake is nearly cut in two by projections of land on either side a little more than half-way down it. The neck of water thus formed, a wooden bridge, resting on rough stone buttresses, has spanned from time immemorial. After skirting the margin of the lake for about a mile, the road mounts a short but steep pitch, on gaining the top of which a splendid view of the "narrow valley of St. John," backed by the razor-like edges of Saddleback bursts upon the view. The beautifully wooded knoll to the left is Great How.

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Two lanes, one just before commencing the ascent, and the other a little beyond the summit of it, branch off to the left, and, after uniting, cross the wooden bridge and join the track along the western shore of the lake, described in the last digression.

Half a mile beyond the top, the King's Head at *Thirlspot*, a clean and inviting little inn, lies to the right of the road. Here a track from Helvellyn—the nearest for the Keswick people—joins the highway. In less than another mile the road down St. John's Vale, through which flow the waters of Thirlmere, strikes off on the right.

> "Paled in by many a lofty hill,
> The narrow dale lay smooth and still,
> And down its verdant bosom led,
> A winding brooklet found its bed."

Such is the poetical way of looking at the stream by which the waters, gathered on the whole of the side of Helvellyn and all the other fells surrounding Thirlmere, find their outlet. The natives lower down the valley are prosaic, and assert that they are periodically half drowned by the "winding brooklet;" at least, so says Manchester.

The famous "Castle-rock of Triermain" now rises to our right. The best "setting" of it is from *Smeathwaite Bridge*, half a mile further on, where the pedestrian, at any rate, should halt a minute and mark the sombre impressiveness of the scene; more especially as for the next two or three miles there is a very marked falling off in the landscape, its only attraction being the simultaneous view of the tops of Skiddaw, Saddleback and Helvellyn, which is obtained after the first mile or so beyond the bridge. Our road crosses a kind of minor watershed. The foreground is somewhat like a reclaimed Irish bog. Naddle Fell shuts out the valley of St. John, and neither Thirlmere nor Derwentwater give any sign of their proximity. It is but, however, the calm before the storm. The road soon begins to rise for *Castlerigg*, the ridge between us and Keswick. A few more minutes and we are at the top of it, and then, just as the eye is becoming listless, there bursts upon it a vision of beauty as rich and varied as it is sudden and startling. Low down in front, the vale of Keswick, wide, flat, and fertile, fills up the space between the lakes of Derwentwater and Bassenthwaite; Skiddaw looks its loftiest, and is seen from head to foot. Over Derwentwater the Crummock and Buttermere fells appear, the latter in the opening formed by the vale of Newlands; and further back to the left, the fells that cluster round the head of Wasdale and Ennerdale, with Scafell and Great Gable pre-eminent. Below the latter lies the entrance to Borrowdale. The steep green slope of Catbells descends to the south-western shore of the lake, and further back to the right rises Causey Pike, which, as the showman says of the rhinoceros, "you'll know him by his hump."

The range of Causey Pike trends westward, culminating in the long flat top of Grasmoor, which overlooks Crummock Water, and then working round to the right to the tapering summit of Grisedale Pike and the Whinlatter Fells, between which and Skiddaw

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are Bassenthwaite Lake and the Vale of Keswick, completing a magnificent panorama, which, of all the better known ones in Lakeland, ranks second only to the Troutbeck view of Windermere.

Derwentwater itself, it should be added, appears to still greater advantage from one or two of the lesser heights nearer to it, just as the view of Windermere Lake is better from Miller Brow than from Troutbeck.

From the toll-bar at Castlerigg into Keswick is a steep descent of about a mile. The coaches stop at the different hotels by turns, and finish their journey at the railway station. For a description of Keswick, see page 98.

Windermere to Patterdale (Ullswater). Route 10. Maps III., II., IX.

Windermere to Troutbeck Church, 3 *m*; *Kirkstone Inn*, 7 *m*; *Brothers' Water Inn*, 9½ *m*; *Patterdale Hotel*, 12½ *m*; *Ullswater Hotel*, 13½ *m*.

Coach about 9.30 *every morning, returning in the afternoon about* 4. *Fares: One way*, 5*s*; *return*, 7*s*. 6*d*.

This is undoubtedly the finest route to Ullswater. The road from Ambleside is shorter by 4 miles, but misses two of the most attractive features of the district—the valley of Troutbeck itself, and the view of Windermere from the road leading up it.

The Troutbeck road diverges to the right from the high road to Ambleside and Keswick about three-quarters of a mile from the Windermere Station.

Pedestrians who have already seen the Miller Brow view should start from Windermere by the Elleray footpath. At the foot of the drive up to Rigg's Hotel, in the direction of Ambleside, and nearly opposite the post-office, are two gates. Pass through the lower one, that farthest from the hotel, and of the three tracks which branch out immediately afterwards, take the middle one. That to the left is a private drive, and the right hand one winds up through the woods towards Orrest Head. In a minute or two more, after passing under a light footbridge, descend a little by the left and narrower branch of another fork (the right hand turn is another road up to Orrest Head), and then proceed between some iron railings in front of a picturesque cottage (once the abode of Professor Wilson) overshadowed by a cherry-tree, and keep straight on by the narrow path, behind a Gothic villa, when you reach another drive. Lovely peeps of the lake "crop up" from time to time. The track soon traverses a wood, and then crossing Winlass Beck, and passing through a hand-gate, enters the coach road by a carriage drive descending from the villa of St. Catherine's on the right.

At the same point the direct road from Bowness comes up on the left. Pedestrians from Bowness should by all means adopt this latter route, as, by so doing, they will get the splendid view of Windermere from Miller Brow (see p. 57), which is only a few hundred yards from the junction of the roads. Nor should those who come from Windermere omit to diverge this short distance along the aforesaid Bowness road.

Soon after the divergence we pass out of the woods, and from behind a green hill the full beauty of the scene bursts upon us. It is a fresh version of those prospects, already described, from the heights and view points in close proximity to Windermere

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(see p. 54). The lake itself, being more remote, does not hold such a commanding post in the panorama as it does from Miller Brow; but the foreground of the Calgarth Woods is more striking than from any other point, and the gradual transition from the brimming luxuriance immediately beneath the spectator's eyes, to the wild and rugged grandeur of the "Fell" amphitheatre that forms the limit of his gaze, gives a wonderful impression of diversity without incongruity, and of majesty without overbearingness. The scene is especially beautiful in the morning hours, being of that varied character which courts rather than shrinks from the full sunlight.

At a point from which the view is best seen, there is a depression in the wall, purposely left for the benefit of pedestrians. Then, in another half-mile or so, we come to a farm, from which the prospect is more extensive, if not grander, than ever. Thence the road descends to *Troutbeck Church*, running parallel to a companion road on the other side of the beck, which leaves the Windermere and Ambleside main highway at Troutbeck Bridge, and runs through the whole length of the village of Troutbeck and on to Kirkstone Pass. The pedestrian may, if so inclined, join this road by turning sharp to the left at the church, just after crossing the beck. By so doing he will pass through a considerable part of the village, and by the Mortal Man Inn (p. 29).

The village of *Troutbeck* is one of the most picturesque in the kingdom. It is the quintessence of rustic simplicity, and the mortal foe of the Sybarite tendencies of the nineteenth century. Not many years have passed since we heard a "statesman" of the dale declaiming at the "Mortal Man" against the womanish southern habit of using a pitchfork to "ted" hay with, and well do we remember the discomfiture we suffered when we pitted ourselves against the native talent in "putting t' lile ste-an."

The main street of Troutbeck is nearly a mile and a half long, and consists of cluster after cluster of low-roofed, white (?) washed cottages, contrasting beautifully with the emerald verdure of the valley. Sycamores, the tree "par excellence" of Westmorland, yews, and other veterans of the forest, grow in profusion around. Its abundant water supply and sheltered position help it to preserve an evergreen appearance.

The two roads—one from Windermere village, and the other from Troutbeck Bridge—meet at the north end of the village, a few yards beyond the *Queen's Head Inn;* and thence they climb together, more or less steeply, along the eastern slope of Wansfell to the *Traveller's Rest*, on the top of the *Kirkstone Pass*, looking down Stockdale to Ambleside during the last mile or so of the ascent. The fells on the opposite side of the Troutbeck valley are Ill Bell, Froswick, and High Street, the latter crowned by a columnar cairn, which marks its most prominent, though not its highest point. Between us and the mountain range the valley is split into two by Troutbeck Tongue.

At the *Kirkstone Inn* (1,500 ft.) the Ambleside road (p. 41) converges on the left. We are sorry to confute one of the favourite

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traditions of the Lake country, viz., that this inn is the highest inhabited house in England; but we fear that not only as a house, but also as an inn, it must yield the pride of place, in altitude, to the Cat and Fiddle, on the Buxton and Macclesfield road, which has the advantage of it by a fair hundred feet. Be that as it may, however, the Traveller's Rest at Kirkstone is a most welcome house of call; and if we thought that our words would interfere one jot with its prosperity, we should smother them in the utterance.

The top of the pass is about 200 yards beyond the inn, and the stone which gives its name to it about twice as far beyond, and a little to the left of the road. The pass itself is more wild than rugged. The Red Screes descend steeply to it on the left, and Caudale Moor on the right. Brothers' Water lies directly in front, and Place Fell, sinking steeply into Ullswater, forms the background. The descent for the first mile or more is steep. Then, separated from Red Screes by Keystone Beck, comes High Hartsop Dodd on the left. Beyond it is Dovedale, woody and picturesque in itself, and nobly headed by Dove Crags. The road then, after passing the *Brothers' Water Inn*, reaches *Brothers' Water* itself, the squareness of which somewhat detracts from its beauty, when seen close at hand. It is rather more than a quarter of a mile in length and breadth. The drowning of two brothers is the reputed origin of the name. A little further on, a considerable stream, descending from the mountain tarn of Hayeswater on the right, backed by the High street range, is crossed, and then the road turns sharply to the left, and crossing the Goldrill Beck, which unites Brothers' Water and Ullswater, enters the beautiful strath of Patterdale. The glen to the left, which is crossed after emerging from the wood, is *Deepdale*, a valley which cuts deep into the recesses of Fairfield and St. Sunday's Crag. The precipices of the former are very fine, and considerably alter the somewhat insipid impression of the same mountain which its appearance from the Windermere side has fixed upon us. Hence we pass along the well cultivated valley to *Patterdale* village, for a description of which see the Patterdale section. The old *Patterdale Hotel* is about half a mile from the lake; the *Ullswater* on its margin, about a mile further. Both are excellent houses. The coaches arrive at Patterdale about midday, and return about 4 o'clock, giving return passengers ample time to lunch, and either visit Aira Force, or take a stroll along the foot of Place Fell, whence are obtained glorious peeps across the lake into the glens separating the lateral ridges of Helvellyn.

Windermere or Bowness to Coniston, by Miller Ground, High Wray, and Tarn Hows. Route 11. Maps III., IV.

To Miller Ground, ¼ m; Red Nab (other side of lake), 2 m; High Wray, 3 m; Hawkshead Hall, 5 m; Tarn Hows, 7 m; Coniston (Waterhead), 9 m; Coniston Village, 9½ m.

This is a charming walk, and for those who wish to obtain the best views, or have already visited the Ferry, Esthwaite Water,

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and Hawkshead, a most agreeable variation on the better known routes. The prospect both from the neighbourhood of High Wray, on the north slope of Latterbarrow, and from Tarn Hows, on the high ground to the north of Coniston, is very beautiful, especially from Tarn Hows, which commands perhaps the finest of all the near panoramic views of the fells of Lancashire and Westmorland, and a most exquisite prospect down the lake itself. The walk may also be extended, so as to include Tilberthwaite and Blea Tarn, as far as Dungeon Gill, the extra distance from Tarn Hows to Dungeon Gill being about 7 miles.

The lake must be crossed from the *Miller Ground* landing-stage (see p. 59), or from Bowness to a point just beyond *Red Nab*, where the road along the west shore of the lake begins to ascend in a north-west direction from the shore. Hence it gradually works round the slope of Latterbarrow,—a fir-clad, somewhat featureless hill,—passing a couple of groups of houses, the first of which is *High Wray*. At the second it turns almost due south. During this part of the walk a very fine view is obtained of the amphitheatre of fells which have become familiar to the tourist during his sojourn at Windermere. The High Street range is particularly impressive in the rear, and, just above the head of the lake, the road over the Kirkstone Pass is seen climbing the dip between Wansfell Pike and Red Screes. The level road joining it at the top from behind Wansfell is the route from Windermere to Kirkstone and Patterdale. Helvellyn is prominent to the left of Fairfield. Beyond High Wray, Blelham Tarn appears in the hollow to the right. Avoid descending towards it. After walking southwards about half a mile, turn to the right a few hundred yards short of a house on the left, and descend a hill round the north side of a coppice, crossing the valley and joining the Ambleside and Hawkshead road a few hundred yards north of Hawkshead Hall. Just beyond the latter, turn to the right, and follow the course of the telegraph wires. The old *Hawkshead Hall* has been replaced by a modern residence, but a remnant of its antiquity is to be observed in a piece of window tracery in the wall of what is now a barn. You are now on the Hawkshead and Coniston high road. Continue along it, ascending Hawkshead Hill, as it is called, for nearly a mile. Then take the lane which branches to the right near some houses and a Baptist chapel. In a few hundred yards you will cross the Ambleside and Coniston road. Climb the lane straight in front of you. It ascends rapidly between stone walls, and soon reaches an eminence whence, by diverging to the left for a few yards over an iron rail fence, you will obtain a splendid full-length view of Coniston Lake to the south, the Old Man and Wetherlam immediately before you to the west, and then, starting northwards from behind the latter, Pike o'Blisco, Glaramara (in Borrowdale), the Langdale Pikes, with their long eastern shoulder of almost level moorland, followed by the familiar shapes of Helvellyn, Fairfield, Red Screes, High Street, and Ill Bell, with a host of intervening heights which it would be tedious to mention in detail.

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Descending slightly from this view point, the road soon discloses, on the right, a tarn, large and strikingly picturesque, but, oddly enough, nameless. For a description of it, and the reason of its (god)fatherless condition, see the "Tarn Hows" excursion in the Coniston section (p. 79).

Just beyond the tarn the road bends to the left between two plantations, on emerging from which a beautiful view across Yewdale and up Tilberthwaite is revealed. Hence there is a direct cart-track down into Yewdale, reaching the valley close to the old yew-tree, a point which may also be gained by a footpath through the woods from the dam at the south-west corner of the tarn.

Exquisite peeps at the lake are obtained through the trees during the direct descent to Coniston, and the high road thither from Ambleside and Hawkshead is gained nearly opposite the entrance gate of Waterhead House, and a short mile on the Hawkshead side of the Waterhead Hotel.

Windermere to Mardale Green (Haweswater). Route 12. Maps III., II.

Windermere Village to Troutbeck, 3 *m*; *Kentmere Village* (*inn*), 6 *m*; *Mardale Green* (*Dun Bull Inn*), 12½ *m*. 4—5 *hrs*; *walk*.

Height of Passes: Garbourn, 1,450 *ft*; *Nan Bield*, 2,050 *ft*.

This is a most interesting pedestrian route, abounding in beautiful views. The intermediate descent into Kentmere valley may be avoided by crossing High Street, near its summit, and dropping into Mardale, as described in the "High Street Ascents" in the Fell part.

The Patterdale route (p. 71) must be followed as far as about 200 yards short of Troutbeck Church. Here turn sharp up a lane to the right, and, passing a farm-house called Howe, make an equally acute angle to the left. The road then climbs between two walls to the top of the *Garbourn Pass*. During the ascent two other roads join it on the right, the latter extensively used in connection with the slate quarries recently started on the fell-side. The view during the whole ascent is very fine. Troutbeck, lying "deeper and deeper still" at every step, between the steep green declivities of Ill Bell and Wansfell, with High Street, Caudale Moor, and Red Screes overlooking its upper reach, has a most striking appearance. Nature is singularly happy in the mingling of grace and grandeur with which she has invested these slopes. Over Wansfell, as we pursue our long ascent, appear the Langdale Pikes and Bowfell, the latter asserting a superiority which those who have only seen the two from the low ground near Windermere will marvel at. Windermere itself, backed by the ever beautiful Lancashire Fells, charmingly diversifies the scene.

From the top of the pass rocky knolls block the view northwards, and the distant view eastwards is tame. The descent, however, is very delightful, zigzagging between rock, ling, gorse, and bracken. Here and there are strewn huge boulders. There can be no doubt that by a comparatively small outlay, and a

certain amount of engineering skill, this road might also be made perfectly practicable for carriages, and thus form part of a most beautiful circular drive from Windermere. Many people, on entering this particular valley, will ask why Kent*mere?* Barring a reservoir at the head of the valley, whose naked, herbless margin is painfully suggestive of what Thirlmere may be, there is no sheet of water at all. Look down the valley, however. Some forty years ago the utilitarian spirit extended to the recesses of Kentdale. The valley then possessed a lake nearly a mile long, the delight of the fisherman, and an adornment to a scene which, with it, was beautiful—without it, is bare and desolate. However, "Hodge" set to work, and at vast trouble and expense scooped out a deep channel at the foot of the lake. The waters rushed down it, and lo! in place of a lake a marsh! the rental of which is probably not equal to the amount which would have been annually taken at the inn from fishermen, if the lake had been suffered to remain. Huge heaps of slate and soil at the south end of the morass testify to the ardent zeal of "Hodge" in thus cutting his own throat.

Near the foot of the pass, *Kentmere Church*—a whitewashed building calling for no special remark—is passed, and just beyond it we reach the *Low Bridge Inn*, where the prudent tourist will "refresh," in anticipation of the steep ascent of Nan Bield, or the crossing of the fell to Long Sleddale.

Cross the bridge beyond the inn, and climb the steep road to the left. Some little way above the bridge, the river forms two beautiful falls, which it is worth while to cross the fields for a closer inspection of than can be obtained from the road. They are neither high nor sheer, but simply a graceful and soothing spectacle.

On breasting the hill, Upper Kentmere comes into view. Kentmere, like Duddon Vale, is divided into two distinct portions, separated, as it were, by a cross-bar of rock. The lower part, now that the lake is gone, is featureless; the upper, however, fully redeems its reputation. The flat eastern extension of High Street is at the head of the valley; Ill Bell, Froswick, and the almost sheer Rainsborrow Crag on the left, and Harter Fell on the right. Remembering how steep Ill Bell and Froswick are on the Troutbeck side, one is astonished to find them descending still more precipitately into Kentmere. Altogether, the head of Kentmere is thoroughly characteristic, and no tourist should visit the village without taking the short climb above it to see the upper valley.

Those who wish to cross into *Long Sleddale*, and thence proceed northwards to Mardale Green, by Gatescarth, or southwards to Burneside or Kendal, must take the lane to the right, about a mile beyond the inn, after ascending the hill and passing through two gates. Long Sleddale is narrow and deep, and in parts well wooded. The view up it will be an agreeable surprise to those who fancy that they have passed the limits of the lake district. The distance from Kentmere Inn to the main road up the valley is 4 miles, and thence to Mardale Green, over Gatescarth, 6 miles; to Burneside 8 miles, and to Kendal 10 miles.

The road now descends slightly and passes some farmsteads; then works round the long, sloping shoulder of Harter Fell, and,

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degenerating to an indistinct path, climbs steeply to the lowest part of the dip between Harter Fell and High Street—Nan Bield—leaving the Kentmere reservoir, which supplies Kendal with water, on the left.

On reaching the summit of *Nan Bield*, *Small Water* appears below,—an almost perfect specimen of a tarn, deep set in crags, and softened by the rich tufts of parsley fern with which the ground about here is literally carpeted. One of the numerous Blea Tarns of the district, similar in its characteristics, and well worth a visit, lies over a ridge to the left.

Keeping Small Water on the right, the path rapidly descends till it joins the cart track from Long Sleddale, coming down from the other side of Harter Fell. The *Dun Bull* is now close at hand.

Windermere to Mardale Green (Haweswater), by Long Sleddale. Route 13. General Map; also III., II.

Windermere to Burneside (*rail*), 6 *m*; *Kendal* (*rail*), 8 *m*. *Burneside to Mardale Green*, 14½ *m*; *Kendal to Mardale Green*, 16 *m*.

Any one who likes a picture of thriving husbandry, in the midst of beautiful and secluded scenery, will be gratified by a walk up Long Sleddale. The entrance to the valley is about four miles from Kendal on the old north road, and two miles and a half from Burneside by a cross-country one. It is narrow, but scarcely more so than the valley itself, the cultivated portion of which extends for half a dozen miles between graceful and luxuriant hills, and is brought to a termination by a couple of towering crags,—Goat Scar, on the left, and Tarn Crag, on the right,—but little less striking than the best in the district. Farmsteads dot the valley throughout. The church occupies a prominent position half way up it, and, altogether, it is difficult to picture a scene in which peace, contentment, and beauty are more happily combined.

Some will desire to return to Windermere without crossing Gatescarth (for Mardale Green), in which case they may cross the intervening ridge, which seldom attains a greater height than 1,250 feet, to Kentmere, and thence proceed over the Garbourn Pass (1,450 ft.), as described in Route 56. The best plan, perhaps, is to leave Long Sleddale at Sad Gill, the highest farmhouse in the valley.

A little beyond *Sad Gill* cultivation ceases, and the cart track mounts steeply, with a picturesque gill on the left hand, to the summit of the Gatescarth Pass, between Harter Fell and Branstree. Care must be taken not to turn to the right about half way up, in which direction there are traces of a rough track leading into the desolate Mosedale valley, and thence to Shap.

Descending Gatescarth, the view over Blea Water to the High-street range is very fine. The *Dun Bull Inn* is the first house in the valley.

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Coniston.

The *village of Coniston* is beautifully situated at the foot of the Old Man and Yewdale Crags, and about half a mile from the head of the lake. The mines and quarries, which abound almost the whole way up the Old Man, considerably mar the prospect from what would otherwise be the best points of view, and the block of sheds which constitute the railway terminus is, unfortunately, prominent. It is to be hoped that before long the Furness Company will see their way to treating Coniston with the same æsthetic regard which they have already displayed towards Windermere and Furness Abbey.

The hotels at Coniston are the Waterhead (three-quarters of a mile from the station, and near the shore of the lake), and the Crown (a quarter of a mile from the station). There are also two or three minor inns and some lodging-houses.

The *lake of Coniston* is five miles long, and nowhere more than half a mile wide. Its characteristic beauty is of the Windermere type, but its inferior size, and the greater regularity of its shores, prevent it from exhibiting that variety and grandeur of prospect which its "big" Westmorland brother possesses in such an eminent degree. At the same time, it may be said that, while all views up the lake with the Old Man and his "family" in the background, especially that from Brantwood, are grand in their simplicity, no purely lake view in the district is more charming than that straight down Coniston from the heights which crown its upper end. For the latter, Tarn Hows is the best "'vantage" point, and, for the former, the tourist will, probably, avail himself of the little steam yacht "Gondola," which sails regularly three or four times a day to the Lake Bank Hotel, at the foot of the lake, and back again, and which may also be engaged at certain hours by private parties. Latterly a public conveyance has commenced running from the Hydropathic Establishment of Conishead Priory, two miles beyond Ulverston, in connection with the steamer at Lake Bank. Greenodd, on the Ulverston and Windermere branch of the Furness line, may also be reached in 5½ miles from Lake bank. The coaches for Windermere and Ambleside leave in the afternoon.

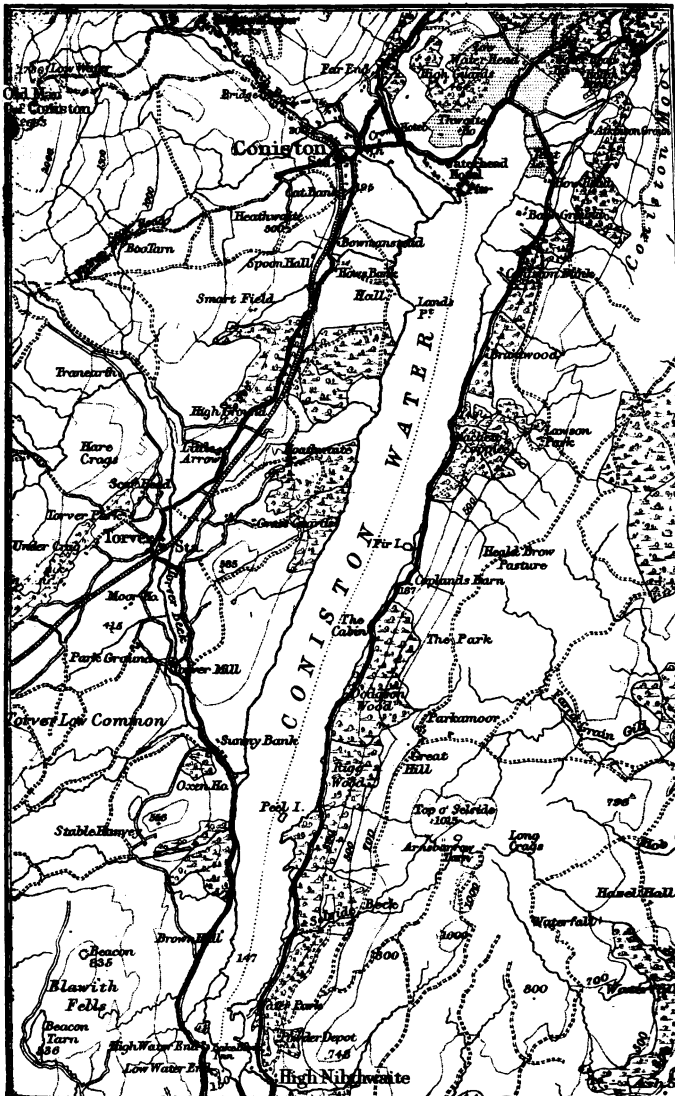
Coniston is the best head quarters for climbing the Lancashire Fells, and, except Broughton, for inspecting the varied beauties of the Duddon Valley, or ascending Black Combe.

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SECTION MAP Nº IV[a]



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Sail on Coniston Lake.—*The steamer "Gondola" sails to the foot of the lake and back 3 or 4 times a day. Fares: Single journey, 1s; return, 1s. 6d.*

There is little calling for special comment during this voyage. The pier is reached by a footpath, striking out of the main road on the Coniston side of the Waterhead Hotel. Setting aside, for the nonce, the presiding genius of the scene—the Old Man—the most noticeable feature at first is the beautiful demesne of Mr. Marshall, at the head of the lake, to the mingled natural and artificial beauties of which Nature has, unaided, supplied a glorious background. As we steam down the lake, the distant fells rise, one by one, over the lower hills on its northern shores. Wetherlam continues the Old Man chain, and beneath the two, the crags of Yewdale and Tilberthwaite have a characteristically rich appearance. Then Helvellyn, Fairfield, and the Red Screes appear. Houses, whose personal associations will preserve for them a long-lived notoriety, are seen on the eastern shore of the lake. At Tent Lodge, the most northerly of them, the present Laureate once lived; and a mile lower down, the villa of Brantwood boasts of a succession of distinguished occupants—to wit, Linton, the great wood engraver; Gerald Massey, the poet; and last, but not least, John Ruskin. On the opposite shore, a point or two northward of Brantwood, is Coniston Hall, once the residence of the ancient Le Fleming family, now a farm-house, conspicuous by its ivy-covered chimneys. The outline of the Old Man becomes bolder and bolder as we remove ourselves farther from him, and now, on his left hand, appear the rugged, perpendicular cliffs of Dow Crag. A few small islands are passed, and an Elizabethan villa, on the western shore, called "Brown How," and then comes the Lake Bank Hotel. The return journey needs no description.

Tarn Hows, 2½ *miles.* Map IV.

This is the most attractive "stroll" near Coniston, and should be *separately* taken by all who do not make a special *détour* for it, either in coming from or going to other places.

Follow the Ambleside road as far as the second turn to the left, almost a mile beyond the Waterhead Hotel, and nearly opposite the entrance gate to Waterhead House. Take this turn, and climb the hill till you pass the Tarn Hows farm on the left. A little beyond this the view southwards, over Coniston Lake, and westwards, across Yewdale and Tilberthwaite to the Old Man and Wetherlam, is of the highest order.

In returning, you may either descend by a steep cart track into Yewdale, the main road through which is reached close to the famous yew tree (p. 40), or you may bear to the right, and passing between two plantations, and leaving the tarn some distance on the left, regain the Ambleside road at nearly its highest point, about 1½ miles beyond where you left it. There is also a romantic path descending from the artificial outlet of the tarn, at its south-west corner, to a farmstead on the Yewdale road close to the old yew tree. This is the shortest and most picturesque route from the tarn to the Tilberthwaite glen.

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The tarn itself, once a "hotch-potch" of small pools and marsh, has been converted by its owner into a graceful lakelet, whose belt of fir and *cordon* of distant mountains are suggestive rather of a Scotch loch than an English mere. The two principal ingredients of the "hotch-potch" were originally called "High" and "Low Tarn." If the proprietor would kindly give a name to the beautiful sheet of water in which he has absorbed their individuality, he would put an end to a certain amount of confusion. At present Tarn Hows is the name of the farm-house on the hill, or *how*, south of the tarn, overlooking Yewdale and Coniston. The tarn itself has no name.

Coniston to Bowness, by Hawkshead and the Ferry. Route 13. Maps IV., III.

Coniston village to Hawkshead, 4 *m*; *the Ferry*, 8 *m*; *Bowness*, 9½ *m*. *Coach every afternoon*; *fare*, 4*s*.

This route is fully described, the reverse way, on page 61. We shall, therefore, now confine ourselves to a mere indication of points, at which the tourist may feel any uncertainty as to the road to be pursued.

The Ambleside route (p. 64) is followed, for the first two miles, as far as High Cross, where the Hawkshead road diverges to the right, following the course of the telegraph wires, and commencing almost immediately the long descent of Hawkshead Hill

Pedestrians, who wish to include Tarn Hows (p 79.) in the expedition, may easily do so by leaving the main road about one mile and a half on the way, and rejoining it close to the Baptist Chapel, a little below High Cross.

From High Cross to Hawkshead the footpath, which strikes out to the right, a little beyond the Baptist chapel, should be, undoubtedly, preferred to the road. It not only shortens the distance by a quarter of a mile, but also substitutes for a dull and often dusty highway a most delightful field walk. The mountain prospect from it is very beautiful.

After descending Hawkshead Hill, the road turns sharp to the right, and reaches the town of Hawkshead (p. 63) in half a mile; then, emerging from the town, it branches left again with equal abruptness, and works round Esthwaite Water to Lower and Upper Sawrey, whence it drops round the southern slope of the Claife Heights to the Ferry Hotel. A few hundred yards beyond the other side of the ferry a footpath diverges to the left, and leads straight to Bowness.

Coniston to Dungeon Gill, by Tilberthwaite and Fell Foot. Route 14. Maps IV., I.

Coniston to High Tilberthwaite Farm, 3 *m*; *Fell Foot*, 5 *m*; *Blea Tarn Farm*, 6½ *m*; *Dungeon Gill* (*Old Hotel*), 8 *m*.

A beautiful route, passable, but only just passable, by carriages. The Tilberthwaite road strikes northwards from the village between the railway station and the Crown Hotel, or it may be reached by the drive which diverges from the main Ambleside road, between the Crown and Waterhead Hotels, close to the bridge over Yewdale Beck. From either of these

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points it follows the level part of Yewdale for 1¼ miles, when it diverges to the left, keeping the Yewdale Beck on the right.

Pedestrians may, at the expense of a little extra toil, for which they will obtain ample recompense, include *Tarn Hows* in the journey. To do this, follow the main Ambleside road for nearly a mile past the Waterhead Hotel, and proceed according to the directions given in the Tarn Hows walk on p. 79. On reaching the main road, at the bottom of Yewdale, take the old green track, which lies to the north of the new one, and passes close to the famous yew-tree. Follow this for about half a mile, and then turn to the right just short of Shepherd's Bridge, keeping the beck on the left hand. Where the road forks, about three-quarters of a mile further, take the left branch through a gate, and in a few minutes more turn sharply to the left instead of going straight on through a gate in front, and cross a meadow to High Tilberthwaite Farm.

The road ascends through the narrow defile between Yewdale Crags and Raven Crag, which is a striking feature on the right, for a mile or so, and then crosses the beck, ¼ mile short of High Tilberthwaite Farm.

A few yards beyond the crossing of this beck there is a charming little gill, on the left-hand side. A small stream runs winding through it, with tall irregular cliffs on both sides, and leaving no room for a path, the want of which is supplied by a most curious succession of steps, ladders, bridges, planks, etc., almost from end to end. The whole place is extremely picturesque.

The scenery about here is almost unique as far as the Lake District is concerned. *Tilberthwaite* is more of a Scotch glen than an English dale. The rule in English Lakeland is for the transition from the wild to the cultivated part of a valley to be rapid. Where the rough, craggy upper reach, untouched by the ploughshare and affording pasturage for sheep only, comes to an end, the strath itself, rich in meadow and pasture and woodland, begins. The Scotch glen is as rare in England as the English dale is in Scotland. Tilberthwaite, the Watendlath valley, and parts of Borrowdale, are the chief exceptions to this rule. Hence, though Tilberthwaite cannot vie with the magnificent glens for which the "stern and wild" country is so justly famous (and which, strange though it may seem, not one Scotch tourist in a dozen knows the locality of, and not one in a hundred goes out of his way to see), it presents that charm of freshness and variety which is ever grateful to people who are not "one-eyed" in their appreciation of Nature. Its becks run riot at the bottom of deep rocky gills, from whose smallest nooks and crannies spring the freshest and greenest of ferns. Oak, rowan, larch, birch, yew, and even holly, grow where they list, and on every side crags, purple and picturesque, diversify the verdure of the grassy slopes. Climb a few yards on the eastern side of the gill, and you see the noble crest of Wetherlam. The glen is sparsely studded with farmsteads, and the patches of cultivated ground about them keep up the memory of the patient toilers who, in days gone by, cleared and tilled the "unwilling" soil, the name Tilberthwaite signifying a "clearing."

At High Tilberthwaite Farm the road forks, the direct route to Dungeon Gill passing through the left, and that to Smithy Houses, in Little Langdale, and Elterwater, the right hand gate.

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Dungeon Gill may also be reached by the latter route at the expense of an additional mile's travelling. In ¾ mile the road "backs" round to the right to the bottom of the glen, whence it issues, through a narrow opening, into the Little Langdale Valley, crossing the Brathay by a ford and a foot-bridge. About 500 yards higher up the stream is a most picturesque little stone bridge, called Slater Bridge. For the route on to Dungeon Gill see p. 33.

The direct road climbs the fell side to the left of the digression just described, and passing some slate quarries, soon descends into the upper part of *Little Langdale*, branching to the left about a mile after leaving the farm; and then crossing the valley to *Fell Foot*, the farm almost hidden by yew trees, behind which are Pike o' Blisco and the Langdale Pikes. Crossing the Brathay at Fell Foot, the route turns to the right for a few hundred yards, and then, bending sharply to the left, climbs the open moor for *Blea Tarn* by a road which has been for some time visible, and is fully described on p. 33.

Coniston to Wasdale Head by Walna Scar (2,000 ft.); **Birker Moor** (850 ft.), **and Eskdale.** Route 15. Maps IV., VII., and the general one.

Coniston to Seathwaite, 5 *m*; *Ulpha* (*inn*), 8 *m*; *Stanley Gill*, 13 *m*; *King of Prussia Inn* (*Eskdale*), 15½ *m*; *Santon Bridge* (*inn*), 18½ *m*; *Strands* (*inns*), 21 *m*; *Wasdale Head Inn*, 27 *m*.

This route crosses the southern spur of the Lancashire fells to the Duddon valley; passes thence over a bleak moor, from which are fine mountain views, and enables the tourist, by making a few digressions, to see the best part of Eskdale. It comprises the most beautiful portion of the Duddon valley, Dalegarth Force (Stanley Gill), the finest waterfall in the district, and the view of Wastwater from its foot, whence and whence only the lake is seen to advantage. Carriage folks should take the rail to Broughton (*hotels*, New and Old King's Head), and hire thence. The drive from Broughton to Ulpha (5 m.), where the pony track over Walna Scar converges, is one of great and increasing interest, no matter on which side of the river it is taken. Perhaps the road on the west side, by Duddon Hall, is the more romantic of the two.

The *Logan Beck*, which is crossed about half-way between Duddon Bridge and Ulpha Kirk on this latter road, is a stream of great beauty, though almost unknown. A carriage road, winding high up on the south side of it, crosses the fells to Bootle. About half a mile to the right of the highest part of this road is a wild rocky height, locally known as *Worm* or *Buckbarrow Crag*. The rocks which compose it are thrown about in chaotic confusion—all the more striking from the generally uninteresting character of the adjacent fells. Time, from the Duddon valley, 1 hr.

The *Walna Scar* track passes out of Coniston under the railway bridge, leaving the station on the left, and thence ascends through a woody dingle, with a beck on the same side. About a third of a mile from the station it takes a sharp turn to the left, and immediately afterwards another to the right. The open fell is reached at a point whence four tracks diverge. The one most to the right is a good cart-road, leading up to the slate quarries on the Old Man. The next to it, almost in a line with the previous part of our route, is the Walna Scar track. Follow this, avoiding

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a track to the left about 800 yards further, and passing on the same side a small tarn. The track then skirts the southern shoulder of the Old Man, and crosses, by a rustic stone bridge, Torver beck, the stream which descends from *Goats Water*, a wild and lonely tarn in the hollow between the Old Man and the screes and precipices of Dow Crag. After crossing the beck, the track, alternately stony and grassy, is seen zigzagging up to the summit ridge of Walna Scar. During the ascent there is a fine retrospect of Coniston, Furness Fells, and the Ill Bell Range on the other side of Windermere, and when the top of the pass is reached at *Walna Scar*, the whole line of fells from Black Combe to Scafell Pike breaks upon the view with almost startling effect. Bowfell, too, just peers over the high ground to the right. Black Combe is the whale-backed mountain terminating the southern spur of the long range which extends as far northwards as the Whinlatter Fells on the west of Bassenthwaite lake. In it the "proud Salopian" will recognise a strong resemblance to his beloved Wrekin. Between us and it almost the whole of the lower Duddon valley is visible, and for that short period of the day during which the tide is fully up, the view over Duddon sands is a smiling relief to the frowning fell scenery northwards. Westward of the Scafell group are the mountains between Wasdale and Ennerdale, the Steeple and Haycock being prominent. In descending, the road trends leftwards for about half a mile, towards some slate quarries; before reaching which, however, it again veers to the right, and descends to the side of a beck called Longhouse Gill, which is visible all the way down, and alongside of which it keeps till the first house in the valley is reached; after which it turns left, and soon joins the Wrynose road in *Seathwaite*, rather more than half a mile north of Seathwaite Church. At the junction a guide post directs to Langdale, Broughton, and Coniston. There is no longer an inn at Seathwaite, which village, by the way, the tourist must be careful not to confuse with the hamlet of the same name in Borrowdale.

The shortest and best pedestrian route from this point to Eskdale is as follows:—

From the guide-post follow the Langdale route northwards for about half a mile, first crossing the Seathwaite beck, and then climbing the ridge which separates it from the main Duddon valley. Then leave the road and descend by a grass pathway to the Duddon itself, which is crossed by stepping-stones. During the descent a fine waterfall is seen on the opposite side of the valley, which the tourist will probably turn aside to obtain a clear view of, as he climbs the fell on the other side. At the head of the valley, northwards, the graceful peak of Bowfell stands out with telling effect; and southwards, the deep gorge of the Duddon stream reminds one of the Devil's Bridge scenery near Aberystwith. About half a mile beyond the stepping-stones the track reaches a farm-house called Grass Gars, the only dwelling between the Duddon valley and Eskdale. Hence there is a road up to a peat bog. The best route to pursue, however, is to keep well to the right under the southern slope of Harter Fell, which may be easily ascended *en route* if the tourist is minded to make the diversion. At the highest part of the moor, about half an hour's walk beyond Grass Gars, and close to a worked peat bog, a wall is crossed descending from Harter Fell. Hence a clearly marked cart-track descends to the Eskdale end of the Hardknott Pass, where it joins the old pack road from Kendal to Whitehaven, about half an hour's walk from the Woolpack Inn. During the descent Haycock, the Steeple, and the Pillar come into view over the dip between Wasdale Screes and Scafell.

The Isle of Man fells are also visible westwards over Miterdale, and the peak of Bowfell again appears in front, between which and the Burnmoor Tarn depression are the wild precipices of Scafell Pike and Scafell.

Those who wish to reach the Woolpack or Boot Inn in Eskdale by the shortest route, should observe the following directions :—

At a point where the cart-track is nearest to the beck on the left, about half a mile after its commencement, cross the wall and the beck, and follow a faintly discernible cart-track as far as the next gill, a few hundred yards distant. Descend this gill for a short distance, and then cross it close to an oak tree. Hence keep the upper side of a wall running parallel to the valley below, till you reach a cart-track descending into the latter. This takes you past a farm-house, and then across the river by a bridge to the main road of the valley, a few yards beyond the "Woolpack," and a mile in advance of the Boot Inn.

Proceeding down the valley by the main road, we pass, in half a mile, *Seathwaite church and parsonage*. Nothing but the venerable yews around the former serve to remind the passer-by of the days when that model "Jack of all trades," the "Wonderful Walker," amassed a fortune out of a variety of occupations, the profits of any one of which would not have sufficed to keep him from beggary. His "nest egg" was his stipend as vicar of the parish, amounting at first to five pounds; but this, as time wore on, increased sevenfold, and to it he added the fruits of his casual labours, becoming, as occasion required, teacher, lawyer, doctor, woodcutter, wool spinner, day labourer, and beer seller. In the last-named capacity, we are told, he dispensed excellent "home brewed" to his congregation on Sunday afternoons. Withal, he was as honest as industrious, and as humane as thrifty. Seldom, if we may believe local tradition, has a poet's fancy needed to exaggerate fact so little as did Wordsworth's when he sang the praises of Robert Walker.

A new church, simple and picturesque, and happily devoid of architectural pretensions, has been erected in the place of the old one. A mile and a half beyond the church the Duddon is crossed, and at a like distance further on we reach the *Travellers' Rest* at Ulpha, a pleasantly situated little inn where the belated traveller may obtain a comfortable night's lodging. Hence the road zigzags up through a plantation to the right, and soon gains the open fell. In a little over a mile, the farmhouse of Crosbythwaite is passed on the right, and at about the same distance beyond, the track to the West Coast, skirting the south shore of Devoke Water, branches off to the left.

The pedestrian who wishes to visit *Dalegarth Force* (*Stanley Gill*) on his way to Boot and Wasdale Head, should diverge from the road northwards, about three-quarters of a mile after passing the farm-house, and a few hundred yards beyond a gate, following an ill-defined cart-track, which leads to a cluster of farm-buildings called Birkerthwaite. He will probably be often astray as to the exact track, but the Pillar mountain, which rises in the distance over the brow of the moor, is a good guide. Birkerthwaite is a good two miles beyond Crosbythwaite, and from it the road onwards is distinctly marked to the bottom of Eskdale, passing another farmstead called Low Ground about half a mile beyond Birkerthwaite. The gate opening on to the path through the wood to Dalegarth Force is nearly half a mile short of the bridge over the Esk. The key, if required, can be obtained at a cottage which lies a little to the left of the road, just before the bridge is reached. For a description of the pathway to the force, see p. 44.

A few hundred yards beyond the bridge the main Eskdale road is entered. The *Mason's Arms* at Boot is about half a mile up the valley, and is reached by taking the first turn to the left in that direction. The accommodation is limited, but the *Woolpack*, another small hostelry, is only a short mile higher up.

After passing the turn to Devoke Water, the carriage road traverses the bleak moor for a couple of miles. The nearer eminences are tame to a degree; but the fells northwards beyond Wastwater present a striking contour. The chief heights are Haycock, the Steeple, and the Pillar. To the right of the latter Kirk Fell is soon seen; and still further in the same direction, and nearer at hand, the towering heights of Scafell, between which and Kirk Fell Great Gable crops up. The road to Dalegarth Force (Stanley Gill, p. 44) strikes off to the right near a farmhouse called *High Ground*, through the yard of which it passes. The direct one to Strands and Wasdale Head turns sharply to the left soon after commencing the steep part of the descent, and for a while seems to be going right away from the district towards the flats of Lower Eskdale and the sea. On reaching the valley, however, it sweeps round to the north again, and after crossing the Esk, joins the Ambleside and Wastwater carriage track close to the *King of Prussia Inn*. For the rest of the route see p. 45.

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Grasmere.

There is a part of the volcanic region of Auvergne, in the heart of "la belle France," so peculiarly favoured by Nature, that a Roman author, writing of it some fifteen centuries ago, declared that strangers visiting it on business of a temporary character, at once adopted it as their home :—

> "And from without the mountain girth,
> Whene'er his wandering steps draw near,
> The stranger, from whatever earth,
> Desires the country of his birth
> No more, but yearns to sojourn here."

If any one reading this description is inclined to laugh at the sentiment of it, he should visit Grasmere. No place in Great Britain so thoroughly breathes the spirit of combined beauty and domesticity. It is unique without being in any way startling. Many of its details are faulty. No one could be justly wroth with a Yankee for calling the lake a "pond;" the solitary island upon it has no beauty in itself, and the church is one of the poorest specimens of ecclesiastical architecture even in Westmorland; yet the entire aggregation of lake, village, church, valley, and mountain, forms a scene which can hardly fail to hold a lasting place in the memory of even the most casual of sight-seers; while those who love Nature for herself will never, after once seeing it, wonder why the truest of Nature's poets chose it as his resting place in life and death.*

Grasmere is the most central of all the so-called tourist centres of the Lake District, and yet its attractiveness results rather from its own intrinsic merits than from its position with regard to other places. Situated, as it is, in the midst of the mountains, it has not so many carriage outlets as either Ambleside or Keswick. Northwards the high road passes over Dunmail Raise, but does not admit of any divergence for nearly eight miles, and then only of the small *détour* effected by the by-road down the valley of St. John to Threlkeld. Southwards, Ambleside is reached in four miles, and there is also a good though steep road leading into Langdale, and so on to Coniston, thus placing Grasmere at only a slight disadvantage with Ambleside in respect of the wild western portion of the district. The pedestrian, however, who wishes to have a head-quarters will find in Grasmere a veritable Paradise. From it he may radiate in as many directions as he pleases. Windermere, Coniston, Ullswater, Derwentwater, and

* The graves of Wordsworth and Hartley Coleridge are in the far corner of the churchyard, near to the river.

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Thirlmere, are all within a day's march there and back. Helvellyn, Fairfield, the Langdale Pikes, and the Coniston Old Man, may be easily climbed between sunrise and sunset; and, at the expense of one night out, he may visit any other lake or climb any other mountain in the district.

The principal part of the village of Grasmere is situated at the north end of the lake, and some way to the left of the turnpike road from Windermere to Keswick. Two of the hotels, however —the Prince of Wales' and the Swan—and a part of the parish called Town End, as well as a goodly number of modern villas, are on, or close to, the main highway. The Keswick coaches pass through the village. Of the two chief hotels, the Prince of Wales has the advantage of being on the margin of the lake, and the Rothay boasts of extensive and admirably kept grounds. The Red Lion is now a sort of supplement of the latter, and much inferior to it in its immediate surroundings. The Swan, half a mile north of the village, on the main road, is a good inn, but comparatively limited in its accommodation. A large proportion of the villas and other houses in the parish are let wholly or in part during the season. Omnibuses meet nearly all the steamboats at Waterhead (Ambleside), and three or four coaches a day pass through the village on their journeys between Windermere village and Keswick, another or two plying between Windermere and Grasmere only.

Ascent of Helm Crag.—Map I. *A short hour's steep climb.* 1300 *ft. above sea level;* 1100 *ft. above the lake.*

The sojourner at Grasmere should not omit this climb from his excursions. The view from the top is far inferior to that from many equal or even less elevations—notably to that from Loughrigg, but the weird and chaotic nature of the summit-ridge gives it a character of its own. For rocks and boulders, as the oft-quoted rhyme goes,

"Confusedly hurl'd
The fragments of an earlier world,"

nothing can beat it in the district. It is an excellent spot for a pic-nic.

The ascent is best made from the Easedale valley. Follow the track to Easedale Tarn (p. 89) as far as the flat stepping stones. Instead of crossing these, keep on the carriage road for about a third of a mile, and then diverge to the right between two houses. As soon as you have passed these, go through a gate on the right (the bridle track straight on is the Easedale route into Borrowdale), and climb by the left side of a wall which crosses the southern shoulder of the crag at right angles to the ridge. When you reach the highest point of this wall and look over into the vale of Grasmere, turn to the left along a narrow grass path which traverses the eastern slope of the fell, and in a few hundred yards rises to the ridge by another sharp bend to the left. Hence the top is reached in a few minutes. The two curiously poised crags which have given to Helm Crag its notoriety are about 200 yards

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apart. The first one is the "Lion and the Lamb," and the second the "Old Woman Cowering." Further we will not trespass on the tourist's freedom of choice in selecting resemblances. Just underneath the Lion and the Lamb is a deep hole paved with boulders of every shape and size, and scattered about in the most "harum-scarum" fashion. Herein, should a storm come on, no matter from what point of the compass, there is shelter both from rain and wind.

The view northward and westward extends only as far as the loftier heights of White Stones and Steel Fell; southward, Windermere and one of its islands appears over Loughrigg, and Esthwaite Water over the north end of Grasmere Lake. Farther west than Esthwaite the Lancashire fells rise, the most prominent of them being Wetherlam, then Pike o' Blisco and Crinkle Crags, the continuation of the range being lost behind the nearer height of Harrison Stickle, one of the Langdale Pikes. To the right of the latter Easedale Tarn and Sour Milk Gill are seen. Northwards the gap between Steel Fell and Seat Sandal is filled by Saddleback; and westwards, Helvellyn and Fairfield form the prospect.

The walk may be continued along the ridge, round the *cul-de-sac* called Greenburn Bottom, and over Steel Fell down into the Grasmere valley again. There is no big "dip," but a constant succession of small ones, which make the journey a tedious one; and having regard to the numerous superior walks of the same kind in all parts of the district, it is doubtful whether the expedition is "worth the candle."

In descending, care must be taken to avoid the steep grass slopes and the crags. The lesser heights of the Lake District often require more care in travelling about than the greater ones, and the tourist will do well to remember this axiom in descending Helm Crag.

Red Bank and Loughrigg Fell (round Grasmere Lake). Map I. *Red Bank* 1½ *m*; *Turnpike Road* 2½ *m*; *Grasmere* 4 *m*.

In making this round a foot bridge has to be crossed, four planks long, one wide, and rather rickety, over the Rothay between Grasmere and Rydal Lakes. There is nothing alarming about it, but some people will prefer the alternative of going all the way round Rydal, which will add 1½ miles to the distance.

Take the Skelwith road from Grasmere, bending round the west side of the lake. Avoid a road which forks to the right nearly a mile beyond the church, and after passing a farmhouse on the left (Dale End) a few hundred yards further up the hill, whence there is a ferry across the lake, pass through a gate marked "private" on the same side, leading into a carriage drive through a wood, which continues for about a quarter of a mile, and then opens by another gate on to the path round the south side of the lake, called *Red Bank*, or *Loughrigg Terrace*.

Those who do not intend on another occasion to take the drive or walk from Grasmere to Langdale or Skelwith Bridge, should not pass through the "Private" gate, but continue along the road up a steep pitch for another half mile, till they reach *High Close*, the large house on the top of the pass, whence a splendid view over the Langdales and Elterwater to the Old Man, Wetherlam, Bowfell, and the Langdale Pikes is obtained. On their way thither they will see

another gate marked "Private." This they should pass through in returning, and they will find themselves in a few yards at the end of Red Bank, as in the previous route.

From the gate, through which the path proceeds on to the open fell-side, a narrow grass path winds steeply up it. This is the best way up *Loughrigg* from Grasmere. The top (1,100 ft.) is not visible from Red Bank, but it may be reached in less than half an hour by following this path and continuing as straight forward as possible after it has ceased. There are two summits, a very short distance from one another, each boasting its cairn, and the tourist should go from one to the other for the sake of the difference in the near views. In descending to Grasmere keep as much as possible in a line with the western shore of the lake. For the view from Loughrigg, see p. 26.

The path descends slightly, traversing the steep northern slope of Loughrigg, and keeping some hundreds of feet above the lake. The view is justly held to be one of the most perfect in the district. It is described on p. 37. When the track passes beyond the side of the lake, a short, steep descent to Rydal Water commences, having a wall and a wood on the left. Surmount this wall by a flight of stone steps, and drop down for about five minutes or more through the wood till you reach the plank-bridge before mentioned. The high road is just on the other side of this, and you may either follow it round the sharp turn which brings Grasmere into sudden view, or you may cross the low, rocky hillock over which the old and direct main thoroughfare once passed, descending close to the Prince of Wales' hotel, and saving a quarter of a mile. On this old road is the "Wishing Gate," at which the most unsuperstitious of tourists will not begrudge a few minutes' halt, for the sake of the beautiful view from it.

Grasmere to Easedale Tarn (1 hr.), **and Dungeon Gill** (2¼—3½ hrs.). Route 17. Map I.

Easedale Tarn is situated in a wild but richly draped upland valley rather more than 2 miles N. W. of Grasmere. It is 915 ft. above sea level, and about 700 ft. higher than Grasmere Church. The walk up to it is the favourite short excursion from Grasmere, and owes its attraction almost entirely to its immediate surroundings, there being no distant views except the retrospective one over Grasmere Lake, which is very charming. There is a good, though roughish, pony track all the way, and a hut close to the tarn, where such refreshments as ham and eggs, milk, tea, and soda water are liberally provided. Pedestrians may continue their journey over the fells into Langdale or Borrowdale, climbing *en route*, if so disposed, the Langdale Pikes.

The position of the tarn is easily discovered from Grasmere by the stream which flows out of it. A long and broken streak of white foam, called Sour Milk Force, forms part of this stream, and is conspicuous from almost all parts of the valley. The tarn lies about half a mile beyond and above it.

Starting from, say, the Prince of Wales' Hotel on the main road, take the turn northwards to the right round the churchyard; pass the Rothay Hotel and keep on straight, avoiding the left hand turn to the Red Lion. Cross a road which leads from the village into the main Keswick road near the Swan; and then, after ascending underneath a wooded knoll, you will cross a bridge, just

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beyond which another turn to the right, also leading into the Keswick road, must be avoided. A few hundred yards further the road strikes the bank of the beck you have just crossed, and here you will see some flat stepping stones. The footway passes over these, and through a meadow beyond. The carriage road continues with the stream on its left for another half mile, where it ends at the last farmhouse up the valley, and a bridge conducts the traveller back into the footpath.

From the flat stones up to the tarn the track keeps the stream on the right hand side the whole way, passing very near *Sour Milk Force*, which forms a striking feature in the whole scene, but has no special beauty of its own. Looking back, you see the lower portion of the Grasmere valley and part of the lake, backed by Nab Scar and Loughrigg Fell, between which Wansfell Pike (beyond Ambleside) fills up the distance. Silver How is on the left as you advance, and Helm Crag, with its rocky summit-ridge, on your right. The main Easedale valley, of which the basin containing Easedale Tarn is only a branch ("a vale within a vale"), stretches upwards a little to the right; and over the depression to the west of Helm Crag, parts of Seat Sandal and Fairfield, with the Grisedale Pass to Patterdale between them, are visible.

The Tarn presents itself very suddenly, just as you breast the steepish pitch beyond Sour Milk Gill. The fells drop into it from all sides, except the one we have approached it from, more or less steeply, and to the north precipitously. The scene is wild without being in any way bare, the abundant heather and fern growth, as well as the craggy character of the ground, giving it an appearance of velvety luxuriance. The water is generally still and dark; but at times, when the storm rushes down the narrow ravines, and expands itself over the wider surface of the lake, the spray is literally flung up "mountains high." Altogether, it is certainly the best scene of its kind in the district.

From the hut at the east end of the tarn the summit of the ridge which separates Easedale from Langdale may be easily reached, and thence either the return to Grasmere may be made along it and over *Silver How*, its western buttress, or a descent made into Great Langdale at Dungeon Gill by Codale and Stickle Tarns, the ascent of the Langdale Pikes being easily accomplished on the way. In any case, keep well up on the side of the fell to begin with. A word or two of direction from "mine host" at the hut will be worth more than the most copious information on paper. *Stickle Tarn* and the *Langdale Pikes* lie pretty much in the line of the south margin of the tarn as you look along it from the hut, and *Codale Tarn* a little way to the right of it. To reach them, make for the ravine at the south west of the tarn—keeping some way from the water to avoid bogs,—and thence climb by the beck which flows down it. Where it forks keep the right hand branch, which is the one flowing out of Codale Tarn. From the tarn, strike to the left in a south-westerly direction, crossing the other branch of the beck, by which you have just ascended, near

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some stunted trees, and leaving the conspicuous cairn on Sergeant Man half a mile on the right. On gaining the top of the ridge, a splendid view opens up before you across Great Langdale to Crinkle Crags, Pike o' Blisco, and Wetherlam. *Stickle Tarn* lies just under you, a few hundred feet lower down; and, frowning over its northern shore, are the precipices of Pavey Ark, backed by Harrison Stickle, the tallest of the twin pikes of Langdale. The descent is easily accomplished by a path to the left of the stream which flows out of Stickle Tarn down to the *New Dungeon Gill Hotel*. Dungeon Gill is the next ravine to the right of this stream.

If you go on over Pavey Ark to the top of the Pikes, care must be taken in descending. The slope is a very steep one, and instances have occurred more than once of tourists getting crag-fast on it. The best general direction is to keep well to the left as you go down, the surest way of all being to return to Pavey Ark and the stream flowing out of Stickle Tarn.

Grasmere to Borrowdale and Keswick.—There are three ordinary pedestrian routes from Grasmere to Borrowdale,—by Easedale, Harrop Tarn, and Armboth Fell respectively. The first named reaches Rosthwaite by Greenup Edge and the Langstrath valley, climbing about 2,000 ft. on the way; the two latter by Watendlath, whence there is a direct road to Keswick, should the tourist be minded to put off Borrowdale to another day. In that case he should make a point of leaving the carriage track about 1½ miles beyond Watendlath, and exploring the magnificent scenery of High Lodore, which for rich blending of crag, water, and foliage is unsurpassed, even by the famous Trossach district of Scotland. We must in fairness add that the "fell" portion of these walks is, in no case, up to the general standard of the mountain passes of the district. The high level of the fells which extend north and south from Derwentwater to Langdale Pikes, and east and west from Thirlmere to Borrowdale, is perhaps the least interesting in Lakeland; and except for the splendid distant views from time to time afforded, it is unquestionably dreary. The dreariness, however, is of short duration.

1. By Far Easedale and Greenup. Route 18. Maps I., X., VI.

To Rosthwaite, 3—4 *hrs; distance about* 8 *m. Top of Pass*, 2,000 *ft. Rosthwaite to Keswick*, 6½ *m.*

Leave Grasmere by the Easedale Tarn route (p. 89), and instead of crossing the flat stepping-stones, keep the carriage road for a third of a mile further, and then turn up to the right between two houses. After passing these the road drops off into a bridle path, which in another mile crosses the beck by some stepping-stones called *Stythwaite Steps*. In less than a mile further the track ceases. Then follow the course of the main rill of the beck to the top of the grassy slope which forms the head of the Easedale valley, about 2 miles beyond Stythwaite Steps. This you will not marvel to find, if you are an experienced climber, is not the top of

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your pass. A second ridge appears nearly a mile in front, and about 350 ft. higher than your present standpoint. The intervening depression, winding down to the right, is the Wythburn valley, descending to Thirlmere. Cross this, continuing as nearly as possible in the line of your previous ascent, and making for the lowest part of the opposite ridge, which is *Greenup Edge*. From it a splendid panorama of "huge hill-tops" suddenly breaks upon the eye. To the right and left the higher parts of the ridge on which you are standing limit the prospect, Ullscarf being the eminence on the former side, and High Raise on the latter. In front the view extends from the fells on the far side of Derwentwater to those of Buttermere, while the retrospect includes the whole extent of the Helvellyn and Fairfield range. Glaramara rises due west, on the far side of the Langstrath branch of Borrowdale, and to the right of it, the precipice of Honister Crag, almost in a line with and below the Buttermere fells of High Crag and High Stile.

Several small heaps of stones, placed on big boulders, mark the route across the Edge, and when Skiddaw and Bassenthwaite come into view on the right, the track takes that direction, descending very little, until it reaches a crag called *Lining Crag*, down the right-hand side of which flows a small runnel. Descend as near as may be to the runnel, and then thread the numerous moraine heaps which appear at the bottom of the valley. The path soon re-commences, and crossing several lateral streamlets, keeps the main stream of the valley on the left during the whole distance to the hamlet of Stonethwaite, *Eagle Crag* bringing to an abrupt end the ridge which separates it from Langstrath. Beyond Eagle Crag we join the latter valley, down which comes the long rough path from Dungeon Gill over the Stake Pass. As we descend, the front view into Borrowdale, the level of which is broken by Castle Crag, is very charming. The path becomes a cart track where the Greenup Gill enters Langstrath, and opposite *Stonethwaite* crosses the beck, which has now become a considerable stream, by a stone bridge. A short distance further, the road, after leaving on the left the *church* of Stonethwaite and Rosthwaite combined—opposite to which a corner may be cut off by taking a self-evident footpath across two fields—joins the main Borrowdale road about half a mile higher up the valley than Rosthwaite. (*Inns:* The Scafell and Royal Oak Temperance.) For the remaining 6½ miles to Keswick, see Route 22.

2. By Dunmail Raise, Harrop Tarn, and Watendlath. Route 19. Maps I., X., VI.

To Watendlath, 3—4 *hrs. Watendlath to Keswick*, 5 *m. Highest point*, 1,750 *ft.*

Proceed along the Keswick road for rather more than 3 miles (p. 67), diverging to the left by a lane just beyond the top of *Dunmail Raise*. Pass three farmsteads, avoiding a right-hand turn at the first.

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The *Nag's Head*, at Wythburn, may be made the starting point by crossing the Wythburn beck by a bridge immediately behind it, and traversing one or two fields till the above lane is reached.

A field or so beyond the last of the three farms, strike up to the left, and pass below some crags, close to which a bridle path will be found leading up to *Harrop Tarn* by the side of *Dob Gill*. This path crosses the beck close to the outlet of the tarn, and continues for some little way along the north side of it till it loses itself in a multitude of sheep tracks. The view looking back over the tarn and the white cottages of Wythburn, on to the sturdy shoulders of Helvellyn, is good. For bathers there is a splendid plunge into the tarn from a shingly beach on its north side, just where a streamlet flows into it. Thence keep well up to the right of the main feeder of the tarn, in a line with your previous course and with some craggy heights on your right, till you reach the summit of the ridge about a mile beyond the tarn. Hence is a fine mountain view to the north and west. Saddleback, Skiddaw, and Bassenthwaite lake appear in the north; then, westwards, comes Grisedale Pike, recognisable by its gracefully tapering summit, succeeded by the Newlands and Buttermere fells, Honister Crag just peeping up below the latter, south of which the bold contours of the Pillar and Great Gable close the distant view. *Per contra*, the foreground is dreary in the extreme. Just below us is one of the numerous "Blea" tarns of the district, and its appearance might excuse an etymologist for suggesting that the original spelling included a final "k." There is not, perhaps, a bleaker sheet of water in the district. Between us and it a sort of "moss hag" intervenes, which, however, the tourist will be glad to find is not as bad as it looks. The tarn forms the head waters of the Watendlath valley. Hence the best direction is to make for a cairn lying N.W., in the direction of Bassenthwaite lake, about half a mile off, keeping as much as possible the right side of the morass, and not approaching any nearer to the tarn. The Watendlath valley gradually deepens on the left, but do not be in any hurry to descend into it; rather continue along the ridge with a slight inclination to the north, in the direction of Skiddaw, for upwards of a mile, having a wall on your left during the latter part, and looking down on to Watendlath Tarn, until you strike at right angles the zigzag pony-track, which climbs eastward from Watendlath hamlet, and crosses Armboth Fell to Thirlmere. A steep five minutes' descent leads into the hamlet of *Watendlath*, where humble and non-intoxicating refreshment can be obtained. Hence you may continue your journey either over the fell (a climb of only a few hundred feet) to *Rosthwaite*, (2 m.), by a regular bridle path, or proceed by a narrow carriage road to Keswick (5 m.) As the Rosthwaite track forms part of the next walk (p. 94), we shall here adopt the direct Keswick route.

The Watendlath depression is one of the few upland valleys of the district, being from 700 to 800 ft. above sea level,—narrow, beautiful, and secluded. The road down it from Watendlath keeps the beck on its left for nearly a mile, and then turns sharp to the

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right for a few yards, resuming its previous direction almost immediately, and rising some way above the level of the stream.

About a third of a mile beyond this turn, and just after passing a farm-building on the left, a cart-track diverges from the road to the stream, which is crossed by a foot-bridge, just beyond which the path strikes back for a few yards, skirting a coppice. Keep to this track as it again turns northwards and approaches the stream, which has also taken a sudden sweep to the left, near the upper falls of *Lodore*. Of all the "little bits" of Lake scenery there is none to surpass this. Crag, water, and foliage of every sort and shade combine to form a series of exquisite pictures, equal to anything of the same kind in the kingdom. One of the most beautiful is the vista of Derwentwater and Skiddaw, seen through the two precipitous crags which beetle over the famous Lodore falls. The tourist should also climb a little crag to the right of the track, from which a splendid view of Derwentwater and its surroundings is obtained. Hence, returning to the path which winds down the steep slope to the west, you will in a very few minutes reach the Keswick and Borrowdale road close to the Borrowdale Hotel, 4 miles from Keswick. The rest of the way is described in Route 22.

The direct road from Watendlath to Keswick is about half a mile shorter than the above, and after passing the point at which we diverged from it, traverses some woods and joins the main Borrowdale road 2 miles from Keswick; the distance from Watendlath to Keswick being 5 miles. It commands splendid views, for a description of which see Route 30.

3. By Armboth Fell to Rosthwaite. Route 20. Maps I., X., VI.

Grasmere to Armboth (west side of Thirlmere) 6¼ *m. Armboth to Watendlath*, 1¼ *hrs; Rosthwaite*, 2 *hrs. Highest point* 1,665 *ft.*

This is a more circuitous route than either of the two last described, but the walk along the west side of Thirlmere is fair compensation. As in the Harrop Tarn route (p. 92), the Keswick road must be followed as far as the divergence on Dunmail Raise, or it may be left at the "Nags Head," at Wythburn, whence the track as far as Armboth is described on p. 68. The two routes meet at the "*City*" half a mile beyond the point where the climb up the fell to Harrop Tarn is commenced (p. 93), and rather a shorter distance from the turnpike road. The "West Coast" route of Thirlmere is left about a quarter of a mile before it reaches Fisher Gill and Armboth House. From this point climb by a regular track to the left, which skirts a plantation on the left, turning for a short distance due south, but striking west again at a sheep fold, and thence continuing for nearly a quarter of a mile near the side of a wall, which it then passes through by a gate. Hence owing to the boggy character of the ground the track is very indistinct, if indeed it can be called a track at all. The best direction is to keep as due west as you can, establishing some back mark if possible. The summit of the ridge is crossed in almost the exact line of the sheep fold and gate, rather less than a mile beyond the latter. Hence there is a striking panorama of fells. Immediately to the right, and forming part of the moorland on which we are standing, is High Seat, only a few hundred feet above us, and hiding Skiddaw, but not Saddleback, which bounds the view to the right of it. In front from the south west to the

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north west, are the fells on the other side of Borrowdale and Derwentwater, from Great Gable to the cone of Grisedale Pike. Southward Coldbarrow Fell, just beyond Harrop Tarn closes the prospect, and between it and Great Gable appear Crinkle Crags, Bow Fell, Scafell Pike and Great End. Glaramara lies between us and the latter. The Helvellyn range and Fairfield form the eastern distance.

Hence to the few cottages and the tarn of Watendlath is about a mile, still in the same direction, and in a line with the Watendlath and Rosthwaite track which soon becomes visible in front, the latter part of the descent being by a steep zigzag bridle path. At *Watendlath* modest refreshment may be had, but there is no inn. The distance to Keswick is 5 miles down the valley (p. 93) by a narrow carriage road. To Rosthwaite there is a good pony track ascending for a few hundred feet and then rapidly falling into Borrowdale which is entered just above *Rosthwaite*, the Stonethwaite beck being crossed in the last few hundred yards. Beautiful views of Borrowdale are obtained during the descent. The Rosthwaite inns are The Scafell and the Royal Oak (Temperance). Hence to Keswick the distance is 6½ miles. (Route 22.)

Grasmere to Patterdale, by Grisedale Pass. Route 21, Maps I. X.

Distance. *Prince of Wales or Rothay Hotel, Grasmere, to Ullswater or Patterdale Hotel, Ullswater*, 8—9 *m.* Time, 3—4 *hrs. Height of Pass*, 1,929 *ft.*

This pony track is not characterised by that wild prodigality of ruggedness which marks the famous passes in the western part of the Lake District. It is strikingly beautiful nevertheless, and wild enough to please any but the most insatiate admirers of the "Salvator" style. Further, it is eminently practicable. Man, woman or child possessed of ordinary lung power, may "tackle" it with confidence. No more enjoyable day's tour from Grasmere can be planned, than to drive through Ambleside and over the Kirkstone Pass to Patterdale (14 miles), returning thence to Grasmere on foot. Long-winded pedestrians may take either Fairfield or St. Sunday's Crag, or both (crossing the narrow ridge between them), on the outward journey, and return by the pass, or they may climb Helvellyn by Grisedale Tarn and descend from it to Patterdale.

Leaving Grasmere we proceed some 1½ miles on the high road to Keswick, till we reach a bridge nearly three quarters of a mile beyond the "Swan." Just beyond this bridge is a cottage on the right, and adjacent to the cottage a gate. Passing through the gate we mount the cart track on the left hand of the stream which flows under the bridge we have just crossed. This stream is Tongue Gill Beck, and if, after a few minutes' walk, we take a narrow green path diverging to the right a few yards beyond an uninhabited cottage on the opposite side of the way, we shall find ourselves in a charming little rock ravine, *vis-a-vis* to *Tongue Gill*

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Force. This is one of the most refreshing little "*bijou*" pictures in the vicinity of Grasmere, and should be seen by everyone. The fall is not a high one, and there is no great rush of waters, but few people will fail to feel, as they quit the scene, how much Nature can accomplish with slight materials and without any fuss.

Clambering up to the track again, we cross in a few minutes (10 min. from the high road) one of the tributary streams of Tongue Gill. Here the tongue itself blocks our way, but there is a road on both sides of it. Ponies must take the left hand one, walkers which they like. The right hand one, over a wooden bridge, is rather the shortest, but, clinging to the bottom of the gill, it does not command such good retrospective views as the other. He who chooses it will keep the beck on his left for upwards of a mile, and then climb to the left till he rejoins the pony track. The latter part of the route is not well marked.

Along the left hand track the cart road must be kept for nearly 10 minutes more, and then deserted for a broad green track leading up a steepish slope slightly to the right. As we climb this, let us halt ever and anon, to admire the lovely back views of Grasmere, with Silver How and the Coniston Fells behind it. To the right of them is Helm Crag almost in front of the chief Langdale Pike, and Crinkle Crags. After a time our track becomes not quite so distinct. In front are crags. The top of these must be gained by diverging sharply to the left, after which we skirt their ridge, the path being again perfectly plain. Then comes a slight depression in order to cross a beck. From anywhere about here Seat Sandal, the fell on the left, may be easily ascended;—too easily in fact, as many can testify who have mistaken it for Helvellyn and struggled up to its summit only to find the deep dip of Grisedale Tarn between them and the object of their highest aspirations. Soon the right hand track, as before described, the whole length of which has been visible below for some time, joins our well beaten one. Then the top of the pass appears in front, concave and distinguishable by a transverse wall with a horse-gap, through which lies our route. Coniston Lake with its one island now comes into view behind. Some ten minutes before reaching the wall, the pony track descends to what appears to be the bed of an old tarn. A rough track, however, on the left along the slope of Seat Sandal, enables the pedestrian to avoid the dip.

The summit is now gained, and a fresh view, striking, but limited, is opened up, Grisedale Tarn, clear set among the steep bare hills, with the most pellucid of water, and singularly free from rushes and reeds, lies directly below. Beyond it is the steep shoulder of Dollywaggon Pike, with the Helvellyn track conspicuously zigzagging to its highest ridge, between which and Seat Sandal, set as it were in a natural frame, appears the range of fells from Derwentwater to Crummock, with Grisedale Pike prominent on the right, and below it Cawsey Pike.

This Grisedale Pike, by the way, is no connection of Grisedale Tarn. Both places were once, perchance, a hunting ground of the wild boar, and hence the name.

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The top of Fairfield may be gained in about half an hour from here by keeping the side of the wall to the top of the ridge.

The journey from the high road to the "Gap in the Wall" has taken from an hour to an hour and a quarter, and now begins our descent. In twenty minutes we have sunk to the level of *Grisedale Tarn*, and crossed the stream flowing out of it at its north-eastern extremity. By the side of this stream lies the rest of our journey.

A sharp ascent of 20 minutes from here to the top of the *col* between Fairfield and St. Sunday's Crag, will put the tourist in a position to walk the entire length of the ridge of the latter mountain. It is a grand walk, the crags of Helvellyn and Fairfield being seen to great advantage, and the deep hollows of Grisedale and Deepdale coming between with corresponding effect. The view of Ullswater from the top is also very charming. The descent should be made into Grisedale again from the first dip on the Ullswater side (see Fell Route No. 6).

A few yards of boggy ground have to be crossed, and we rise slightly to where the track diverges, the left branch being the commencement of the zigzag up Dollywaggon Pike and Helvellyn, already mentioned, and the right one our own route to Patterdale. The descent is at first rather steep and rough, and does not allow the eye as much leisure as we could wish to admire the stupendous escarpments of Helvellyn and St. Sunday's Crag, which grow more and more impressive as we get lower. We see but little of Ullswater during our descent, the far-reaching shoulder of Helvellyn first hiding it, and then the high ground to the south-west of the lake.

In about 25 minutes after leaving the tarn a shed is reached, just beyond which a beck descends from Ruthwaite Cove on the left. Cross this tributary beck, and keep to the left of the main stream, regardless of a path to the right of it. In another quarter of an hour or so we pass through a gate, and then cross a bridge to the right side of the dale. Ten minutes more brings us to the farm-house of *Elm How*, whence to the Grisedale Bridge at Patterdale is half an hour's walk along a good road, still on the right of the stream. The scenery during the last mile or so becomes sylvan and cultivated. Ten minutes before reaching the bridge we join the path from Helvellyn converging at right angles on the left. Turning to the right at the bridge, and passing by the church, we have five minutes' walk to the Patterdale Hotel. To the left the Ullswater Hotel, on the lake, is ten minutes distant.

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Keswick and Derwentwater.

Keswick is a market town of nearly 3,000 inhabitants. It stands in the same relation to the Cumberland portion of the Lake District as Ambleside, Grasmere, and Windermere to the Westmorland half. Here the tourist "perceives" no "divided duty," as when the three last named resorts press their rival claims upon him. Except for a few nights at one or more of the comfortable inns which rise from the margin of the wild western lakes, it is Keswick or nowhere. Still, Keswick is comprehensive, and may be said to extend, as far as hotel accommodation goes, from the Borrowdale and Lodore Hotels, four miles south of the town, to those at Portinscale, the Derwentwater and the Tower, a long mile to the west of it.

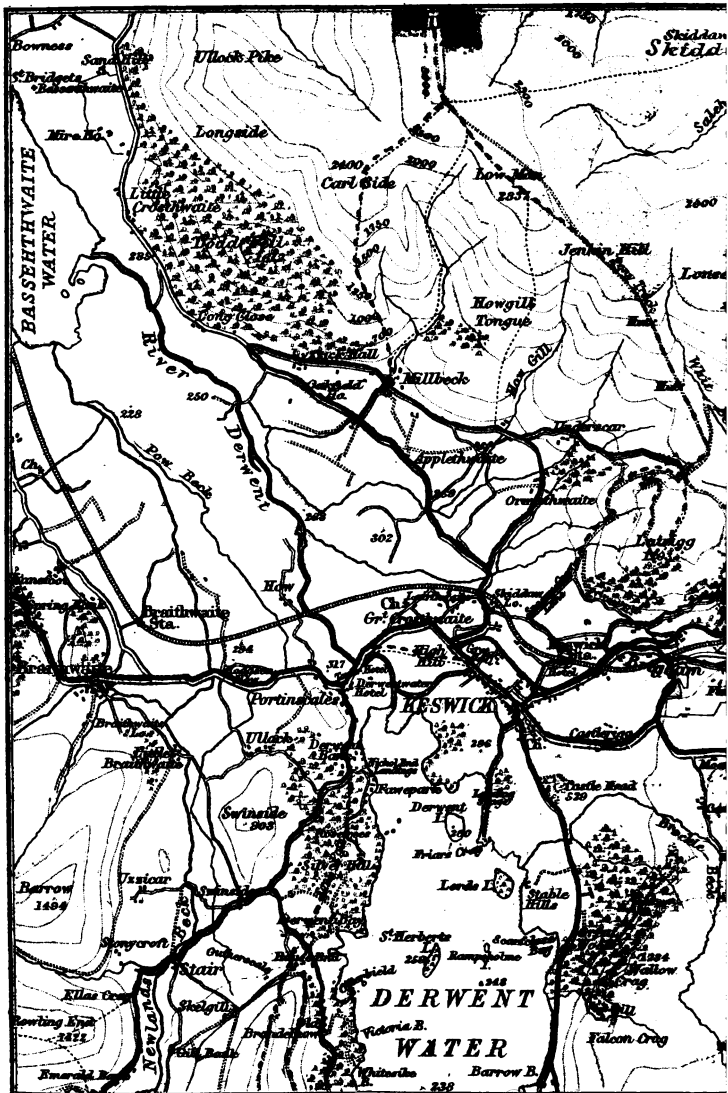
The chief hotel at Keswick itself, and one of the largest in the district, is the Keswick, contiguous to the railway station, and about a quarter of a mile from the centre of the town. It commands a good panoramic view of the neighbouring mountains, but its immediate surroundings are in no way remarkable. There are numerous hotels in the town, comfortable and convenient, but destitute of views—if we except a glimpse of the lake from the Lake Hotel. The others are the Queen's, Royal Oak, King's Arms, George, Station, and a couple of Temperance Houses. The four we have mentioned as being away from the town are all excellent hotels with good views, and travellers are conveyed to them by omnibus from every train for sixpence. There are numerous lodging-houses,—one row overlooking the lake, but at some distance from it.

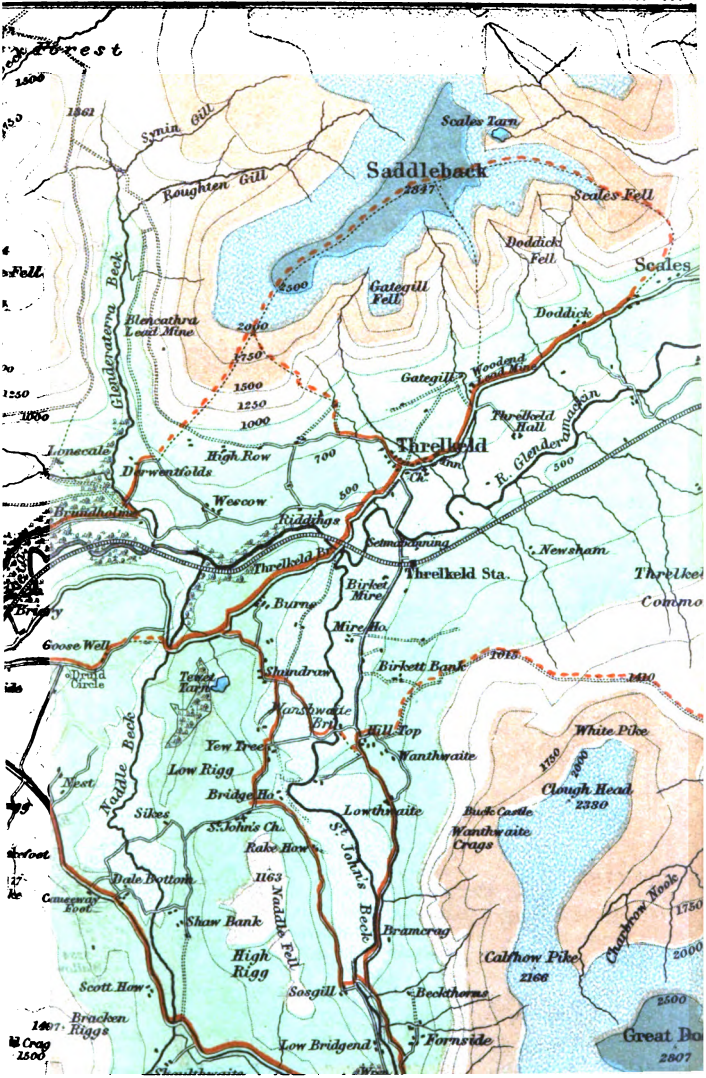
From a picturesque point of view, Keswick itself has not the attractiveness of any of its southern rivals. It consists of one wide street, and a few narrow ones winding away from it. A remarkable characteristic of it is the very slight indication from its interior of the glorious scenery by which it is immediately encompassed.

A strong "set off" to these drawbacks is the excellent natural position of the town, seconded by the great facilities for public and private conveyance offered by it, for excursions short and long into a great portion of the "cream" of the district; while wet days may be beguiled, with profit and interest, by inspecting the excellent models of the district, the pencil manufactories, and Pettitt's Picture Gallery.

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Bowness
Ullock's Pike
Skiddaw
Longside
Carl Side
Low Man
Jenkin Hill
Howgill Tongue
BASSENTHWAITE WATER
River Derwent
Millbeck
Applethwaite
Ormathwaite
Braithwaite Sta.
Portinscale
KESWICK
Castlerigg
Derwent I.
Lords I.
Friars Crag
Barrow
Stair
Skelgill
DERWENT
WATER
Falcon Crag
Newlands Beck
English Miles
0 1/8 1/4 3/8 1 2



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The Models are *Flintoff's* in the Town Hall—the building in the middle of the principal street—and *Mayson's* in the Lake Road. The former is three inches to the mile, and the latter six.

The Pencil Manufactories lie to the right and left of the Cockermouth road, close to Greta Bridge. The notice boards, by means of which the rival proprietors direct the visitor's attention to their respective establishments, are among the curiosities of Keswick, and save the guide book writer a deal of trouble. Visitors are courteously taken over the works and shown the whole process of manufacture; and when the round is completed, they may march off, each with a pencil as long as his arm, and enough black lead to draw all the favourite scenes of Lakeland half a dozen times over.

The Mine whence the famous plumbago *used* to come is situated at Seathwaite, a small hamlet in Borrowdale, nine miles from Keswick. It has been closed for many years, and the modern Keswick pencil is an adulterated article.

Pettitt's Picture Gallery is on the left hand, a little way up the Ambleside road.

Keswick is not a parish of itself, but a part of *Crosthwaite*; the parish church (St. Kertigern, *Scotice* St. Mungo) being situated on the far side of Greta Bridge, upwards of half a mile from the Town Hall. To reach it, pass out of the town in a north-westerly direction by the main street. It is the most interesting of the Lake District churches: quiet in style, and in harmony with the surrounding scenery. It was restored some years ago. Inside is a monument to Southey, with an inscription written by Wordsworth.

Greta Hall, the residence of Southey from 1803 to 1843, the year of his death, stands on a slight eminence to the right just before Greta Bridge is reached, and beyond one of the pencil manufactories.

We have no special interest in the commercial prosperity of Keswick, but we cannot help staying a moment to comment on another branch of trade in connection with it, viz.—shoemaking. We write feelingly, and from much experience, when we say that the Keswick boots are the best in England. It is only fair to add that more or less praise, on the same score, is due to all the other favourite resorts of the district. A pair of boots is one of the best and most lasting mementos which the tourist can take home with him. We have often wondered whether the patron saint of Lakeland was St. Swithin or St. Crispin.

Derwentwater. The first aim of the tourist, after reaching Keswick, will be to see and comprehend Derwentwater. We shall therefore, as in the case of Windermere, guide his steps to the best view points which command the lake; viz, Castle Head (Castlet), Friar's Crag, and Applethwaite.

Derwentwater is 3 miles long and a little more than a mile wide. Like Windermere it is unique, but beyond that the two lakes have nothing in common. While the scenery of Windermere owes a great deal of its effectiveness to its mountain background, the charm of Derwentwater hangs chiefly on the rich blending of the steep crags, green fells and feathery woods which sink almost directly into its waters. In breadth and grandeur of prospect,

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untainted by any tricks of sensation, Windermere is as supreme, as Derwentwater is without a rival in complete and compact loveliness. In a word, if Windermere is the Apollo, Derwentwater is the Venus of the district.

In finding his way about Keswick, the tourist must be careful not to confuse Castle Head (Castlet), Castle Rigg, and Castle Crag. The first named is the famous view point which we are about to describe; the second is on the Ambleside road (a mile away from the town); and the last is a rock which rises in the middle of Borrowdale near its entrance.

1. Castle Head (locally "**Castlet.**") From no point is the essence of Derwentwater scenery so well grasped as from here. The position is high up, and the lake occupies its proper place (the post of honour) in the foreground. The view corresponds to that of Windermere from Miller Ground. The "Head" itself is a wooded height, half a mile from Keswick, on the left hand side of the Borrowdale road, which leaves the town by the narrow street striking to the south east from the Market Place and Town Hall. From the road to the top is a few minutes' walk up a winding path, entered by a small wicket-gate in the wood. Just before reaching the summit there is a fine back view of Bassenthwaite, Keswick and Skiddaw, through an opening in the trees.

From the actual top the whole expanse of the lake is visible, including its beautifully wooded islands, whose trim oval shapes are perhaps more accordant with the general character of the surrounding scenery than less regular outlines would be. A too scrupulous trimness is probably the only fault which the most implacable of critics could find with Derwentwater. In fact it is almost too faultless. Exception may possibly be taken to the overwhelming and unrelieved massiveness of Skiddaw, but even he, conscious of his obtrusive character, retires to a respectful distance from the shores of the lake.

The features of the favorite Derwentwater views are the entrance to Borrowdale, and the crags clustering round it at the southern end of the lake. Here is a wonderful richness of rock-colouring, at no time of the year so striking as in mid-winter, when the combined tints of the dead bracken, the oak coppices and the lofty crags, diffuse a glow through the atmosphere which often colours even the faces of those who walk between them.

This entrance is called the "Jaws of Borrowdale," and is apparently filled up by a steep pyramidal rock called Castle Crag, nearly 1,000 feet high. How the valley escapes being thus locked in, you will find out when you pass through the "Jaws" on your way to the further recesses of the western lakes and fells. The prominent bold-crested fell just over Castle Crag is Great End, the northern buttress of the Scafell group, and to the right of it, a little further back, appear Scafell Pike itself and Scafell. Then the nearer fells to the west of Borrowdale, Gate Crag and Maiden Moor, close the prospect in the direction of Great Gable. The downward slope of Maiden Moor to the razor-like edge of Catbells, descending at a steep angle into the lake, reveals a view of part of

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Hindscarth and Robinson, which lie on the near side of the Honister Pass and Buttermere. Robinson descends sharply to an arm of the Newlands Valley and Buttermere Hause, over which appear High Stile and Red Pike, the latter recognisable by its tapering summit, and the two together forming the south western defence of Buttermere lake. Then come the hump of Causey and the cone of Grisedale Pike, and further north, Lord's Seat and the Whinlatter fells, overlooking the west shore of Bassenthwaite. Beyond the latter lake, Criffel in Dumfriesshire may be visible. Skiddaw has it all his own way to the north, Saddleback is hidden by the trees, but a portion of the north part of the Helvellyn range peers over the high ground to the east. The sylvan-footed precipices hanging over the east shore of the lake are Wallow Crag and Falcon Crag, beyond which is the deep recess of Lodore. The rough rocky ridge of Glaramara tops the crags on the east side of Borrowdale.

2. Friar's Crag.—Hence is the best marginal view of Derwentwater. The crag does not rise more than 30 or 40 feet above the surface of the water, and the prospect is therefore more circumscribed than that from Castle Head, but it is almost equally beautiful. To reach it, start as before by the Borrowdale road, taking the first turn to the right, about 150 yards from the Town Hall, and opposite the Lake Hotel. Hence a lane leads directly to the Crag by the Landing Stage. The distance from the centre of the town is about three quarters of a mile. The features of the surrounding scene appear in the same order and and direction as from Castle Head.

3. Applethwaite. 2¼ *m. (by road) from Keswick.* "From the terrace between Applethwaite and Millbeck," says Southey, "is the best general view of Derwentwater;" and though one may be disposed to dispute the judgment of the poet, on the plea that the lake is too far off, and the foreground not strong enough to support the exceptional beauty of the other parts of the picture, there can be no doubt that the walk is a very attractive one.

To reach Applethwaite, proceed down the main street as far as Greta Bridge, after crossing which, turn to the right along the Bassenthwaite road, cross the railway, and then turn up the first lane, again to the right, which, after an almost straight course of half a mile, curves to the left through the village of *Ormathwaite* to *Applethwaite*. *Millbeck* is nearly a mile further on, and between the two are the views we have spoken so highly of. The strength of the position lies in its being in a line with the greatest length of Derwentwater and Borrowdale. The description of the prospect from Castle Head (p. 100) will enable the spectator to identify all the principal features of the scene.

The *Vale of Keswick*, so often and so highly praised by various authors, and so conspicuous during this walk, is apt to disappoint the natural expectations formed of it. Its width and lack of wood make it entirely dependent on the surrounding fells and lakes for its attraction; and, however anxious one may be to discover its merits, one cannot help feeling that it is in itself of a far different

class from the more inward valleys, such as Borrowdale, Patterdale, Grasmere, and Troutbeck, which, by their own charms, contribute so materially to the beauty of the Lake District. The marshy character of the part adjoining Bassenthwaite Lake is also a drawback.

In returning to Keswick, the main road may be regained in a quarter of a mile by taking a lane to the left at Millbeck, or the traveller may continue for nearly a mile further along the terrace road, and then join the main road about three miles from Keswick.

Skiddaw Dodd (1,612 ft.) may be easily climbed from several points near the last named junction of the main and terrace roads, close to which there are one or two farm-houses. There is a fine view from the top, with the principal features of which the tourist will already have become familiar.

A Row on Derwentwater.—Here we shall make no attempt to direct the tourist as to what particular spots he ought to visit. Once embarked in his boat, he cannot go wrong. Everything around is beautiful; so much so, that to particularise any one part would be invidious. The boat landing is about half a mile from the centre of the town, on the Friar's Crag track—the lane which strikes out of the Borrowdale road, about 150 yards from the Town Hall, and opposite the Lake Hotel. Safe and comfortable boats are to be had at 1s. an hour, or 5s. a day, *plus* a fixed charge for the boatman, if his services be required. There is fishing, of course, but no one bent on fishing alone goes to the Lakes; and in Derwentwater, as in all the other lakes, it may be regarded as a purely supplementary occupation. The privilege of plying the gentle craft costs a shilling a day, and tickets may be had of the secretary of the Angling Association, or at Bowe's and Glover's fishing-tackle shops.

There are three larger islands on Derwentwater, all abundantly clothed with wood, the foliage of which drops down almost to the water's edge. They are also remarkable for the regularity of their shape as contrasted with those on other lakes—Loch Lomond and Windermere to wit. They are by name *Derwent Isle*, near the landing stage, and to the west of Friar's Crag; *Lord's Island*, in the recess formed by Friar's Crag and the eastern shore, almost within a stone's throw of the latter; and *Herbert Island*, in the middle of the lake. A human interest, ancient or modern, attaches to all three. Beginning as far back as the seventh century, we find St. Herbert, the *fidus Achates* of the venerable St. Cuthbert, domiciled on the island which now bears his name. The remains of a cell in the middle of the island are evidence of the fact. A thousand years elapse, and Lady Derwentwater issues forth from the family mansion on Lord's Island, and flying up Wallow Crag by the Lady's Rake (a singular route, by the way, for any lady, even under the most pressing emergency, to choose), speeds on her way to London: bent, womanlike, on purchasing with her tears and the family jewels the life of her rebel lord, who perished on the scaffold for participating in the rebellion of 1715. The *Lady's Rake* is a fissure in the most northerly of the head-long

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cliffs which rise on the east side of the lake. Traces of the mansion are still to be met with on the island. Lastly, Derwent Isle itself is the present residence of a Leeds gentleman. The tourist may land and wander at his will through the ferny brakes and copses of the two first-named islands.

A fourth island, considerably smaller, is *Rampsholme*, between Herbert Island and the eastern shore of the lake. There are also one or two diminutive islets. The so-called *Floating Island*, which is said to make its appearance periodically at the upper end of the lake, is hardly worth mentioning.

The *Barrow* and *Lodore* falls on the east side of the lake may be easily visited by boat. For a description of them see page 106. There is a landing stage for each; that for the latter being at the south-east corner of the lake, and the *minimum* charge for a boat to it 3s.

In crossing the lake the projecting knob of Causey Pike on the western side is a singular feature. It is more funny than picturesque, and when just visible over the ridge of Catbells it elicits many inquiries as to its identity.

On the west side of the lake is *Derwentwater Bay*, a beautiful, wood-fringed recess, from which the ascent of *Catbells*, or the walk to Buttermere by Newlands, may be advantageously commenced.

At the southern end of the lake there is a good deal of low-lying pasture and marsh land, which, when brought immediately into the foreground, mars the otherwise almost perfect loveliness of the scene. It is, however, only prominent from close quarters.

The names of the near and distant fells seen during the row will be gathered from our description of the scene from Castle Head (p. 100). From the greater part of it Scafell Pike is visible just to the right of Castle Crag, the pyramidal hill which seems to stop up the "jaws" of Borrowdale. Skiddaw, however, is, of course, the mountain monarch of Derwentwater, and whether he be just a trifle too heavy or not for the place we must leave our tourist friends to decide for themselves.

Round Derwentwater by Carriage-road.—Derwentwater is certainly the most charming of the lakes to travel round. The views are as varied as they are rich and beautiful, and the whole distance is only about 10 miles.

The route along the eastern shore—which is decidedly the best to begin upon—is described in the Buttermere excursion (p. 105). At *Grange* the bridge over the Derwent must be crossed, and a straight course pursued past the church; after which the road bends sharp to the right. In three quarters of a mile the farm-house of *Manesty* is reached, and just beyond it an old upper road commences, which is pleasanter going for the pedestrian, and commands better views.

A few hundred yards up this old road another track branches up the fell-side to the left. This is the path over Catbells into Newlands, and by reason of the narrowness of the summit ridge, introduces the pedestrian to a beautiful panorama at the cost of very little extra exertion.

Lovely views over Derwentwater, with Skiddaw and Saddleback

as a background, now present themselves. The upper road is still the best, as the prospect from the lower is often hidden by trees. At the end of the Catbells ridge, about 1¼ miles beyond Manesty, the two re-unite, and shortly afterwards the Newlands road from Buttermere to Keswick is joined. Hence most of the way to Portinscale is through woods, and the lake is hidden from view.

The pedestrian having reached the gate at the northern end of Catbells on the old upper road, may make his way by a footpath commencing nearly opposite the gate, almost direct to Portinscale, the last half mile of the route being along the Newlands road. Guide posts to Catbells abound on the way.

Ascent of Latrigg, 1,203 *ft.* 1½—2 *hrs. up and down. Pony track.*

Latrigg is the "cub" of Skiddaw. It rises north east of Keswick, beyond the railway station, and may be recognised by the clump of firs on its summit. It commands, of course, a comparatively limited view, but in real beauty of prospect, it not only surpasses the parent mountain, but can vie with any other hill of its own height in the district. Derwentwater, which is too far removed from the highest ridge of Skiddaw to play its proper part in the panorama, holds the "pride of place" in the view from Latrigg, and appears to its greatest advantage.

A very pleasant excursion, at the cost of an extra mile or two, may be made by combining the Applethwaite walk (p. 101) with Latrigg. To do this, take the highest lane eastward from Millbeck and Applethwaite, passing the mansion of Underscar on the right, and turning in the same direction, alongside of a wooden fence, about ¾ mile further, just where the lane ends, and a few yards beyond the convergence of the regular Skiddaw track, at the head of the little combe. The top of Latrigg, marked by some stunted pines, is soon seen on the right hand.

The shortest ascent is by the Skiddaw track, which passes under the railway to the right of the station, and then takes the second turn to the right, ascending a long straight lane, with the title of Spoony Green Lane. A short cut across the station may be made,—by favour of course.

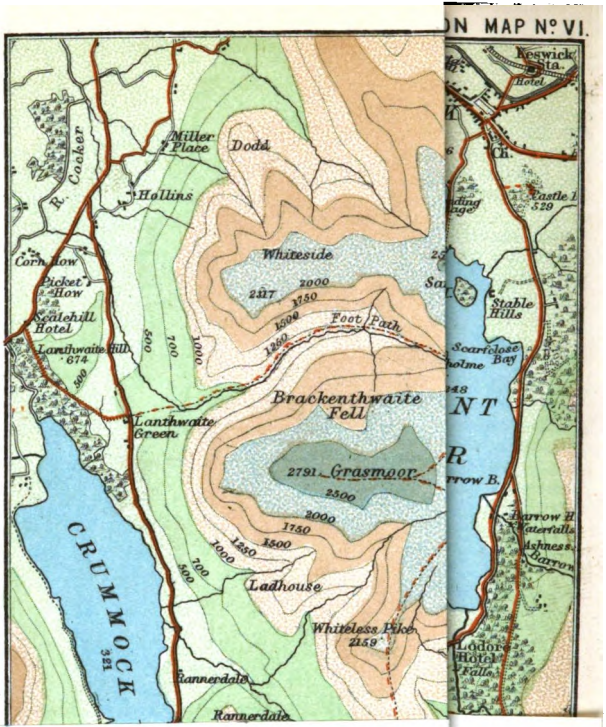
Pedestrians will probably begin to climb seriously about a mile beyond the station, after passing through a gate at the end of a planting of small larch, but the easiest way is to proceed some distance further, until a green track zigzagging up the fell is reached a little distance short of the head of the combe on the left. This path leads to the top level of the hill.

The view needs little description, being an extended and more comprehensive edition of that already described from Castle Head (p. 100) with the addition of the bosky Greta valley and its stream, winding immediately below our feet, and the town of Keswick with its streets as clearly traced out as on a surveyor's map. A little of Bassenthwaite is visible, but the hills beyond it lack that rugged beauty of outline which we have learnt to associate with other lakes. The Druids' Circle (p. 119) is very conspicuous to the south east.

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That exquisite regard for proportion, which Nature

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Swinside (803 *ft.*) and **Catbells** (1,482 *ft*). Either of these hills may be made the bourn of a delightful stroll from Keswick, the distances being a long two miles to Swinside, and nearly twice that distance to Catbells. The views from the respective summits include, to a great extent, the same objects, but such is the wonderful diversity of the Derwentwater scenery that, however slight be the distance between any two view points, there is always a sufficient change of aspect to remunerate the tourist for the trouble of getting at them both.

The route to *Catbells* will be found fully described in the "Fell" excursion from Keswick to Buttermere (Fell Route No. 4). For *Swinside* we may either cross the lake to the Nickol End landings, as in the Catbells excursion, or walking through Portinscale (p. 113) we may follow the Newlands road, until it reaches the foot of the hill, a short distance beyond the conspicuous sign board which indicates the commencement of the footpath to Catbells. Hence the ascent is easily made. The view from the top is beautiful, but circumscribed. The feature of it, which will probably be most fresh to the tourist, is the vale of *Newlands*, finely headed by Dale Head and Eel Crags. A descent may be made to the hamlet of Swinside at the south end of the hill.

Keswick to Buttermere, by Borrowdale and Honister; returning by Newlands. Route 22. Map VI.

Keswick to Barrow Falls, 2 *m*; *Lodore Hotel*, 3¼ *m*; *Borrowdale Hotel*, 3½ *m*; *Bowder Stone*, 5 *m*; *Rosthwaite* (*inns*), 6½ *m*; *Seatoller*, 8 *m*; *Honister Hause*, 9½ *m*; *Gatescarth*, 12 *m*; *Buttermere*, 14 *m*; *Buttermere Hause*, 15½ *m*; *Mill Dam* (*inn*), 18½ *m*; *Portinscale*, 21½ *m*; *Keswick*, 23 *m*.

Height of Passes: Honister, 1,190 ft; Buttermere Hause, 1,095 ft.

Waggonettes leave the Keswick hotels every week-day morning about 10 o'clock, stopping at the special places of interest on the way, and allowing time at Buttermere for lunch and a visit to Scale Force, the return journey being made by Newlands in the afternoon, so as to reach Keswick about 6 o'clock.

It may be as well to remind hirers of private conveyances that the Honister Pass is so rough and steep on the Buttermere side as to be practically insurmountable; they must, therefore, return either by the ordinary route *vid* Newlands, or by Scale Hill and the Whinlatter Pass, the latter route adding 5 miles to the distance, making the total 28 miles.

This excursion—through the handsomest valley, under the steepest crag, and past three of the most beautiful lakes in the district—is justly accounted the finest carriage drive in Britain. Neither Scotland nor Ireland has anything to match it, nor can any road in Wales, except the famous one of 10 miles between Barmouth and Dolgelley, compare with it. We might go further, and add that in no part of Switzerland can such a variety of scenery of the highest class be found in a drive of twice the length. That exquisite regard for proportion, which Nature has observed

in arranging her materials in the Lake district, is nowhere more strikingly exemplified than in this route. Mountains, which in point of height are mole-hills, lakes which are ponds, and valleys which are scarcely noticeable depressions, in comparison with natural features of similar kind in other parts of the world, are here blended together in such wonderful harmony as to upset all judgment which is based on mere size, and to produce a succession of scenes which are not only thoroughly beautiful, but fall little, if at all, short of being sublime.

The route.—Leaving Keswick by the street which branches to the south-east from the market-place, we pass Castle Head (p. 100) on the left, and soon enter *Great Wood*. A fine vista through the Newlands valley is obtained across the lake, the Buttermere fell—Red Pike—forming its limit. Catbells and Causey Pike are the near hills, enclosing the valley on the south and north respectively. Wallow Crag towers above the road on the left, and on emerging from the wood, the precipices of Falcon Crag form a striking feature on the same side.

Two miles from Keswick the Watendlath road diverges to the left, and just beyond it are the private grounds into which an entrance has to be obtained to see *Barrow Waterfalls*. They are better described by the word "cascade" than by the expressive "force," which is the local term for nearly all the other waterfalls in the district; and the visitor will not be surprised to hear that their present appearance is, to some extent, the result of artificial means. The paths, however, through the woods, which fence the fall in on every side, present many a pretty peep, and bit of sylvan sweetness. The total height of the falls is over 120 ft., and there are two of them.

Another mile brings us to the famous *Lodore Falls*, and here again, in nine cases out of ten, great is the disappointment of the visitor. Instead of the mighty rush, and the roar, and the thousand and one jingling rhymes which have raised the expectation to so high a pitch, there is often nothing visible but a steep, rough channel, formed of boulder and rock, threaded by a countless number of petty rills, which do little more than trickle their way down the craggy bed. After heavy rain it is different; then, the rills swell into torrents, which tumble against and jostle one another in all directions, keeping up a real roar which may be heard far away. However, at all times the scene is very beautiful in the eyes of all who can bear without chagrin to be cheated out of the special attraction which they have come to see. On both sides of the fall, perpendicular cliffs—*Gowder Crag* on the left, and *Shepherd's Crag* on the right—rise to a considerable height, feathered with wood to their summits, and the whole forms a picture of sterling beauty. The path from the road is through the garden of the hotel, on the Keswick side of it, and across a wooden bridge. We have no time now, but the tourist must on no account omit to come again and visit the glorious, Trossach-like scenery above, and the upper fall, which is often as great a surprise to the explorer as the lower one is a disappointment.

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Half a mile further on are the *Troutdale fish-breeding ponds*, just beyond the Borrowdale Hotel, from which they can be visited. Here fishes of many sorts and sizes are reared for stocking other waters and supplying the markets.

We are now beyond the upper end of Derwentwater, and passing a level tract of swampy ground, more or less under water (according to the recent rainfall). This is the worst view point of Derwentwater, which seems dwarfed by the foreground and by the dark and somewhat heavy mass of Skiddaw behind it.

Turning slightly to the left, the road now enters Borrowdale; Grange Fell rises steeply on the left, and a picturesque stone bridge of two arches, crossing two separate channels, leads to the village of the same name, on the other side of the Derwent. There are several lodging-houses in and about the village.

Tourists who have previously walked by the Bowder Stone and through Rosthwaite (a part to be on no account missed), may agreeably vary their present route by crossing the bridge and taking a rough cart track which strikes out to the left at the church. This track passes between *Gate Crag* on the right, and the beautiful little *Castle Crag* (900 ft.) on the left. (The latter may be climbed from it, and the *détour* is worth making for the exquisite views up Borrowdale and down Derwentwater, from the top.)

Shortly after passing Castle Crag, the cart track climbs the fell on the right to a slate quarry. Leave it at the turn, just after crossing a streamlet of two runnels, and proceed along a foot path which crosses the depression between a lofty fell on the right and a woody knoll, rising from the valley, on the left. Passing a couple of sheep folds, the path veers to the right, and rejoins the main Honister road on a steep ascent, about half a mile above Seatoller.

A quarter of a mile beyond Grange, the road makes a circuit to the right round a little knoll. A grass path cuts off the corner, and just beyond its re-union with the road, the Bowder Stone road mounts a short pitch to the left, leaving the main route to thread its way by the side of the stream, through the narrowest part of the ravine; so sweet a passage that one is loath to leave it, even when such a powerful magnet as the Bowder Stone draws us away. However, we need not miss either, for the *Bowder Stone* is attainable by climbing the fell side, after we have proceeded some little way along the lower road. Once there, let us sit down and review the scene. A more beautiful one we shall not find within the limits of the four seas. First, as to the stone itself:—"Mrs. Grundy" has lately taken to abusing this seeming triumph of Nature over one of her own laws—calling it "vulgar," and all sorts of bad names. We are sorry to disagree with so eminent a critic, but there can be no doubt that, regardless of its size and weight (its dimensions are 30 feet high by 60 long, and its weight is computed at 1,900 tons), it is the most marvellously poised piece of rock in the country. So sharp is it in its beam ends, that two people lying down on opposite sides of it may shake hands beneath it—a piece of unpardonable vulgarity, doubtless, especially if they be Cook's tourists—while an elderly female has placed a ladder by its side, which vulgar little boys, and not seldom big ones, too, delight to climb. Be it as it may, we should grieve to see the good old monument of Nature's eccentricity remove itself from the proud position which it has occupied for so many

centuries, and we think there would be a blank if it did so. It is comforting to reflect that, however slight its foundations, they are not likely to be shaken by any amount of fashionable abuse; indeed, it may be questioned whether "all the king's horses and all the king's men" would be equal to the task.

But apart from the vexed question of the Bowder Stone itself, no one should omit halting for a few minutes on the velvety little patch of greensward which forms its resting place. It is a "'vantage" ground for the valley. Whatever difference of opinion there may be as to the relative merits of the principal lakes of the district, there can be no doubt that Borrowdale holds the first position amongst its valleys; and that is no mean praise, when we recollect that its rivals include Patterdale, Grasmere, Langdale, and Troutbeck. Though distinct in character from the upland "glen" and lower "strath" of Scotland, as well as from the league-upon-league long "*thal*" of Switzerland, it may be said to combine within a space, whose limited area sacrifices nothing of grandeur (so symmetrical are its various parts), many of the best features of all three. No Scottish glen, save Glen Affric, can surpass the wild blending of crag, water and wood which soars and sinks all round the Bowder Stone; no cottage-dotted "strath" can present a pleasanter picture of peace and seclusion than the green, hill-girt pastures of Rosthwaite; while the fell line from Gate Crag to Great End can scarcely fail to impress even the most experienced "*thal*" explorer.

The mountain which rises just behind Rosthwaite and cuts the valley in two is Glaramara, unaccountably confused by Scott with Blencathara (Saddleback). A fantastic rock on one of its highest ridges brings to mind Helm Crag at Grasmere, and sets one a-wondering why it has not had similar poetic justice, or poetic exaggeration, done to it. To the right of Glaramara Great End, overlooking the southern end of the valley, and still further back, and more to the right, Scafell Pikes are visible. Then, almost over the neighbouring height of Castle Crag, Great Gable rears its irregular cone. A wooded knoll to the left of Castle Crag shuts out the upper part of the main valley, the ramifying character of which makes it very difficult for a stranger to guess his way out. Let him know, then, that the eastern branch of it, passing to the left of Rosthwaite and round a steep and shapely crag, is Langstrath, leading up to the Stake Pass into Langdale. Beyond the wooded knoll already mentioned, to the right of Glaramara and in the direction of Great End, is the Sty Head Pass to Wastwater, while a third exit—the one we are about to travel by—strikes out to the right just beyond the knoll, and commences at once the climb of Honister Hause.

From the Bowder Stone the track descends at once to the main road again, and Rosthwaite is soon reached. On the way there, the scrupulous flatness of the top of the wall on the right may be noticed. This wall, after the sudden attacks of "soft" weather, to which Borrowdale is pre-eminently subject, forms the native highway, the road itself being two or three feet deep in water.

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Rosthwaite is a small village with two inns,—the Scafell and the Royal Oak (lately become "temperance"). Except its situation, there is nothing remarkable about it, but the pedestrian may recollect to his advantage that "Adam's ale" is the strongest stimulant which he will be able to obtain between this and Buttermere, a distance of 7½ miles. The "(e)statesmen" of Wasdale, who may have been a-junketing to Keswick, and partaken of a "stirrup cup" at Lodore on the way back, seldom fail to "wet the other eye" at Rosthwaite, and the story of a certain exciting horse-race "o'er t' Sty Head an' doon into Wasdle," immediately subsequent to one of these friendly potations, is still a favourite one on "yon side o' t' pass," where we advise every tourist to get a recital of it, if he can.

Half a mile beyond Rosthwaite the road to Stonethwaite and the Stake Pass strikes off to the left, near the church which supplies the spiritual wants of the two "thwaites," and in less than another mile a gate on the same side of the road opens on to the track leading up the main valley to Seathwaite and Sty Head. The Buttermere road sweeps round to the right, and passing the long white lodging-house of *Seatoller* (an excellent centre for mountain excursions), commences at once the struggle up Honister. For more than half a mile the road is through a wood, with a beck descending in a succession of cataracts on the left; then a gate opens on to the unenclosed fell. The ascent becomes less severe, but up to the top of the pass there is not much to arrest the attention, except the back view across Borrowdale to the rugged ridges of Glaramara, and over Armboth Fell to the Helvellyn range.

At the top of the hause the road turns sharply to the right, and the full downward sweep of *Honister Crag* bursts suddenly into view. Though not maintaining so great a degree of steepness to so great a height as Pike o' Stickle in Langdale, it is decidedly the most striking crag in the ordinary tracks of the Lake district. Its height above sea level is 1,750 ft., and in its steepest part there is something like 1,000 or 1,200 ft. from base to summit, at an average angle of nearly 45 degrees. The upper part is sheer precipice, down the side of which tracks have been blasted or hewn out of the rock; the lower, screes of a most formidable appearance, when looked at face to face, but in reality making rather an agreeable descent than otherwise. When the works are open the quarrymen raise the wonderment of the passer-by to a high pitch by the agility with which they career down these screes in front of half a ton of slates.

A cart track, striking to the right from the exact top of the pass, makes a terrace from which a beautiful view (singularly enhanced by a fine sunset, after a day's rain) is obtained of Buttermere and Crummock, and the fells beyond them, High Crag, High Stile, Red Pike, and Mellbreak. By climbing some steep slate *débris*, about half a mile up the track, you will soon gain the ridge of the Newlands Fells, and, if so inclined, may continue your walk over Dale Head, Hindscarth, and Robinson, descending on to the Buttermere and Newlands road near the village of Buttermere (see Fell Route, No. 4).

The top of *Honister Crag* may also be easily reached from the summit of the pass, by climbing the fell to the left, and working round the ridge. From the summit a descent of the precipice may be made by following the quarrymen's track which connects the different workings, and taking to the screes half way down; but the tourist who prefers scenery to athletics, will continue along the

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ridge in the direction of Buttermere to the top of *Fleetwith* (about 20 minutes' walk), which is the real name of the mountain of which Honister Crag only forms a part. Hence the perspective of the three lakes. Buttermere, Crummock, and Loweswater, with High Stile, Red Pike, and Mellbreak on the left, and Robinson and Grasmoor on the right, is very fine. Great Gable and the Pillar are prominent to the south and south-west. A descent may be made almost straight down the ridge in a line with the right hand shore of Buttermere, the road to which will be regained at Gatescarth, two miles from the village.

The first part of the descent of the pass on the Buttermere side is very rough and steep, so much so that vehicles, trying to return by it from Buttermere, are liable to come to a dead lock. The attempt, we believe, is not often made. As the road descends, Buttermere and part of Crummock Water and the surrounding fells,—High Crag, High Stile, and Red Pike, in the order named,—appear on the left; Mellbreak, beyond Crummock, in front, and Robinson to the right, come into view, the route skirting the base of the last named all the way to Buttermere.

At the foot of the pass the farm-house of *Gatescarth* is reached, whence starts the bridle-path over Scarf Gap, which is seen climbing the depression between Hay Stacks and High Crag on the left. There is a ford to be crossed here, which may be avoided by taking a little *détour* through the farm-buildings on the left. Then come two miles of mingled fell and park-like scenery, with the lake of Buttermere on the left. About half-way is *Hasness*, a beautiful villa residence, to the existence of which the public is indebted for the rich, cultivated aspect of portions of this side of the lake. High up above, on the right, are some fine crags, forming part of Robinson. As soon as the lake is passed, a short, steep descent lands us at one of the comfortable-looking little hotels of Buttermere village. Here the regular conveyances halt for about three hours, affording ample time for a good lunch and the "regulation" row to Scale Force and back.

Buttermere Lake is 1¼ miles long, and nearly half a mile wide. It is very shallow at its lower end (a fact which morning "dippers" will avoid disappointment by remembering), and nowhere as much as 100 ft. in depth. Its angularity, and the sombre character of the massive mountains, which descend almost sheer into it, relieved by little foliage except that of the Scotch fir and larch, make it more imposing than picturesque. Its mountain outlines are not so graceful as those of Wastwater, nor is its general scenery so wild; yet, not only when taken in conjunction with Crummock, which enhances the *tout ensemble* enormously, but even by itself, it leaves a strong and lasting impression on the beholder.

The conspicuous stream which rushes in a succession of little cataracts down the fells into the north-west corner of the lake is Sour Milk Gill, descending from Bleaberry Tarn, an upland sheet of water lying in the deep hollow between High Stile and Red Pike.

As Crummock Water should undoubtedly be approached from the northern or Scale Hill end, we shall describe it in the route from Keswick *viâ* Whinlatter (p. 112). After lunch everybody starts for Scale Force, and, for a wonder, everybody is right; not only in

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going there, but also in the way by which they go. There are two routes; one the water route, by the right side of the Fish Hotel (as you approach it), and the other the land route, by the left. The latter is circuitous, and often very sloppy. It strikes sharply to the left to begin with; and then, turning right again along a cart track through the nearest of three gates, goes straight across the "strath" till the stream connecting Buttermere and Crummock is reached, after crossing which it turns to the right; and, skirting the beck and the lake for more than a mile, joins the water route at the landing place at the second beck—the one descending from the force itself. A short cut may be made athwart the fell slope as soon as the shore of the lake is reached. The entire distance from the inn is two miles. The regular track after leaving the Fish crosses some pleasant meadows by the side of a beck, and reaches a wood—in which is the Crummock boat landing—in about half a mile. The distance to be rowed is three quarters of a mile (return fare 1s. each). The mountains seen in crossing are Mellbreak, the sugar-loafy fell dropping to the western margin of the lake, and on the opposite side Grasmoor, huge, red, and long-backed; Whiteless Pike, considerably lower and nearer to Buttermere, and, between them and the lake, the low and isolated Rannerdale Knott.

On landing, another three quarters of a mile of rough fell has to be travelled over to reach the force, which will be seen in a ravine to the left after a few minutes' walking.

Scale Force is certainly one of the finest waterfalls in the district. It has a sheer leap of 160 feet; so deep, that in ordinary times the sheets of water are, before reaching the bottom, almost converted into spray, and, as such, held suspended in the air. This peculiar Swiss effect is nowhere in the lake district so noticeable as at Scale Force. The aspect of the fall, being north, is not favourable for the iris displays one expects under such circumstances. It is well set in a rocky frame, abounding with copse and fern, though in this respect it is by no means equal to Dalegarth Force in Eskdale.

Some tourists may like to hear that there is a delightful bathing place with a shingly bottom at the little promontory, about a quarter of a mile north of the landing place, called *Ling Crag*. There is also a very fine view-point a couple of hundred yards or so lower down the lake.

Beautiful views are also obtained from the fell side to the right of the *Scale Hill road*, a few minutes' walk from Buttermere village. To reach them proceed along the Scale Hill road from the "Victoria" for about 300 yards, and then climb the open fell on the right, where it comes down to the road beyond the first farm house.

We should add, that the Buttermere inns, regarded as inns, are very comfortable. Why they should challenge criticism, and import into the quiet Cumbrian valley the cockney conceit of rechristening themselves "Hotels" we will not stop to enquire.

The return route by *Newlands* begins to climb at once, and in 1¼ miles attains a height of 750 feet above the village. Robinson is the fell on the right, and Whiteless Pike on the left. The range of which the latter forms a part, and of which Grasmoor (2,747 ft.) is the crowning ridge, is a strong contrast to the rough

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craggy contour of the more southern peaks. Its sides are of smooth green turf or ruddy screes. At the fall of the year, when the "fern turns to gold on the fells," the walk up Buttermere Hause is particularly fine. The slopes of Whiteless Pike are a mass of russet brown, caused by the fading of the bracken. The scenery after passing the summit level of the hause is for a time desolate and barren, the road traversing the high level Kescadale Valley.

The pedestrian may vary the route and gain wider views by following the course of *Sail Beck* on the left, instead of breasting ButtermereHause, and descending by *Rigg Beck* into the main road again at the *Mill Dam Inn*. This involves an additional climb of about 600 feet.

The descent then commences into the green Newlands Valley, far inferior to Borrowdale, to be sure, but possessed of a soothing pastoral beauty of its own which suffices to keep alive without over-straining the interest of the traveller, who, possibly, is beginning to feel that he has had enough of fine scenery for one day. The distant mountain immediately in front is Saddleback, and Hindscarth, Eel Crags, Maiden Moor, and Catbells—the last three on a declining scale—appear close at hand to the right of it. The main *Newlands Valley* comes down on our right, and is brought to an imposing end by Dale Head. Winding round the eastern end of the Grasmoor range, just under Causey Pike, we reach *Stair*, the special industry and poetic energy of whose inhabitants may be gathered from the following couplet inscribed on a flagstone:—

"May God Almighty grant His aid
To Keswick and its woollen trade."

From Stair, after crossing the Newlands beck, the road passes the hamlet of *Swinside*, and leaving Swinside Fell on the left hand, soon reaches *Portinscale* (p. 113). Hence the pedestrian will save a quarter of a mile by taking the footpath which starts across the meadows on the right of the road a short distance beyond the bridge over the Derwent.

Keswick to Buttermere, by Whinlatter Pass and Scale Hill; also to Calder Abbey and Wasdale Head, by Egremont or Ennerdale Bridge. Route 23. Maps V., VIII., and the general one.

Keswick to Braithwaite (*inn*), 2½ *m*; *Whinlatter Pass* (*inn*), 4½ *m*; *Scale Hill Hotel*, 10 *m*; *Buttermere*, 14 *m*.

Scale Hill to Lamplugh Cross Inn, 6½ *m*; *Egremont*, 15 *m*; *Calder Bridge Hotel*, 19 *m*; *Strands* (*inns*), 25½ *m*; *Wasdale Head*, 31½ *m*.

Lamplugh Cross Inn to Ennerdale Bridge (*inn*), 3 *m*; *Angler's Inn* (*Ennerdale Lake*), 5 *m*.

Height of Whinlatter Pass, 1,040 *ft*.

The Whinlatter route is a pleasant alternative one to Buttermere, Ennerdale, and Wastwater, for those who have already made the Buttermere excursion by Honister and Newlands. Beyond Loweswater the carriage road passes the confines of the Lake District,

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and does not enter them again till the foot of Ennerdale or Wastwater, as the case may be, is reached. Pedestrians will prefer to cross the fells from Scale Hill to Ennerdale (p. 130).

Leaving Keswick by the main street, the road passes *Greta Hall* on the right, and then crosses the river Greta. A footpath to the left, commencing on the far side of the bridge, cuts off a sharp corner between Keswick and Portinscale. The high road is regained just before the Derwent, with its waters doubled by the confluence of the Greta, is crossed. *Portinscale* is passed, where the Newlands route strikes off to the left, and 1½ miles further the road, after crossing the Newlands beck and leaving the Bassenthwaite shore road on the right, reaches the village of *Braithwaite*, after passing which the ascent of the *Whinlatter Pass* commences. A considerable portion of it is through wood. Fine views are obtained across the vale of Keswick, over Bassenthwaite and part of Derwentwater. Just before the top of the pass is reached there is a small inn, called the *Travellers' Rest*. The road then passes between Hobcarton End, the northern shoulder of Grisedale Pike, on the left, and Whinlatter Crag on the right. A quarter of a mile beyond the sixth milestone the Scale Hill route, quitting the highway, forks to the left, and in another half mile, taking another turn in the same direction, works round the fell-slope to the hamlet of *Swinside* (yet another monument of the days when the bristly boar-pig was the principal Cumbrian tourist). *Lorton Vale*, with the river Cocker winding through it, appears below. Beyond it, in the far distance, appear the Solway Firth and the Scotch hills, while the prospect southwards gradually unfolds itself. Whiteside Dodd, and then Whiteside itself, rise close at hand, on the left, as we descend further into the valley. Mellbreak, with sides sloping as regularly as the roof of a house; Red Pike, recognisable alike from its colour and its shape, and High Stile successively appear on the further side of Crummock and Buttermere; and then the red, torrent-scarred Grassmoor presents itself. The fells which surround *Crummock Water* are much less wild and rugged in their contour than the other groups of Lake mountains. They are almost like so many vast heaps, and yet so graceful, and at the same time impressive, are they in their groupings, and so effectively is the shore of the lake indented, that Crummock justly challenges admiration as one of the most beautiful of our lakes. Few will deny that superiority which its comparative lightness gives it over Buttermere, and many prefer it even to Wastwater, than which, though it shows less boldness of outline and unity of composition, it possesses a more varied picturesqueness.

But we are anticipating. We have yet three miles to trave between Swinside and Scale Hill, and a very pleasant three miles it is, down the grassy vale of Lorton, with the mountain panorama constantly before our eyes.

After passing the farm-houses at *Hope Beck*, less than a mile beyond Swinside, our route continues, veering to the right at the two places where there is a choice of roads (the latter turn a sharp one), till it joins the main road from Cockermouth in less than

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another mile. A quarter of a mile further there is another fork, the left-hand branch leading direct to Buttermere (¼ m.), and the right to *Scale Hill Hotel*, which is reached in another mile.

The drive to *Buttermere* along the eastern shore of Crummock Water is a very charming one, especially where it forms a terrace between Rannerdale Knott and the lake. It may also be commenced at Scale Hill, by a road through Lanthwaite Wood, joining the main one in less than a mile. The latter is decidedly the preferable route of the two, and a halt should in any case be made at Scale Hill for the purpose of viewing Crummock from Lanthwaite Hill.

This inn, though not so central as the Buttermere ones, makes excellent headquarters for a few days' mountaineering, and is a very pleasant home.

Beautiful views of the lake and surrounding fells are obtained from *Lanthwaite Hill* (674 ft.), which is reached in a few minutes by entering the road through the wood, opposite the hotel, and diverging from it in a few yards up a footpath on the left.

The nearer fells will be recognised from the previous description given of them in this route. The low crag descending into the lake at the far end on the left is Rannerdale Knott, a little to the left of whose summit Great Gable holds the "pride of place" in the distance. Green Gable is the lower and more pointed peak to the left of the latter, and Scafell Pike appears in the slight depression immediately on its right between it and Kirkfell.

After leaving the Scale Hill Inn the road crosses the Cocker, and gradually ascends to Loweswater, which is more than 100 ft. higher than Crummock, leaving the church and the village of Loweswater on the left. The two lakes are connected by a stream called Park Beck. A good view of Crummock and the surrounding fells is obtained during the ascent, Mellbreak being prominent on the west side of the lake.

Loweswater is about 1¼ miles long by a third of a mile broad. Its southern shore is gracefully fringed with wood, but it is almost entirely dependent for its attractiveness on the back views over Crummock and Buttermere, which are very beautiful. The fells close at hand are uninteresting.

On reaching the open fell (680 ft.), about a mile beyond the lake, and within a short distance of the top of the ridge, a sharp turn to the left must be taken. A wide view opens up to the right, including the sea and the Kirkcudbright hills of Criffel and Ben Garon. The road crosses a shoulder of Blake Fell, whose summit (1,877 ft.) appears on the left, and two miles further passes through the village of *Lamplugh*, between the Church on the right and the Hall on the left, both antiquated buildings.

To reach the *Angler's Inn*, on Ennerdale Lake (2 m. from Ennerdale Bridge), take the turn to the left, a third of a mile beyond Lamplugh Church. Hence the distance is from 3½ to 4 miles. The road twists a good deal, but there is no difficulty until the farm houses at *Crossdale*, about 2½ miles on the way, are reached. Pass these, keeping as near as possible straight on in your previous direction for upwards of half a mile, as far as the next cross roads. Here a cottage faces you, with a gate a few yards to the right of it. Pass through this gate into a field, and descend straight upon the lake, on reaching which you will find the inn a few hundred yards to the right hand.

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A mile beyond the village are *Lamplugh Cross* and the *Lamplugh Arms Inn*. Hence the nearest way to Calder Abbey is by the road which turns to the left half a mile beyond the inn, after crossing a small beck, and goes due south to *Ennerdale Bridge* (*inn*), three miles from Lamplugh Cross, and two west of the Angler's Inn. Hence to Calder Bridge is seven miles, by a hilly road, partly over the fells, and attaining a height of nearly 1,000 ft. From portions of the road the mountains flanking the Ennerdale depression are well seen, the Pillar conspicuous amongst them, and occasionally the lake itself comes into view. Scafell Pike itself and Scafell, with the ravine of Mickledore between them, appear for a short time during the latter part of the drive, when the side of Cold Fell is being traversed. There are also wide views over the lowlands to the sea and the Isle of Man. Ennerdale Bridge is the scene of Wordsworth's pastoral poem of the "Brothers." *Calder Abbey*, and the road thence to Wasdale Head, are described on p. 11.

The main road from Lamplugh to Egremont (9 m; *hotel*, The Globe) and Calder Bridge (13 m.) is 2 miles further round, and passes through a good deal of the mining district.

Keswick to Patterdale (Ullswater). Routes 24—28. Maps V., VIII., and the general one.

The routes between these places may be summarised as follows:

		Rail. m.	Coach. m.	Stmr. m.	Crrg. m.	Foot. m.	Total. m.
(24)	*By Troutbeck (Cumberland) and Dockwray* ...	9	7	—	—	—	16
(25)	,, *Penrith and Pooley Bridge*	17	6	7½	—	—	30½
(26)	,, *St. John's Vale and Dockwray*	—	—	4	10		14
(27)	,, *Sticks Pass (Helvellyn range)*	—	—	5	6		11
(28)	,, *Thirlspot, and over Helvellyn*	—	—	5	3–4 *hrs.*		

The distances are in every case reckoned to the Ullswater Hotel, on the lake side. For the Patterdale Hotel, at the entrance to the valley, one mile more must be added. Both are first class houses.

Through tickets are granted for route No. 1 at prices varying from about 3s. to 4s. 6d. for the single journey, and 5s. to 6s. 6d. for the double, the latter being available for 7 days. The coaches at the Troutbeck Station meet the trains which leave Keswick about 9.45 a.m. and 5 p.m., returning in time for the last train (about 7.30 p.m.) from Troutbeck. The railway journey occupies about 20 minutes, and the coach an hour, so that a good five hours is allowed at Ullswater. There is an inn at Troutbeck, which, by the way, must not be confused with the Westmorland Troutbeck near Windermere. No two places could be more utterly different.

The last few miles of the Troutbeck routes are very beautiful, but as the first half of the way from Troutbeck Station lies through a remarkably bleak and uninteresting country (see p. 14), those who have only one day to give to Ullswater, will derive more than compensation for the extra time and expense of the journey by adopting route 25, by Penrith, for their journey to Ullswater, and only returning by Troutbeck. They will thus add to the day's

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enjoyment a pleasant drive from Penrith to Pooley Bridge, and a beautiful sail along the whole length of Ullswater Lake. The fares from Keswick to Ullswater Hotel by this route vary from about 5s. to 7s.* Leaving Keswick by train a little before 10, you reach the pier at Ullswater Hotel in about 3 hours.

Of the remaining three routes, the shortest is the "Sticks," but the most interesting the one over the top of Helvellyn, and as the Sticks mounts to within a few hundred feet of the summit of the "mighty" mountain itself, few will grudge the extra toil and time which the latter exacts. The St. John's Vale and Dockwray track attains a summit level of nearly 1,500 feet, and the immediate prospect, during a great part of it, is dreary in the extreme, —a high-level version of the Troutbeck route. It presents, however, fine views of the many-ridged Saddleback and of the Pennine Chain on the far side of the Eden Valley. Aira Force, too, may be visited *en route*, and the best of Ullswater Lake seen in descending thence to Patterdale.

By Troutbeck, (Route 24.) The railway from Keswick threads the romantic glen of the *Greta*, underneath Latrigg, the "Cub" of Skiddaw, crossing the stream several times in the first few miles. On approaching *Threlkeld* fine views of Saddleback on the left are obtained, and the valley of St. John debouches on the other side. It then climbs to *Troutbeck* station, which is situated on a dreary wilderness at a height of nearly a 1,000 feet above sea-level. Thence the Patterdale road branches off almost due south. Mell Fell, round and fir-clad, rises on the left. The scenery becomes gradually more civilised, but attains no real interest, until *Dockwray* (Hotel, the *Royal*) is reached, and the stream crossed, which contributes Aira Force to the attractions of Lakeland. Thence the descent to Ullswater is very beautiful. *Gowbarrow Park* is on the left, and *Glencoin* on the right, both rich in woodland scenery of the highest order.

Aira Force (p. 145) lies a couple of hundred yards off the road, to the left, nearly a mile from Dockwray, and about opposite to where a grass path strikes away to the right. The proper way to it is down to the water's edge, and then back again for half a mile, but in any case it is a work of supererogation to call at Lyulph's Tower for a guide.

A little below the above-named grass path, another path diverges to the right. This cuts off a corner, and joins the main road again, half a mile after the latter reaches the side of the lake.

The uppermost, and by far the finest reach of the lake is now in full view. On the left, Place Fell rises abrupt and rocky. The western margin is beautifully wooded, and *Stybarrow Crag* descends sheer into it. The Patterdale valley rising to Kirkstone Pass, with Red Screes on the right, and Caudale Moor on the left, makes a fine perspective background, and St. Sunday's Crag, which, by the bye, has a great deal more to do in forming the Ullswater scenery than Helvellyn, towers over the woods on the right. This is one of the most impressive first-sight views in the district, and has caused many visitors to run away with the idea that Ullswater is the finest of the English Lakes.

* For the whole round, 1st class 10s. 8d., 2nd 8s. 4d., 3rd 7s. 6d.

The rest of the way along the margin of the lake is a delightful drive or walk through the most varied of woods, interspersed with the purplest of crags, and along a pebbly shore lapped by the purest of waters, whose gentle plash seems a perpetual protest against the atrocious vandalism which has polluted the mid-current with the foul refuse of a lead mine.

By Penrith and Pooley Bridge (route 25).—This route is fully described in the foregoing one, and in the Approaches *vid* Pooley Bridge on p. 17. In the descent from Troutbeck Station to Penrith there is nothing particular to arrest the traveller's eye, unless he be a geologist; in which case he will mark with interest the transition from the Skiddaw slate to the limestone, and from the limestone to the red sandstone, which last contributes so greatly to the beauty and fertility of the Eden Valley. *Greystoke Castle*, a considerable part of which was burnt down some years ago, lies about two miles to the left of the line, between Penruddock and Blencowe. There is a refreshment room at Penrith Station, whence the Pooley Bridge coaches start.

By St. John's Vale and Dockwray (route 26).—The first four miles of this route, as far as Wanthwaite Bridge, by which the road crosses the St. John's Beck, are described on p. 119. Beyond that point the road degenerates into a cart track, which may be seen rounding the northern shoulder of the Helvellyn Dodds, during the descent into St. John's Vale.

From the bridge over the beck (4 m. from Keswick) the lane ascends for a couple of hundred yards to the principal road through St. John's Vale. Turn to the right along this for a hundred yards, and then to the left up to some farm buildings. After a zigzag to the left, the road forks. Take the left hand branch, which leads between two walls on to the open fell, skirting for some distance further the left hand wall. On leaving the wall, the track veers round to the right, and a long, tolerably level stretch of some four miles commences, at the end of which a rapid descent is made to the village of *Dockwray* (Hotel, *The Royal*). Just before reaching some buildings, the road describes what Mr. Weller would have termed a "We," turning sharply to the right and then to the left; (the track leading straight on from the bottom of the "We" must be avoided).

During our long moorland trudge, the sharp ridges of Saddleback and the distant prospect over the Eden Valley have been redeeming features in what must otherwise be described as one of the dullest walks in the district; nor has the monotony been greatly relieved by its having as a constant *vis-à-vis* the round, larch-clad Mell Fell, to which, could the Lake Mountains be handicapped, after the fashion of racehorses, the handicapper would assuredly accord the lightest weight. After passing the farm houses the road descends to Dockwray, having, during the latter part of the descent, the dingle of the Aira beck on the right. The remaining five miles to Patterdale are described in the foregoing route (p. 116).

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The supposed derivation of the words Patterdale and Matterdale from the "Pater Nosters" and "Ave Marias" of monastic times is worth an antiquarian's consideration.

By the Sticks Pass (route 27).—The existence of a tolerable bridle path across this wild upland waste is to be attributed rather to the requirements of the natives than to the ardour of the tourist, though as a *tertium quid* between the labour of Helvellyn and the long monotony of the Dockwray track the route is not to be despised. It is especially useful to Patterdale-bound tourists who, after getting well away from Keswick on the Ambleside road, are prevented going the "whole hog" of Helvellyn by the sudden oncomings of mist and other meteorological surprises, by no means unusual in the district.

Follow the Ambleside road (p. 123) as far as the head of St. John's Vale, where, after crossing, at Smeathwaite Bridge, the stream which issues from Thirlmere, take a turn to the left a little short of the fifth milestone from Keswick, and three quarters of a mile short of the King's Head Inn. At the turn a guide post directs to Threlkeld railway station. Leave this road when, in a few yards, it turns to the left down the vale, and keep straight on through a gate to the white farm house above called *Stanah*. Beyond this farm you will have noticed a track zigzagging up the fell on the right of a gill. This is your route, and, to reach it, you must cross the beck at the end of the field beyond the farm. After a steep rise of 700 or 800 feet a sheepfold is reached, and here the path bends slightly to the right, leaving the gill and ascending the shoulder of the fell at a more gradual slope, until it approaches and looks down upon another gill, at the top of which (2,450 feet above sea level) the summit ridge of the Helvellyn range is crossed. This point may also be easily reached from the King's Head Inn at Thirlspot, by following the Helvellyn pony track (p. 167) until it bends to the right on approaching Fisher Gill, and then crossing the beck, and continuing along the left hand side of its most northerly branch.

The highest part of the pass is appropriately marked by a number of sticks stuck into the ground at intervals. During the latter part of the ascent there is a fine retrospect of the northern and western fells, extending from Skiddaw to Bowfell. Underneath Skiddaw Bassenthwaite Lake appears. At the summit a strip of Ullswater, backed by Place Fell and the High Street range, comes into view.

The descent is by *Greenside Reservoir* and *Lead Mine*, the former being kept on the right hand. From it there are two tracks; one leading straight on and crossing another ridge into *Glencoin*, and the other, a good cart track, passing between the reservoir and the huts, and joining the Glenridding descent of Helvellyn (p. 169), less than a mile lower down, at the *Greenside Smelting Mills*, a group of buildings whose hideousness we would rather not dwell upon. Suffice it to say that the beauty of what was once a very beautiful valley is hopelessly marred by them.

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Hence the ordinary road descends on the left hand side of the beck to the shores of the lake close to the Ullswater Hotel. The pleasantest route, however, is to cross a footbridge at the Mill, and follow a green path on the other side of the beck, descending after about a mile to a cart track, which re-crosses the beck and joins the regular road half a mile short of the hotel. If, instead of dropping into the cart track at once, you climb the ridge which separates Glenridding from Grisedale for a little distance, you will be rewarded by a beautiful view down Ullswater, and you may without much trouble make your way down into Grisedale close to Patterdale Hall.

By Thirlspot and over Helvellyn (route 28).—This route is thoroughly described in the foregoing one, and the ascents of Helvellyn in the "Fell" section (p. 169).

Keswick to Thirlmere, by Druidical Stones and the Valley of St. John. Route 29. Maps V., X.

To Druid Stones 1½ *m*; *Wanthwaite Bridge* (*valley of St. John*), 4 *m*; *Kings Head Inn* (*Thirlspot*), 7¾ *m*; *Armboth Bridge*, 8½ *m*; *Smeathwaite* (*junction with Windermere and Keswick road*), 11 *m* *Keswick*, 15 *m*.

This is a very pleasant and varied drive, though the scenery is not uniformly high class. Carriages should be taken to the inn at Thirlspot, and the distance thence to Smeathwaite walked, from 1½ to 2 hours being allowed for the pedestrian part of the expedition. Thirlmere can only be properly seen from this route.

Leaving Keswick by the Penrith road (the first turn to the right on the way to the station), we have the Greta close on our left hand for some way. We go under the railway and then over it, diverging to the right at the second turn beyond the latter of the two crossings, at a point about a mile from the Keswick market place. The first turn leads up to the Ambleside road, and is the route often taken by conveyances, to avoid the steepness of the direct road.

We are now on the old Keswick and Penrith road, and after proceeding along it for about three quarters of a mile, we come to a lane on the right. The *Druid Stones* are in the field beyond this lane, and are approached by a gate on the main road. They form as "Pat" might say, an oval circle, of about 35 yards diameter, and are of various sizes and shapes, the tallest being a fair 2 feet above your head. As to their number, count them if you can or will. The natives say you can't, and the ordinary tourist says he won't. At any rate, as the old woman said of the Commandments, "there's plenty on 'em." The situation is bleak, but impressive, Skiddaw, Saddleback and the Helvellyn range forming a girdle of unrelieved wildness.

A footpath, starting a short distance beyond the stones, opposite a farm house, hits the new Penrith road a few yards short of the bridge over Naddle (Nathdale) Beck, and cuts off a corner. A third of

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a mile further, our road strikes off to the right, and in another mile crosses Wanthwaite Bridge.

A pleasant little *détour* may be made by turning down a narrow lane on the right, about half a mile after entering this road, and proceeding almost past the little *Naddle Chapel*, which stands high up, yet secluded, on the road from St John's Vale to Naddle Vale. Thence a cart track may be followed along the west side of the St. John's Vale to *Sowgill Farm* (1½ mile beyond the chapel), where the stream is crossed by a stone bridge, and the main road of the valley joined. The crags on the opposite side of the valley are very fine.

On the far side of Wanthwaite Bridge a little corner may be cut off by a footpath leading into the main road of the St. John valley, the whole length of which is traversed. The ravines of the *Wanthwaite Crags*, high up on the left, are very wild and picturesque.

The Keswick and Windermere turnpike road is joined about three quarters of a mile on the Keswick side of the Thirlspot Inn, and nearly 5 miles from Keswick. Travellers may of course return direct from here to Keswick, but by so doing, the "cream" of the excursion—that part of it alongside of Thirlmere—is lost. The valley of St. John is narrow and beautiful, and its best is seen from the Windermere and Keswick road, whence the deep-cleft Saddleback forms such an effective background to the view. Hence, too, the famous "*castle rock of Triermain*" looks its "most castellated." It rises from the steep slopes of the Helvellyn Dodds, which flank the whole eastern length of the valley, the less ambitious Naddle Fell performing a like office on the west.

The "*Kings Head*" is a clean and pleasant little inn. Some 200 yards beyond it the Armboth road strikes off to the right, and crossing the neck of Thirlmere by a rustic bridge joins the west coast route of that lake at *Armboth House*. The view from the bridge is very charming in both directions. Southwards it is terminated by the circular depression of Dunmail Raise, and northwards Raven Crag on the left, and Great How on the right, sink into the lake mid a scene of the highest order of beauty.

The return from Armboth House to Keswick is fully described in the Windermere and Keswick route. (p. 69).

Keswick to Watendlath; returning by Rosthwaite and Borrowdale. Route 30. Maps VI., X.

To Watendlath, 5 m; Rosthwaite (inns), 7 m; Borrowdale and Lodore Hotels, 10—10½ *m*; *Keswick*, 13½ *m*.

No tourist should omit to take this walk. It is one of the easiest in the district, and certainly not surpassed by any other in richness and variety of scenery. The upland vale of Watendlath has a quiet and secluded beauty of its own, but the charm of the excursion lies in the exquisite views as we climb the hill from Derwentwater, in the sylvan magnificence of the region above Lodore, and in the fine prospect of Borrowdale from the fells between Watendlath and Rosthwaite. Carriages can be taken to Watendlath, and, on the return route, from Rosthwaite, but the two miles between Watendlath and Rosthwaite are only traversable on ponies or foot. The Borrowdale road (p. 106) is followed for the first two miles, at the end of which a divergence must be made

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through a gate on the left hand. The road thus entered upon rises behind Barrow House and Barrow Cascade (p. 106), crossing the stream which forms the latter in about half a mile at a very primitive bridge called *Ashness*. The view down stream from this point is remarkably beautiful, having for its foreground all that richness of wood and water which the artist revels in. Derwentwater and Bassenthwaite, the latter stretching far away seawards; Falcon Crag to the right, with the massive bulk of Skiddaw as a "reredos," contribute to the formation of a picture as rich as it is compact.

Just beyond the bridge the road passes into a wood and through two gates. After crossing a tiny rill, about 50 yards beyond the second, a grand view may be obtained by striking up to a wooden seat a short distance from the road. The rich "Trossachy" cliffs, which stand upright as sentinels over Lodore, look remarkably fine from here, and the bold phalanx of the Borrowdale mountains constitutes a worthy background.

Scafell Pike is distinguishable by its cairn and bracket-shaped summit; Scafell itself forms the right arm of the ridge, and the long, dashing sweep of Great Gable is conspicuous still more to the right. The whole of Derwentwater and Bassenthwaite is visible, but Catbells abruptly closes the prospect in front, Causey Pike and Grisedale Pike appearing to the right of it. Very much the same view, only more extensive in front and less so over Borrowdale, may be obtained by a slighter deviation, about half a mile higher up, where the road, after crossing a meadow and entering another wood, approaches very near to the headlong, giddy cliffs which beetle over Lodore. Two points of view are unmistakeable, lying only a few yards from the road, the latter just where it crosses the line of an old wall.

The region which we are now traversing affords the finest combination of wood and rock to be found in the Lake District. It is an attempt, and far from an unsuccessful one, to rival Scotland in a natural feature in which she is pre-eminent—glen scenery. The tourist who is not mad with hot haste to scale some mighty fell—or to accomplish an unheard-of number of miles in his day's walk—or carry off the Bowder Stone—will linger long in this "Paradise within a Paradise;" and he may wander about, "free as the highest bees on Furness Fell," gathering the honey of its beauty. Those who are in a hurry should eschew the place. It is too good for them.

Such as wish to shorten their walk without losing the best part of the scenery should cross the foot bridge which comes into view on the right of the road, about a mile beyond Ashness Bridge, just after emerging from the thick of the second wood, whence, working round a wood, they may descend by a winding path to the Borrowdale Hotel (3¾ m. from Keswick). By climbing a crag to the right of this track after it has left the side of the wood, a splendid view of Derwentwater and Bassenthwaite and their surroundings may be obtained. The falls of *High Lodore*, near the same spot, are very beautiful.

The road now proceeds along the bottom of the Watendlath valley, with the stream on the right hand, and steep, craggy hills on either side. *Watendlath* hamlet, consisting of a sprinkling of

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farmsteads, at one of which light refreshment can be had, is soon reached. The name is pronounced by the natives *Watenlath*, furnishing a striking instance of the local habit of emphasizing the first syllable at any price. As a rule, this habit is etymologically correct, for the same reason that justifies the accentuation of the last syllable further north, namely, that the particular and not the generic portion of the name should have the accent. The Scot says Braemar, and the Cumbrian "*Scawfle*," on the same principle. With the one the question is, *What* brae? with the other, *What* fell? The cockney southron or Midland counties man will be astonished to hear the chief Cumbrian seaport called *Whitehaven* (whence *Whit*'en), and yet that is undoubtedly the right pronunciation. We have been led into this digression by a strong sense of the obstinate pertinacity with which tourists import into the district, and, when there, cling to the wrong pronunciation of its best-known localities, *e.g.*, Loughrigg, Scafell, Bowness, all of which are as persistently emphasized on the last syllable as they ought to be on the first.

The pony-track for Borrowdale crosses the beck just below Watendlath Tarn, a sheet of water about a quarter of a mile all ways, and climbs the low ridge which separates Watendlath valley from Borrowdale. At the summit the Borrowdale mountains come into view with telling effect. Dale Head is just opposite, and the Pillar, on the far side of Ennerdale, pops up to the left of it, beyond the Honister depression. Brandreth, Green Gable, and Great Gable succeed, the latter always a grand object, but never more so than when, as from here, its long, steep eastern slope is seen contrasting with the precipices of its western declivity. Still more to the left are Lingmell, Scafell, and Great End, over the Styhead Pass to Wasdale. Then, in the foreground, comes the rugged Glaramara, keeping apart the two branches of Borrowdale—Seathwaite on the right, and Langstrath on the left—and over the latter peers the ever graceful peak of Bowfell. Looking back, the Helvellyn range cuts the eastern horizon.

Those who wish to go straight to the *Bowder Stone*, without calling at Rosthwaite, can do so by diverging through a wall on the right, about half way down the hill.

The track proceeds with a wall first on the right and then on the left, and skirting the upper side of a wood, drops into the main road a long half mile short of the Bowder Stone.

The whole descent to Rosthwaite village is very delightful, the grass being soft and velvety, and heather and wild flowers growing in abundance. Just before entering the village the track crosses the Langstrath beck. The inns are the Scafell and the Royal Oak (lately become Temperance). For the return journey to Keswick, see p. 106.

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Keswick to Windermere *by coach.* **Route 31. Maps V., X., I., III.**

	M.	Coach Fare.
Keswick to Thirlspot (*King's Head Inn*)	5½	1s. 6d.
,, ,, *Wythburn* (*Nag's Head Inn*)	8½	2s. 6d.
,, ,, *Grasmere* (*Hotels*)	12¼	4s. 6d.
,, ,, *Ambleside* (*Hotels*)	16½	5s. 6d.
,, ,, *Waterhead* (*Windermere*)	17	6s. 0d.
,, ,, *Windermere Station*	21¼	7s. 6d.

Inside seats are from 25 *to* 33 *per cent. extra.*

The distances are reckoned through Grasmere Village, which adds about a quarter of a mile to the direct route.

This drive is fully described the reverse way in the Windermere section (p. 64).

There are three or four through-coaches a day during the season, occupying from three to four hours on the journey. The last leaves Keswick about four o'clock.

Pedestrians will add greatly to the interest of their walk by adopting the divergence along the west side of Thirlmere as herein described. The road is much rougher, but the distance is very little increased.

Leaving Keswick, the road ascends for a mile and a half to *Castlerigg*, 700 ft. above sea level. Hence very beautiful views are obtained over Derwentwater and Bassenthwaite (for a full description see p. 70). Saddleback is a striking object on the left. The coaches usually ease the ascent from Keswick to Castlerigg by taking the Penrith road, along the Greta, for the first half mile, and then mounting the hill to the right.

For the next three miles the route is comparatively dull, being neither valley nor mountain pass. Helvellyn comes into view in front, and for some little distance its top, or all but its top, is visible at the same time as those of Skiddaw and Saddleback.

West side of Thirlmere.—Strike out of the main road to the right by a track leading to *Smeathwaite Farm*, a few yards short of the fourth milestone from Keswick. Pass by the buildings, and at a shed take the left hand track, which proceeds between Raven Crag and the stream issuing from Thirlmere. *Raven Crag*, the towering height with the fir planting on its summit, may be easily climbed by working to the right round its northern side.

The route soon overlooks Thirlmere, and on reaching its highest point, nearly 200 feet above the lake, reveals one of the most charming views in the district. The beautifully wooded knoll of Great How on the left, and the full length of the lake, narrowing in the middle distance, where it is crossed by Armboth Bridge, and then stretching far away in graceful river-like windings, is the main feature of the scene. Low wooded hills fringe its eastern shore, and above them rise the massive slopes of Helvellyn. On the western side a succession of picturesque crags descend almost to the water's edge. No view of Thirlmere from the main road can approach the one from this point in attractiveness, and Manchester is going to make a splendid dam all covered with trees close to it, and a brand new road, lined possibly with ultra-gothic semi-detached villas, in place of the rough and lonely old horse track and homely farmsteads of to-day. Lucky Thirlmere! Romantic Manchester!!

The track continues within a field's distance of the water, and after passing *Armboth House* (p. 69), and the path over Armboth Fell into Borrowdale on the right, skirts the shore for some distance. Presently it recedes and *Launchy Gill* opens on the right. This ravine is well worth exploring (see p. 69). About three-quarters of a mile beyond it the head of the lake is passed, and at some

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farm-houses, dignified by the title of "The City," the track bends to the left across two becks, beyond which a couple of fields may be crossed to the high road and *Wythburn* village (the Nag's Head is a few hundred yards higher up the pass), or the second beck may be recrossed and the high road gained at the top of *Dunmail Raise*, by pursuing a fairly straight course past three more farm-houses.

Nearly 4½ miles from Keswick the stream which issues from Thirlmere and threads the valley of St John is crossed at *Smeathwaite Bridge*. The *Castle Rock of Triermain* presents an imposing front on the left, and soon a vista of "the narrow valley of St. John," brought to a fine termination by the sharp ridges of Saddleback, forms a pleasing retrospect. The road up the valley converges just before the fifth milestone. The zigzag path, climbing the ravine from a white farm house on the left, is the Sticks Pass to Patterdale.

In another half mile we reach the pleasant little King's Head Inn at *Thirlspot*, whence is the shortest ascent of Helvellyn from Keswick. The road then makes a short ascent, from the top of which it drops suddenly down to the side of Thirlmere, whose shore it skirts till the head of the lake is reached in about a mile. The huge bulk of Helvellyn rises from it on the left all the way, but only the lower skirts of the mountain are visible. Almost a mile beyond the end of the lake are the church and inn of *Wythburn*, the latter a snug, comfortable little hostelry, and the handiest place for commencing the ascent of Helvellyn. The track is seen winding up the fell on the left.

The top of *Dunmail Raise* (783 ft. above sea level) is rather more than a mile beyond Wythburn. The Raise is between Steel Fell on the right and Seat Sandal on the left, which meet where the road crosses, and form a semicircle. It is the lowest depression in a chain of fells which extends west to east, from Wastwater and Ennerdale to the North Riding of Yorkshire. There is nothing particularly wild or grand about it, but the back view of Thirlmere when the summit level is gained, and the front one of the vale and lake of Grasmere, when the descent on the other side is commenced are both very charming.

From Dunmail Raise the road makes a long gradual descent to Grasmere. *Helm Crag* is conspicuous on the western side of the valley, and looked at from this direction, one of the famous rocks on its top certainly presents a grotesque appearance. Whether it resembles a mortar, or the astrologer, "Sage Sidrophel," we leave to the individual tourist's discretion, though we must admit that the angle at which the top ridge of the rock is placed is very suggestive of star-gazing.

Just before reaching the beck which descends from the other side of Seat Sandal, a little short of the eleventh milestone from Keswick, it is worth while to turn up the lane to the left by some farm buildings for a few minutes, in order to visit the sweet little force called *Tongue Gill*. After ascending for a few minutes, and passing a shed on the left, a narrow green path diverges to the right, along the steep side of the ravine. This leads to the force, which is not many yards further. This lane is also the commencement of the Grasmere ascent of Helvellyn.

The *Valley of Grasmere* is beautiful and rich all the way down.

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The main road goes by the Swan, and straight on to the Prince of Wales' Hotel, on the lake; but the road into the village strikes off a few yards short of the Swan, and passing the Red Lion and Rothay Hotels, and the church, rejoins the main road a little before the latter reaches the "Prince of Wales," thus describing two sides of a triangle. For a description of Grasmere see p. 86.

After passing Helm Crag, *Easedale* opens very beautifully on the right, and Sour Milk Gill is seen leaping down from the mountain recess in which lies Easedale Tarn. Loughrigg Fell is at the south end of the lake, and Silver How between it and Easedale.

(1) Pedestrians who are not paying a special visit to Grasmere on another occasion, should take the right-hand road from the church, which climbs the western side of the lake, and then either regain the main road by crossing Red Bank and the western side of Rydal Water (p. 37), or keep straight along the road by the west slope of Loughrigg, and Loughrigg Tarn, till they join the Ambleside and Langdale road (p. 36), about 2½ miles from Ambleside. In the latter case, when you have reached the highest point in the depression between Loughrigg Fell and Silver How, go a little way up the road to the right, till you pass the large modern house called *High Close*. Hence is a splendid view up the Langdales, and over Elterwater to Wetherlam and the other Lancashire fells (p. 37).

(2) The old Keswick and Ambleside road does not pass by the Prince of Wales' Hotel and the lake side, but branches off to the left a little short of the former, and crosses the rocky knoll which lies at the foot of Nab Scar, between Rydal and Grasmere, descending again into the present main road just as the former lake is reached. A full quarter of a mile is thus cut off.

The main road, after skirting the lake almost to its end, bends sharp to the left, and passes through the woody dell which the Rothay rattles along in its sparkling course from one lake to the other. *Nab Cottage* is soon passed on the left. Here Hartley Coleridge lived. Then comes the closely shut in village of *Rydal* and the richly timbered Rothay Valley. The glens of Rydale and Scandale descend on the left, and *Ambleside* (see p. 23) is quickly gained. Three quarters of a mile further on, the road reaches Windermere Lake at the *Waterhead* pier. Here passengers for Bowness and Lake side will do best to dismount. The head of Windermere now gradually comes into view. Wansfell shoots down its flowery side to the left of the road, and for the next mile or so, as far the *Low Wood Hotel*, the idle lapping of the waves on the stony shore is audible below on the right. From Low Wood there is an excellent view of the head of Windermere, but the prospect is immensely enhanced if you climb up the hill behind the hotel. For a description see p. 65.

Beyond Low Wood the road leaves the lake, and for pedestrians it is for a short time rather tiresome. In less than two miles, however, *Troutbeck Bridge* relieves the monotony, and the pure waters, chattering along their stony channel underneath it, are a refreshing sight. The road then climbs past the Sun Inn on the left, and up an avenue to the cross roads at the beginning of Windermere village.

No one should omit here to make a digression of a few hundred yards to the right, along the Bowness road, till the Miller Brow view of Windermere (p. 57) comes into sight.

From the cross roads (the left one is the beautiful Troutbeck

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route from Patterdale) the road rises, for rather more than half a mile, to Rigg's Hotel (p. 54) and Windermere Station.

Keswick to Ambleside, by the Stake Pass and Dungeon Gill. Route 32. Maps VI., VII., I.

To Rosthwaite (carriage road), 6½ *m. Rosthwaite to Dungeon Gill (bridle path)*, 3—3½ *hrs. Dungeon Gill to Ambleside (carriage road), by Great Langdale*, 7½ *m*; *by Little Langdale*, 9½ *m.*

Pony and guide from Rosthwaite to Dungeon Gill, about 15*s.*

For the route as far as Rosthwaite, see p. 106. Hence take the first lane to the left, about half a mile beyond the village. In another 200 yards, when the road turns at right angles for the church, make a short cut straight ahead across the fields. Then pass as direct as possible through the hamlet of Stonethwaite, and, at the last house, take to the fields again, thus avoiding the rough cart road above. The path, keeping the stream on the left, turns in about another mile sharp to the right round the base of a steep crag.

The *Langstrath* valley, which it now enters, is perhaps the most desolate in the Lake district. About a quarter of a mile up it, leave the cart track, cross the beck by a footbridge, and keep it on the right all the way up the valley. The path is well marked, but very rough. The rugged slope of Glaramara, which separates Langstrath from the main Borrowdale valley, flanks the former throughout its entire course. About two miles after crossing the main stream the path crosses a tributary beck, which has been seen descending the opposite fell, in a series of falls, for some time. Here care is required. The main valley veers to the right, and ascends to Angle Tarn, beside which the track from Dungeon Gill to Wasdale passes. Our path over the *Stake Pass* zigzags up in a line with our previous route, keeping the tributary beck just mentioned on the left. At the point of divergence are a wooden bridge and a few trees, also the remnants of a sign post. The top of the pass is soon reached, and then comes a mile or so of sloppy and humpy high plateau, after which the path crosses a beck which descends into Langdale. The fells surrounding the head of Langdale are now in view. Just in front, across the valley, is the peaked summit of Bowfell, lord of the scene; beyond it, on the left, Crinkle Crags and the comparatively isolated Pike o' Blisco. Immediately on our left, and rising from the ridge over which we are travelling, is Pike o' Stickle, looking like a huge thimble.

As we zigzag downwards, with the beck on our left, the Langdale valley opens up, and the pikes on the left of it begin to show their "Windermere" side. Strange as it may seem, they literally have no other, being quite lost to the north and west in long stretches of moorland of equal, or almost equal height.

At the bottom of the pass a sheepfold is reached, and here the track down Rossett Gill from Wasdale Head converges. Hence a pleasant grassy walk of about two miles leads to the Old Dungeon Gill Hotel. For the rest of the route to Windermere, see p. 35.

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Keswick to Grasmere, by Borrowdale or Watendlath, Routes 33—35. Maps VI., X., I.

There are three ordinary routes by which the pedestrian who wishes to bring in some fell work between Keswick and Grasmere may accomplish his purpose. Of these the most laborious is through Borrowdale, Greenup, and Far Easedale, the easiest by Watendlath and Armboth Fell, and the shortest by Watendlath and Harrop Tarn. The "fell" part of all these excursions is of little interest in itself, being across the somewhat featureless range which extends northwards from the Langdale Pikes to the neighbourhood of Keswick. As compensation, however, they disclose, one and all, a succession of very fine distant prospects. As they have all been fully described the reverse way in the Grasmere section (p. 91), we shall content ourselves here with giving such bare instructions as are necessary for the proper guidance of the traveller.

1. By Borrowdale, Greenup, and Far Easedale. Route 33.

Keswick to Rosthwaite (inns), 6½ m; Stonethwaite, 7¼ m. (carriage road so far).

Stonethwaite to Grasmere village, 2½—3½ hrs; distance, about 7 m; pony track. Top of Greenup Edge, 2,000 ft.

Pony and guide from Rosthwaite to Grasmere, about 15s.

The road as far as Rosthwaite is fully described on p. 106. About half a mile beyond Rosthwaite, turn to the left along the road leading to the Stake Pass and Langdale. Stonethwaite is a short distance further on, and you may reach it in almost a direct line by taking a footpath across a couple of fields where the road turns sharp to the right in the direction of the little church, which supplies the combined spiritual wants of Rosthwaite and Stonethwaite. At the latter hamlet, cross the beck by a stone bridge on the left, and then follow the lane side by side with the stream. In about a mile the Langstrath opening, leading to Langdale, diverges between two finely cut crags on the right. The Greenup track goes straight on up the valley in front. In about a quarter of an hour, when you have passed through a gate with a sheepfold on the far side of it, keep near the left-hand branch of the gill for a while. Numerous moraine heaps now appear, and the path is very intermittent. A little up the gill you will see a forlorn-looking tree. Leave this on the left hand, and then make for a prominent rock, called *Lining Crag*, some way higher up the valley. Climb near the runnel on the left of this crag. At the top of the steep part a succession of small cairns begins, turning sharp to the left when the summit of the pass, which is the depression between Ullscarf and High Raise, is reached. From the summit you look over the upper part of the Wythburn valley and a small ridge beyond, down to Helm Crag and Grasmere. Looking back westwards, Honister Crag presents a striking appearance over the northern slope of Glaramara.

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From the top of the pass *Great Langdale* may be easily reached by bending to the right and crossing High White Stones, whence there is a grand mountain view, with Great Gable especially prominent, and Sergeant Man, the latter a rocky excrescence crowned by an obeliskal cairn. Descend thence to *Stickle Tarn*, leaving the prominent height of Harrison Stickle on the right, and follow the course of the beck issuing from the tarn, to the Dungeon Gill New Hotel.

From the top of Greenup, be careful not to descend the Wythburn valley on the left, but cross the little ridge beyond it, and then you can have no further difficulty in reaching Grasmere, which is visible at the bottom of the Easedale valley. The path reappears some way down the latter depression.

2. By Watendlath, Harrop Tarn, and Dunmail Raise. Route 34.

Keswick to Watendlath, 5 *m.* (*carriage road*).
Watendlath to Grasmere, 3—3½ *hrs*; *distance*, *about* 8 *m.* *Highest point*, *about* 1,700 *ft.*

The walking distance may be shortened nearly four miles by crossing the beck to the Nag's Head Inn, at Wythburn, and taking coach or carriage thence to Grasmere.

The route, as far as Watendlath, is described on p. 120. Tourists who wish to include a visit to the Bowder Stone and Borrowdale in the excursion may do so, at the cost of an hour's extra walk, by crossing the fells between Rosthwaite and Watendlath, over which there is a good pony track (p. 122).

From Watendlath hamlet, climb the zigzag path up the fell to the left for about ten minutes. Then, where the ascent becomes more gradual, turn sharp to the right and keep along the upper side of the highest wall, over which you look down into the valley and tarn. Hence there is no trustworthy path until you reach Harrop Tarn. Go on, in a south-easterly direction, till you see a dismal sheet of water in the midst of a peat bog. This is another *Blea Tarn*, and must be left considerably on the right hand. Climb slightly beyond it, and you will soon look down upon *Harrop Tarn* and the smiling vale of Wythburn, with its sprinkling of rustic cottages, a little to the left of your previous course. Pass close by the northern shore of the tarn, on which you will find a lovely spot for a "plunge," if that way inclined, and cross the stream close to where it issues from the lake. Thence, skirting the craggy ground on the right, you will soon reach a cart track, whence you may either proceed over the main beck to the Nag's Head Inn, or follow its course till it joins the coach road on the top of Dunmail Raise.

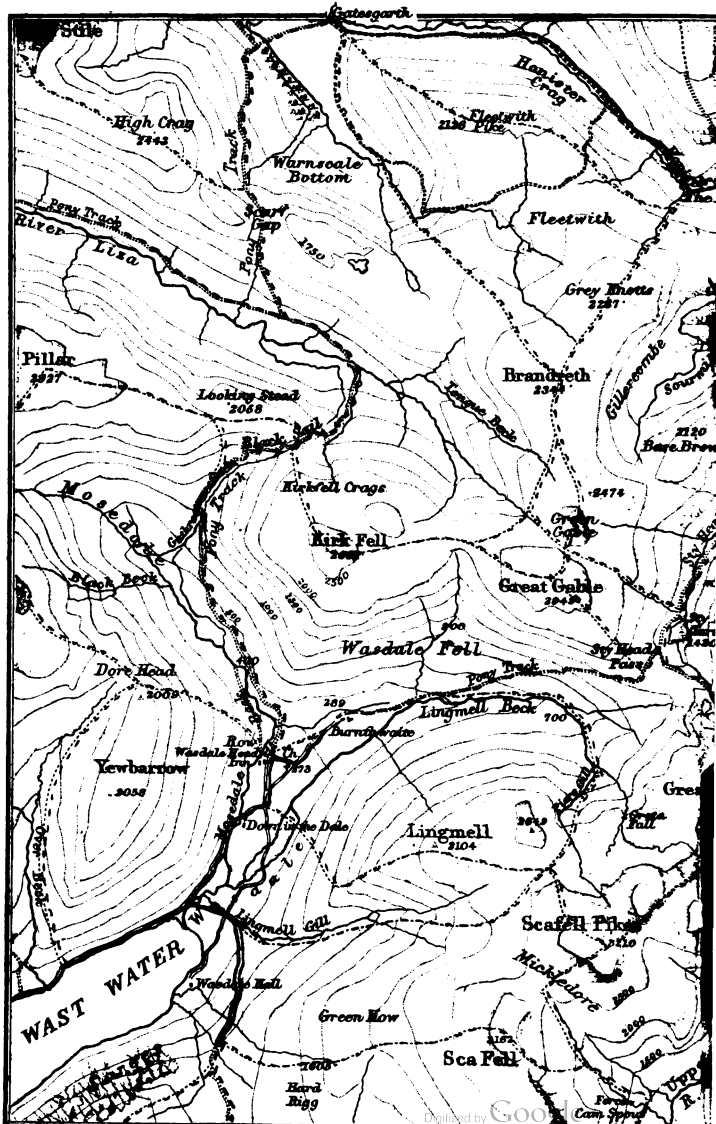
3. By Watendlath and Armboth Fell. Route 35.

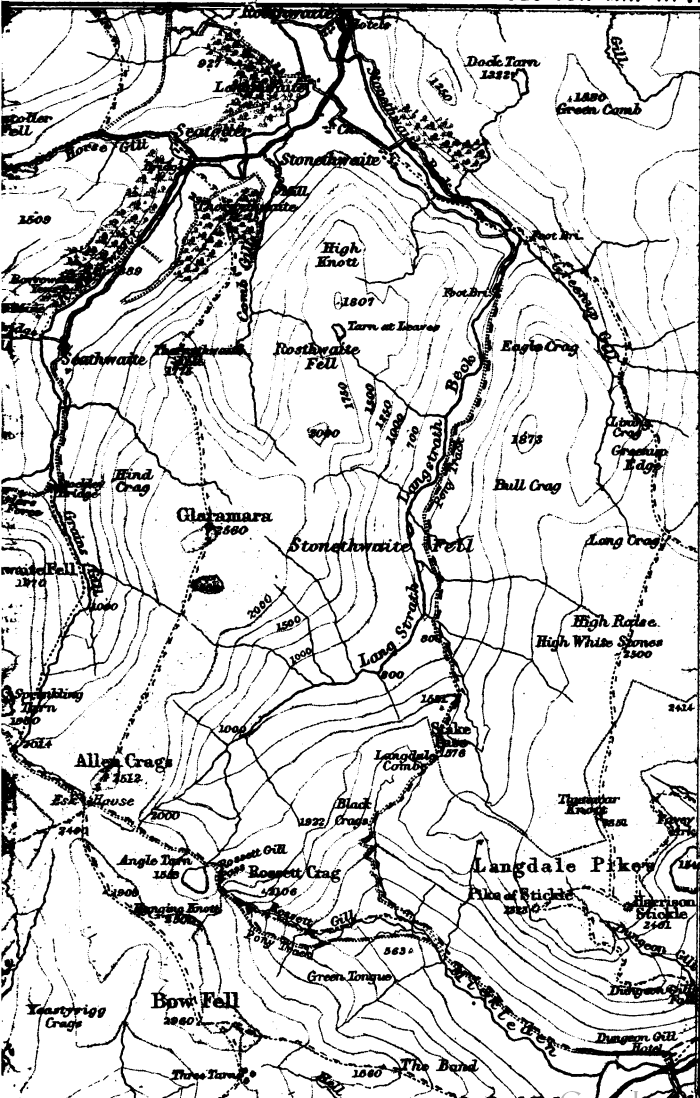
Keswick to Watendlath (*carriage road*), 5 *m.* *Watendlath to Wythburn* (*pony track*), 2—3 *hrs.* *Wythburn to Grasmere* (*coach road*), 4 *m.* *Total distance*, 14 *m.* *Time*, 4½—5½ *hrs.* *Highest point*, 1665 *ft.*

The road to Watendlath is described on p. 120. Thence the track, though indistinct in places, in consequence of the boggy nature of the ground, cannot well be lost, if the traveller keep

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Stile
Gatesgarth
Honister Crag
High Crag
2743
Fleetwith
2126 Pike
Warnscale Bottom
Track
Foot Track
Pass
1750
Fleetwith
Grey Knotts
2287
River Lisa
Pillar
2927
Looking Stead
2058
Brandreth
2344
Gillercombe
Sourfoot
Bare Brow
2120
Tongue Beck
Black Sail
Moss Door
Kirkfell Crags
2474
Kirk Fell
2631
Great Gable
2949
Wasdale Fell
Dore Head
2053
Lingmell Beck
Burnthwaite
Yewbarrow
2058
Wasdale Head
Dow Crag
2628
Lingmell
2104
Scafell Pike
3210
Mickledore
Wast Water
Lingmell Gill
Green How
Sca Fell
2760
Hard Rigg
Cam Spout
Upper R.
English Miles


Rosthwaite
Hotels
Dock Tarn
1232
Gill
1880
Green Comb
Lodore Falls
Scafell
Stonethwaite
Comb
Rosthwaite Fell
1509
High Knott
1807
Foot Bri.
Tarn at Leaves
Eagle Crag
Seathwaite
Rosthwaite Fell
Langstrath Beck
1873
Gimmer Crag
Grasmire Edge
Bird Crag
Glaramara
2560
Bull Crag
Stonethwaite Fell
Lang Crag
High Raise
High White Stones
2500
Lang Strath
Sprinkling Tarn
Allen Crags
2512
Esk Hause
Angle Tarn
Rossett Gill
Rossett Crag
Black Crags
1922
Langdale Combs
Pike of Stickle
Harrison Stickle
Pavey Ark
Tarn
Langdale Pikes
Bowfell
Green Tongue
Dungeon Gill
Hotel
Three Tarns
The Band
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resolutely on eastwards in the same direction as he climbs the steep pitch, on issuing from the hamlet. A little more than half way he will cross a runnel, and shortly afterwards reach a wood, by the north side of which the path descends to *Yew How*, a farmstead on the cart track which skirts the west side of Thirlmere. Thence he may either cross the bridge over the lake, and taking the left turn on the other side, reach the King's Head Inn, at Thirlspot, or he may proceed southwards to Dunmail Raise and Grasmere, either by a direct route, or by crossing into the coach road at a farm called "The City," a little beyond the south end of the lake.

Keswick to Wasdale Head by Sty Head Pass. Route 36. Maps VI, VII.

Keswick to Seatoller, 8*m*; *Seathwaite*, 9½ *m*; *Sty Head Tarn*, 11½ *m*; *Wasdale Head*, 14 *m*.

Height of Sty Head Pass, 1,600 *ft*. *Time from Seathwaite to Wasdale Head*, 1¾—2¼ *hrs*. *Carriages can go as far as Seathwaite, and ponies the whole way.*

The route has already been described as far as Seatoller (p. 105), to which point it is identical with the Buttermere excursion.

A hundred yards or so before the long white lodging house of *Seatoller* is reached (1½ m. beyond Rosthwaite), a gate on the left opens on to a lane, which passes between a wood and the main stream of the Derwent to Seathwaite, crossing it about half way.

A gateway on the right, close to, and before crossing the bridge, leads to the famous *yews*, the "fraternal four of Borrowdale." They are near the side of the beck, about a quarter of a mile from the bridge. The main route may be regained by proceeding on along the track by the old plumbago mines, to which the Keswick pencils once owed their fame, and recrossing the stream just opposite the hamlet of Seathwaite, by a footbridge. Close to the crossing, one of the numerous Sour Milk Gills of the district descends by a series of small cataracts into the main stream from the wild upland valley of *Gillercombe*, which lies between Base Brown, Brandreth, and Green Gable. This *détour* is well worth making, the yews being the finest in the Lake District.

Seathwaite is principally remarkable for rain and collie dogs. The latter are apt in the winter time, when the passers-by are few and far between, to accord them a disagreeably demonstrative reception. The annual rainfall averages nearly 150 inches, and surpasses that of any other habitable spot in the country.

As we leave the hamlet, we are closely hemmed in by the steep slopes of Glaramara on the left and Base Brown on the right. The precipices of Great End, the northern buttress of Scafell, fill up the valley in front. Some distance ahead *Taylor Gill Force* descends between our track and Base Brown. Two hundred yards after its waters join the main stream, our path crosses the latter at *Stockley Bridge* (the valley straight ahead is *Grain Gill*, the shortest and roughest way up to Esk Hause and Scafell Pike), and passing through a gate, pursues a tortuous course up the fell on the right, drawing gradually nearer to Taylor Gill. When it has climbed to the level of the top of the force it becomes comparatively flat; Lingmell appears in front, and Scafell Pike to the

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right of it. After crossing to the right hand side of the beck, we pass *Sty Head Tarn* on the left. The streamlet which crosses our path just before reaching the tarn comes down the depression between Green Gable and Great Gable.*

We are now in the very heart of the wildest scenery of England. There is an almost savage grandeur in the prospect all round, such as few who have not experienced it could imagine to exist at so small an elevation as 1,400 feet above sea level. There is no more striking illustration in the district of the characteristic rapidity of the changes from "gay to grave, from lively to severe." The tourist who, at 9 o'clock, may be breakfasting at Keswick in the midst of the richest and most varied scenery of his native country, finds himself by mid-day in her sternest recesses, without a sign of cultivation or other human agency within his view; in a scene possessed entirely by bare crag, steep fell, and the dark, still waters of a silent tarn.

Soon after passing the tarn, the track over Esk Hause to Rossett Gill and Langdale strikes off on the left. The boggy character of the ground makes it very indistinct at first. Then a pile of stones marks the top of the pass, and the path, sweeping round the side of Great Gable to the right, commences the steep, stony descent to Wasdale Head.

A rough descent may be made from near the top of the pass into the valley in front, and then the course of the stream followed to Wasdale Head, or when the bottom is reached, the stream may be crossed, and an ascent made by the left hand side of the opposite beck (coming down from Lingmell), the general direction to be followed being that of the previous route by Sty Head Tarn. About half a mile up the beck is *Piers Gill*, the deepest, narrowest, and most striking ravine in the district. The bed of the torrent may be climbed for some distance.

From the top of the pass to the first farm house in the dale (*Burnthwaite*, lately become a temperance inn) the distance is about 1¾ miles. Thence a cart road leads to the church, which, if not the smallest, is certainly the least pretentious ecclesiastical edifice in England. From it a path to the right, across a field, leads straight to the *Wasdale Head Inn*, a hostelry which, in proportion to its size, has probably sheltered, at one time or other, more men of "light and leading" than any other one in the country. A corner may be cut off by taking a path across the fields, which commences at a stile about 300 yards beyond the Burnthwaite Temperance Inn.

Buttermere or Scale Hill to the Angler's Inn, Ennerdale, by Floutern Tarn. Route 37. Maps VI., VIII.

Distance, 6 *m.* *Time* 2½—3 *hrs.* *Pony track.* *Height of Pass*, 1,300 *ft.*

Both of these routes are rather tiresome—the Buttermere one especially—in consequence of the quantity of bog to be crossed. The scenery is not of a high order, but tourists who wish to see

* Near here there is a small "Bowder Stone,"—an infant in years and size when compared with its "big brother."—some little distance to the left of the track. It rolled down Green Gable many years ago.

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Ennerdale will find these the most convenient approaches from the Keswick part of the district, and they may obtain ample amends for any temporary disappointment by "following up" with the glorious walk from the Angler's Inn at Ennerdale over the Pillar (p. 178), or the Steeple, or both, to Wasdale Head.

The two routes converge a little more than half way, and shortly before reaching Floutern (pronounced Flootern) Tarn.

(1) *From Buttermere.*—Follow either of the Scale Force routes (p. 111) as far as the Force itself. Thence travel westward, keeping well up on the fell side to avoid the boggy ground on the right. The cart track from Scale Hill is seen coming up on the right between Mellbreak and Hencombe. In front is the low ridge which you have to surmount. Cross the bog as near to its upper end as possible, and join the Scale Hill track at a gate in a wire fence.

(2) *From Scale Hill.*—Take the road to Loweswater Village, which diverges from the main road to Loweswater Lake by the second turn to the left after crossing the Cocker. Leave the *Loweswater Church* and *Inn* on the right; cross the beck which connects Loweswater and Crummock, and proceed by the cart track between Mellbreak on the left and Hencombe on the right, keeping the Mosedale Beck on the right for about two miles, and then crossing it. Loweswater is a pleasing object during the ascent from the bridge. Soon after crossing the beck, the track winds round to the right and passes through a gate in a wire fence, at which point it is joined by the Buttermere route.

From the point of convergence the track loses its definiteness; but by climbing the fell with the fence a little to the left, you will soon come in sight of *Floutern Tarn* on the same side. It is a dreary sheet of water with but little of the picturesque about it, except the craggy slope of Herdhouse on its southern side. During the ascent there is a pleasant retrospect over Buttermere Hause, with Robinson and Whiteless Pike on its right and left hand respectively, and part of the Helvellyn range forming the distant sky line.

On reaching the watershed just beyond the tarn, the scene opens eastward, and, until Ennerdale Lake appears in the foreground, it has anything but an inviting appearance. A veritable "black country" extends over the comparative flats to the sea, and the prospect is soon further disfigured by a huge chimney close to the outlet of Ennerdale Lake.

The track, but faintly marked, proceeds through three iron gates, the first of which is about 50 yards to the right of a square corner in the fence. It keeps a beck descending into Ennerdale a short distance on the left for a mile or so. The Angler's Inn on the margin of the lake soon comes into view. In descending keep it slightly left of the line of your course, and pass from the open fell through a gate which brings you on to a green cart track and footpath. Avoid a lane on the left, and about 200 yards further, when you come to cross roads, enter a field by the first gate on the left beyond the cottage at the corner. Hence descend

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to the lake side, which you will reach a few hundred yards east of the Angler's Inn.

Reverse Route (No. 38). **Angler's Inn, Ennerdale, to Buttermere or Scale Hill, by Floutern Tarn.** Maps VIII. —VI.

Time 2½—3 *hrs. Distance* 6 *m. Pony track all the way. Height of pass* 1300 *ft.*

The Scale Hill route is by far the "best going" of these two, and affords the tourist the opportunity of continuing his journey to Buttermere by the beautiful walk along the shores of Crummock Water.

From the Angler's Inn skirt the lake eastwards for a few hundred yards, and then, after passing through a gate, strike up a field to the left. This brings you out on to the road at a gate a little to the left of a cottage. Pass the cottage and cross the road, proceeding up a lane, which soon brings you to another fork. Here take the green watery lane in front. From this you will soon emerge on to the open fell, which you must attack at once. Go straight ahead in the direction of your previous course. The pony track winds slightly round to the right. Keep the beck which you will shortly see, well on your right hand, and proceed along the faintly marked path which passes through three iron gates, the last one being near the highest point of the walk, and about 50 yards to the left of a square corner in a wire fence. A green "tump" is noticeable in front; this should be kept well on the left. Near the summit *Floutern Tarn* comes into view, with the pyramid of Red Pike rising over the ridge beyond it. Then, as you descend, keeping the wire fence above mentioned about 50 yards to the right, the depression of Buttermere Hause appears in front, with Robinson on its right hand and Whiteless Pike and Grasmoor on the left, the Helvellyn range cutting the far horizon. You will shortly reach a gate in the fence, after passing through which travellers to *Scale Hill* will find no difficulty in tracing the cart track, which works round to the left, and after crossing the Mosedale beck, descends between Mellbreak and Hencombe to Loweswater village. Here there is a snug little inn, beyond which you leave the church on the left, and turn to the right a short distance further down the road which, after crossing the Cocker, ascends in a few hundred yards to Scale Hill Hotel.

For *Buttermere* cross the bog to the opposite fell-side, as soon as you can after passing the last mentioned gate, and proceed along it past the gorge in which lies Scale Force—only a few yards from the track (p. 111). Hence descend to the south-west corner of Crummock Water, and follow a sloppy track alongside of the stream connecting Buttermere and Crummock Water, till you come to a stone bridge, which takes you on to a cart track leading across the meadows to Buttermere Village.

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Buttermere to Keswick, by Honister Pass. Route 39. Map VI.

To Gatesgarth (farm house) 2 *m*; *Top of Honister Hause* (1,190 *ft.*) 4½ *m*; *Seatoller*, 6 *m*; *Rosthwaite* (2 *inns*), 7½ *m*; *Bowder Stone*, 9 *m*; *Borrowdale Hotel*, 10½ *m*; *Lodore Hotel*, 11 *m*; *Keswick* (*Market Place*), 14 *m*; *Station*, 14¼ *m*. *Height of Pass*, 1,190 *ft.*

Carriages are seldom taken over the Honister Pass in this direction, the last part of the ascent being so rough and steep as in many cases to render the passage all but impracticable.

The route from Keswick to Buttermere has been fully described (p. 105), and as there is no fear of losing the way we shall merely give the barest details of the reverse route.

Quitting Buttermere village, take the right hand road along the north-east side of Buttermere Lake. The villa of *Hasness* is passed in about a mile, and the farm house of *Gatesgarth* in two miles. Between this and Seatoller there is no house. Just beyond the top of the hause Glaramara comes into view in front, and beyond it the Helvellyn range. On leaving the open fell about a mile beyond the hause, a steep descent is made to *Seatoller*, between which and Keswick there is nothing which the tourist will find any difficulty in comprehending from the description of the reverse route, commencing on page 105.

A *détour*, which may include the ascent of *Castle Crag*, may be made by taking a path on the left shortly after leaving the open fell on the way down to Seatoller. It leads along the slope of the western fells of Borrowdale between Gatb Crag on the left, and a woody knoll, followed by Castle Crag, to *Grange*, where the river may be crossed, and the regular road, along the east side of Derwentwater, resumed; or the route along the west side of the same lake under Catbells taken, for a description of which see p. 103.

Buttermere to Wasdale Head, by Scarf Gap and Black Sail. Route 40. Maps, VI., VII.

Carriage road to Gatesgarth, 2 *m*; *from Buttermere. Bridle path from Gatesgarth to Wasdale Head*, 2½—3½ *hrs. Heights of Passes—Scarf Gap*, 1,400 *ft.*; *Black Sail*, 1,800 *ft.* (*approximate.*)

Travellers to Wasdale Head should certainly go or return by this route.

The distance is not more than 9 miles altogether, but from no other trodden path in the district is the rugged grandeur of the wildest of the lake mountains so fully revealed. Scafell, the Pillar, and Great Gable appear to the greatest advantage, and the dip down into Ennerdale—the wildest, loneliest, and yet by no means the gloomiest of English valleys—is full of delight.

From Buttermere the pedestrian may take which side of the lake he chooses. As a variety, we recommend the path along the southern side, which starts from the village by the lane on the left (Buttermere) side of the "Fish." A track traverses the meadows and the beck which connects Buttermere and Crummock, and after crossing the stream, turns left along the southern shore of the lake. Red Pike, High Stile, and High Crag tower above it in very

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imposing fashion, and fine views of the two lakes and their surrounding fells are obtained at various points. The northern route follows the Honister road as far as the farm house of *Gatesgarth*, two miles from the village, whence, passing through the gate and crossing the stone bridge, it traverses a couple of fields which form part of the strath at the head of the lake, and, after converging with the southern track just beyond a foot bridge, commences the ascent of *Scarf Gap* at once. The passage into Ennerdale is made over the dip between High Crag on the right and Haystacks on the left. Some of the road is very rough. Descending into the valley, we have Kirkfell just opposite to us, with Great Gable forming a fine head-piece on its left, and the massive ribs of the Pillar farther down the valley to the right. The famous Pillar Rock is on the northern or Ennerdale slope of the mountain, a few hundred feet below the summit.

Most tourists will have read of the lamentable accident which occurred on this rock in the spring of 1878, and though the age of the unfortunate victim may be adduced as an argument for not drawing a moral from it, there can be little doubt that the reason why the ascent is attempted is the very one which ought to prevent it: viz., the remote chance of a catastrophe. To *have* incurred risk in the past is to some people a greater satisfaction than to avoid it in the present.

As we descend, the most natural outlet on the other side of the valley appears to be the dip between Great Gable and Kirkfell, that is, on the left of Kirkfell; the real one is on the right, between Kirkfell and the Pillar, but the pass is hidden by a projecting spur of the Pillar. This should be remembered in ascending on the other side. After affording a view of Ennerdale Lake, far down the valley to the right, with the greensward of Gillerthwaite at its head, in charming contrast with the sterility around, the path descends to the bottom of the valley, and then, instead of crossing the stream at once, proceeds some way up till it passes some sheds, beyond which it crosses and ascends, with a beck on the left hand side nearly the whole way.

When the summit of *Black Sail* is gained Kirkfell Crags rise boldly on the left, and a fine view of the south side of the Pillar, Red Pike, and Yewbarrow opens up across the Mosedale Valley in front.

As the path works round to the left into *Mosedale*, the precipices of Scafell itself tower like a huge castellated fortress over the Wasdale Valley, quite eclipsing Scafell Pike. Few things can be imagined grander than this sudden burst of England's greatest mountain.

The *Wasdale Head Inn* soon appears below, and the path leads down the valley straight to it, keeping the Mosedale Beck on the right hand all the way.

Wasdale Head. As it is only from its lower end that the lake of Wastwater can be properly seen, we have described it in the first route approaching it from that direction, viz.: that from Ambleside to Wasdale Head, (p. 46).

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It now only remains for us to say a few words about Wasdale Head itself. Situated in a deep depression formed by the loftiest and steepest mountains in England, and with no natural outlet except the narrow one along which the lake leaves little more room than is sufficient for the road to pass, Wasdale Head is perhaps the wildest of all the inhabited spots in our country. The green patches of cultivation, intersected by stone walls, and the half-dozen farmsteads, each claiming by name and position its individuality, are scarcely strong enough features in the scene to relieve it of its pervading severity of aspect, caused by the mass and close proximity of the mountains; and it is only when the lake itself comes into prominent play, or the fell sides are exceptionally chequered with light and shade that the prospect can be called strictly beautiful. The *maximum* population of Wasdale Head during the last 20 years has been 42. It boasts of a church which, if not positively the smallest in England, is certainly the quaintest.

There can be but little doubt that human association has materially assisted Nature in establishing the renown of Wasdale Head. The name of William Ritson, who was for many years landlord of the Wasdale Head Inn, and who only retired from "public" life in 1879, is known in every county, probably in every town in England. He was the "Cumberland Statesman" to the marrow of the backbone. An intercourse with almost every class of society, extending over two generations of men, had not the slightest perceptible influence in changing either his manners or his dialect. An inveterate and, at the same time consistent foe to modern luxury,—some visitors to the Wasdale Head Inn during his long reign, may have added to modern comfort,—this "old man eloquent" seated on a rude wooden bench in his own unevenly paved kitchen, held forth to visitors of every degree, and few who have ever listened to his famous anecdotes, with sufficient grasp of the dialect to understand them, can have failed to be impressed either by the wonderful tenacity of memory which reproduced events of 30 or 40 years ago, as clearly and with as much regard to picturesque detail as if they happened yesterday, or by the terseness and quaint humour of the language in which they were related. Many a public speaker "inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity" might have studied his trade with advantage at Wasdale Head under the tutelage of William Ritson. Nor did this power arise from his having concentrated his thoughts on one or two subjects. His tales were as varied as they were numerous, and it was seldom that a topic could be introduced upon which he would not have some original opinion to offer. The stories of the wrestling match with Professor Wilson, of the miserly Eskdale parson, and the famous pony race down Sty Head, are only a few of a host of Cumbrian "idylls," which will, we hope, be preserved, though they can never be seasoned by a copyist with the "salt" imparted to them by their author.

We do not like to conclude our notice without testifying to the readiness and sacrifice of personal comfort with which William

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Ritson has unvaryingly lent a helping hand in the many cases of more or less serious mishap which have occurred on the neighbouring fells, during his long residence at Wasdale Head. We write this from personal experience, with which, however, we will not trouble our reader. The subject of our brief notice, though retired from public life, has not left his native dale, and we trust that it will be many years ere the shadow of Scafell fall for the last time on the best-known representative of a type of Englishman, which is, alas, being rapidly "civilised" out of the country,—the Cumberland Statesman.

Round Wastwater by the Screes. This is an interesting walk of from 4 to 6 hours, the view down the Screes and across the lake from the long line of precipice which overhangs them both being very fine.

Follow the Burnmoor Tarn route (p. 140) for about half an hour, and then turn up the ridge of the Screes, after the wall on the right has ceased, and near some ruined sheds. The route is unmistakeable as far as the other end of the lake, about half a mile beyond which, a steep descent may be made by *Hawl Gill*, down the lower part of which a zigzag green path may be discovered. A bridge over the Irt, the stream issuing from Wastwater, will be noticed at the end of the woods of Wasdale Hall. Cross this bridge and proceed either to Strands or back to Wasdale Head according to the directions on page 46.

Wasdale Head to Ambleside, by Esk Hause (2,370 ft), **and Dungeon Gill.** Route 41. Maps VII., I.

Wasdale Head to Dungeon Gill Old Hotel, 3½ *hrs*; (*bridle path*). *Pony and guide, about* 15*s*. *Dungeon Gill* (*Old Hotel*) *to New Hotel*, 1 *m*; *Ambleside*, 7½ *m*. (*carriage road.*)

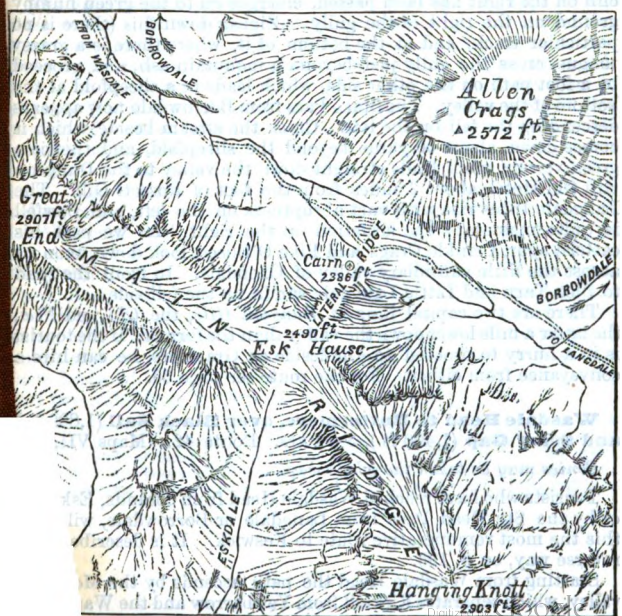
This is considerably the shortest route from Wastwater to the Windermere and Grasmere district, and one of the finest "pass" expeditions in Lakeland.

As far as the top of Sty Head (1,600 ft.) the route is the same as to Borrowdale (p. 142). A little further, and about 100 yards before reaching Sty Head Tarn, it turns abruptly to the right, crossing some very boggy ground, which makes the first part of it difficult to trace. It then climbs a small depression in the fells, from which the principal feeder of the tarn descends. Crossing this beck in about a quarter of an hour, keep it close on the right till you recross it at the point of its outflow from *Sprinkling Tarn*, (p. 51). The precipices of Great End to the right hand are very fine about here. From Sprinkling Tarn the path goes on ascending, and very soon passes a ravine on the left, down which one of the tributary becks of Borrowdale flows. This is *Ruddy Gill*, and is so called from the red colour of the rock exposed to view. Down it a glorious view now opens over the end of Borrowdale and Derwentwater, to Skiddaw and Saddleback, with the beautiful little Castle Crag popping up in the midst of the valley. The path continues upwards, with the beck on the left hand, to the summit of

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the *Eskhause* ridge. Everything is perfectly plain in clear weather, but if the clouds are about (and no place we fancy would have been dearer than Esk Hause to the "cloud-compeller" of the Homeric story) the tourist will do well to remember the following facts :—

Esk Hause is the depression between Great End and Hanging Knott, portions of the Scafell and Bowfell groups of mountains respectively, both of which are kept on the right during the whole of the present route. Its summit (2,490 ft.) is the watershed of Borrowdale to the north, and Eskdale to the south. Consequently the track from Wasdale to Langdale, which bears, generally speaking, from west to east does not actually cross the main ridge, but runs parallel to it, a few hundred yards on the Borrowdale side, and about 100 feet below the level of the hause itself. Oddly enough, the waters from both sides of the lateral ridge which our present route crosses, though starting in exactly opposite directions, find their way into the same valley—Borrowdale,—and it is probably ignorance or disregard of this fact which has caused so many people to go wrong at or about this particular spot, when from bad weather or other causes they have lost sight of the path. These remarks will, we hope, be rendered intelligible by the subjoined map.



Hence it will be seen that the things to be avoided are: first, descending into Eskdale on the right; secondly, dropping down to Borrowdale on the left. The cairn is a conspicuous object on the lateral ridge, but is some few yards to the right of the track, so far from it that in thick weather it is possible for people to pass by without noticing it. We have ourselves known this to occur. Windermere is visible in front on reaching the summit. Just past the cairn the path becomes very indistinct, but is soon met with again. After about 10 minutes' descent, the first beck descending to Langstrath, (the eastern arm of Borrowdale) is passed. Then a slight ascent, and another drop to the second beck, flowing into the same valley. This stream issues from *Angle Tarn*, and is crossed about 30 yards from the water's edge. Hence is a short steep rise to the top of *Rossett Gill*, the descent of which has, at first sight, a very formidable appearance. The sharp peak of Pike O'Blisco, and Wetherlam, filling up the gap between it and Bowfell, here come into view on the right. The pony track veers off in the same direction, but pedestrians should go straight down the narrow stony ravine, at the bottom of which the green pastures of Great Langdale are visible. There is a rough broken track among the boulders, which, when in about 10 minutes a precipitous cliff on the right has been passed, emerges on to the green humpy ground on the right of the gully. Zigzag down this (there is no particular track) and at the bottom of it, where there is a grassy tongue, cross the gully just beyond a mountain ash, and proceed by a foot path on the other side, which leads to a sheepfold at the bottom of the valley. The Stake Pass from Borrowdale now appears descending the fell on the left. Cross the stream beside which it comes down, about 50 yards beyond the sheepfold, and thence a green velvety track leads straight down the valley to the Dungeon Gill Old Hotel, about 2 miles from the foot of Rossett Gill. The Langdale Pikes rise with vast abruptness on the left, and Bowfell is quite master of the situation on the right. As we pass his eastern spur, Crinkle Crags and Pike O'Blisco look down upon us across the little subsidiary valley of Oxendale. In front the road to Blea Tarn and Little Langdale winds up the fell side.

There are two capital inns at *Dungeon Gill*, the *Old* and *New*, the latter a mile lower down the valley than the former. If the tourist is in a hurry to proceed to Ambleside or Grasmere, he can hire a conveyance from either. For the route see page 35.

Wasdale Head to Buttermere, over Black Sail (1,800 ft.) **and Scarf Gap** (1,400 ft.), 3—4 *hrs.* Route 42. Maps VII, VI.

Ponies may be taken the whole way.

Tourists who have reached Wasdale Head from Strands, Eskdale, or by the Sty Head Pass from Langdale or Borrowdale, will find this the most remunerative route to Keswick. It is described, the reverse way, on p. 133.

Starting from Wasdale Head the path ascends by the Mosedale valley, which separates Kirkfell from Yewbarrow and the Wastwater

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Red Pike. Do not cross the rude stone bridge behind the inn, but keep the stream on the left for a few hundred yards, avoiding a route on the right to Burnthwaite, which is a cross between a water-course and a horse-track. Passing through a gate and along the upper side of a wall, the track can hardly be mistaken during the rest of the journey. At first the Pillar rises directly in front, the slight depression to the left of it, separating it from the Steeple, being Windy Gap. So far, Black Sail is hidden by the steep slope of Kirkfell, whose base we are skirting. Presently the path rises steeply to the right, and crosses a beck descending from *Black Sail*. During the ascent the retrospect of the magnificent cliffs of Scafell itself (not the "Pikes") is very striking.

At the summit of the pass, about an hour's walk from Wasdale Head, Great Gable comes into view on the right, beyond Kirkfell, and the range of which it is monarch is continued northwards by Green Gable, Brandreth, and Grey Knotts. In front the prospect is bounded by Dale Head and the other heights between Honister Pass and Newlands. Scarf Gap is the lowest part of the depression between Brandreth and the heights of High Crag, High Stile, and Red Pike, which separate Ennerdale from the Buttermere valley. Beyond it is the red broadside of Grasmoor.

The descent into Ennerdale is clearly marked. It keeps a beck close on the right hand side nearly the whole way, and crosses the Ennerdale stream (the *Liza*) at the bottom, near some sheds. Then, after descending the valley for about half a mile, the track climbs up to the right over *Scarf Gap*. In going this way there is not the difficulty which exists in travelling the same route in the opposite direction, inasmuch as the Scarf Gap track is clearly discernible to the left during the descent of Black Sail. As we climb it there is a fine view down Ennerdale and over a portion of the lake. The Pillar to the left, and Great Gable at the head of the valley, present their boldest front; and after reaching the summit level between High Crag on the left and Hay Stacks on the right, the valley of Buttermere, with Robinson straight in front, and the Fleetwith ridge separating the head of the dale from the Honister Pass, disclose themselves with telling effect. The descent is rough and steep, the lower part, however, zigzagging over a smooth grass slope, at the bottom of which is a bridge over the beck, which leads on to the level strath and the head of the lake. Cross this to the farm-house of *Gatesgarth*, where the path joins the Honister road, just two miles from Buttermere village (see p. 110).

There is also a path along the south side of the lake at the bottom of High Stile and Red Pike, passing partly through woods, and affording fine views of the twin waters of Buttermere and Crummock. It turns sharply to the right about half a mile beyond the lower end of the former lake, and crossing a stone bridge and some meadows, enters Buttermere village at the back of the Fish Inn.

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Wasdale Head to Coniston, by Eskdale, Birker Moor, and Walna Scar. Route 43. Maps VII, IV, and the general one.

Wasdale Head to Strands, 6 *m*; *King of Prussia Inn*, 11½ *m*; *Traveller's Rest* (*Ulpha*), 17½ *m*; *Coniston*, 25½ *m*.

This route is just practicable for carriages as far as the foot of Walna Scar, 3½ miles beyond Ulpha, and half a mile past Seathwaite. The path over Walna Scar (2,000 ft.) is a pony track, but ponies are not to be hired in the Duddon valley, whence the ascent commences.

The pedestrian can choose from a variety of routes, but the one by Burnmoor Tarn and over Birker Moor will probably be preferred, as being considerably shorter than that by Strands, and passing Stanley Gill on the way. From Wasdale Head to Boot, in Eskdale, is a 2 hours' walk; thence to Stanley Gill, half an hour; from Stanley Gill to Ulpha, 2 hours, allowing time to see the force; and from Ulpha to Coniston, over Walna Scar, 3 hours,—the whole forming a long summer day's expedition. In clear weather it is not difficult to save an hour or so, by cutting off the Ulpha corner, as will be seen from the description. This involves the loss of much good scenery in the Duddon valley, and total abstinence all the way from Boot to Coniston, except for such light refreshment as may be obtained at and about Seathwaite.

The carriage route in this direction is but seldom travelled, and the descriptions of it, taken the reverse way, on p. 82, from Coniston to the King of Prussia Inn, and on p. 45 from the King of Prussia to Wasdale Head, will afford sufficient information on the subject.

Pedestrian route.—Starting from Wasdale Head it is best to make the small angle involved by following the main road down the valley almost as far as the lake, and then crossing the stream by the footbridge. The direct route, which is through a gate fronting you where the roads meet about a quarter of a mile from the inn, fords a couple of streams, and, at its commencement, smacks very disagreeably of the farm-yard.

After crossing the footbridge bear slightly to the left, over some rough, pebbly ground, till you reach the regular track close to Lingmell Gill. Thence there is but little difficulty as far as Boot. The path, a horse track, works up to the right, for the depression between Scafell itself and the Screes. During the ascent there is a good view down Wastwater, and the Pillar at the head of the Mosedale valley holds a commanding place in the rear. The top of the pass is on the Wasdale side of *Burnmoor Tarn*, the stream issuing from which is forded close to its eastern shore. After this the path is in places indistinct, but cannot be lost for many steps as long as you keep parallel to the stream, at from 100 to 200 yards' distance from it, giving it a wider berth when it diverges slightly to the left.

A short cut to the "Woolpack" in Eskdale, and thence round the western base of Harter Fell into the Duddon Valley, may be made by crossing the stream by a little bridge about half a mile from where it leaves Burnmoor Tarn. Thence

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the route is best seen on the map. A peat track winds down from near Eel Tarn in the direction of the inn, which may be recognised by a short avenue in front of it. From it follow the road to the right down the valley for a few yards, and then turn down a lane on the left. Cross the Esk by a stone bridge, turn to the left again, pass a farm house, and then work obliquely up the hill to the highest wall. Skirt this for a considerable distance on the upper side, and then, after crossing a couple of becks, you will enter a peat track which climbs round the base of Harter Fell, the highest of the rocky summits you have had in front of you for so long. When this track ends, at a peat bog, cross the wall, and continue nearly at the bottom of the slope of Harter Fell, till you look down into the Duddon valley. A farm house—Grass Gars—is visible some way down the slope, and the Walna Scar route rises in front on the opposite side of the river. Past the farm house a track descends to some stepping stones, beyond which it rises quickly into the carriage road of the valley. Ten minutes' walk along this road to the right brings you to the junction of the Walna Scar track, where there is a sign post.

Before commencing the steeper part of the descent into Eskdale you leave a keeper's house,—the second during the journey across the moor,—a short distance to the right, and then, where the main route descends through a gate and crosses the stream at a farm-house called *Gill Bank*, go through another gate in front, still keeping the stream on the left. A road is soon entered which drops past the little railway station and over the beck to the Mason's Arms at *Boot*. During the descent Harter Fell and the other rocky heights rising to the right of it look their best.

From Boot enter the main road, leading down Eskdale, and follow it as far as the first turn to the left, opposite the school-house. Take this turn; cross the river, and, immediately beyond the bridge, if you want to see Dalegarth Force (Stanley Gill)—and who does not?—turn up the drive to the right, to the cottage where the key is kept. The route to the force—a somewhat intricate one, even when you have the key—is described on p. 44.

After emerging from the wood in which the force lies on to the road again,* you will pass, in less than a mile, a farm-house called *Low Ground*. Avoid a cart track to the right, a little way beyond this, and proceed to another and more extensive group of farm buildings called *Birkerthwaite*.

Hence in clear weather a short cut eastwards, at first along the beck side, may be made over the fell to Grass Gars—the farm house mentioned in the last digression—and the foot of Walna Scar.

After passing Birkerthwaite there is little or no track, and nothing much in the way of a landmark in front. In the rear, however, the Pillar mountain, when visible, is a good guide, and by holding on with it directly behind you, and in the direction of your previous course, you will soon enter the carriage road from Eskdale (p. 84) to the Duddon valley. Hence to the *Traveller's Rest*, at *Ulpha*, the route is unmistakeable. The Walna Scar track strikes off from the main road of the valley 8½ miles north of Ulpha. A sign-post directing to Coniston marks the spot. Beyond it the track climbs the hill to the right, scales *Walna Scar* at a height of 2,000 ft., and then, crossing the stream which flows from Goat's Water on

* From the top of the Force you may go straight a-head across the moor, if so minded.

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the left by a rude stone bridge, skirts the steep part of the south shoulder of the Old Man, and crossing an excellent cart road leading up to the quarries on that mountain, drops down into Coniston by the railway station.

Wasdale Head to Keswick, by Sty Head Pass and Borrowdale. Route 44. Maps VII, VI.

To Seathwaite (bridle path), 2 *hrs*; *Rosthwaite*, 3 *hrs*. *Rosthwaite to Keswick (carriage road)*, 6½ *m*.

This is the best return route to Keswick for tourists who have come to Wasdale by Buttermere and the Scarf Gap and Black Sail Passes. Such as have approached from Langdale and over Esk Hause are advised to make the *détour* of Black Sail, Scarf Gap, and Honister, which affords ample compensation in the way of beauty and variety of scenery for the extra distance and labour: viz., 5 miles and two passes. They have already crossed Styhead on their way from Langdale, and between it and Seatoller in Borrowdale, where the two routes from Wasdale to Keswick, which we are comparing, converge, there is very little which is not seen either from Sty Head or Seatoller, while the Black Sail route comprises Ennerdale, Buttermere, and Honister Crag.

On leaving Wasdale Inn either cross the field to the church, and there take the lane to the left, or cut the corner by a footpath in the direction of the Burnthwaite farm and Temperance Inn, the highest house in the valley. Hence, after passing between the buildings, the track at once begins to rise along the steep southern slope of Great Gable. It is stony and fatiguing, and nearly two miles long. Just before reaching the summit, it turns sharply to the left, and Sty Head Tarn appears in front. The route to Langdale over Esk Hause strikes off on the right, and then *Sty Head Tarn* is skirted on the same side. The gully on the left, after passing it, separates Great Gable from Green Gable, and a little further, on the opposite side of the stream, is a remarkable piece of rock, which became detached from Green Gable within the last 50 years, and bounding across the valley, finally deposited itself on its beam ends very much in the same position as the famous Bowder Stone at the other end of Borrowdale.

Our track now crosses the Sty Head Beck, and keeping it henceforth on the left, soon commences a sharp descent to *Stockley Bridge*, where it enters the main Borrowdale valley, which descends on the right from Esk Hause. *Taylor Gill*, a fine cataract after heavy rain, shows itself on the left, and the hamlet of *Seathwaite* is reached in less than another mile. Here it is worth while to diverge to the left, and crossing the stream by a footbridge, just at the bottom of a long broken cataract called *Sour Milk Gill*, to follow the track on the other side past the old plumbago mines, whence the Keswick lead pencils once came, as far as the famous *Borrowdale Yews*, four in number. They are a very short distance from the stream, and about half a mile from Seathwaite. The path continues along the beck side, and rejoins

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the road close to a bridge across the stream. Hence to *Seatoller*, where we pass through a gate on to the Honister Pass road, is three quarters of a mile. *Rosthwaite* is $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles further. The green woody lower slopes, and the bold crags above, of Glaramara form a striking feature to the right all the way from Stockley Bridge. Half a mile before reaching Rosthwaite, the routes from Langdale over the Stake, and from Grasmere over Greenup, strike in on the right. The *Scafell* and *Royal Oak* (the latter a Temperance House) are good inns at Rosthwaite.

The $6\frac{1}{4}$ miles between Rosthwaite and Keswick are fully described, the reverse way, on page 106. A mile beyond Rosthwaite a road strikes up the hill side to the left, and passes by the *Bowderstone*, rejoining the lower road a few hundred yards further. Then comes *Grange*, on the other side of the river. The *Borrowdale* and *Lodore Hotels*, within half a mile of each other, the latter just in front of the Lodore waterfall, are passed in turn. Then, after leaving *Barrow Cascade* on the right, the road passes through a wood, and in another mile or so enters Keswick.

The pedestrian will do well to make half an hour's *détour* up the hill on the right, from the Borrowdale Hotel, for the purpose of seeing the beauties of *High Lodore* (p. 121).

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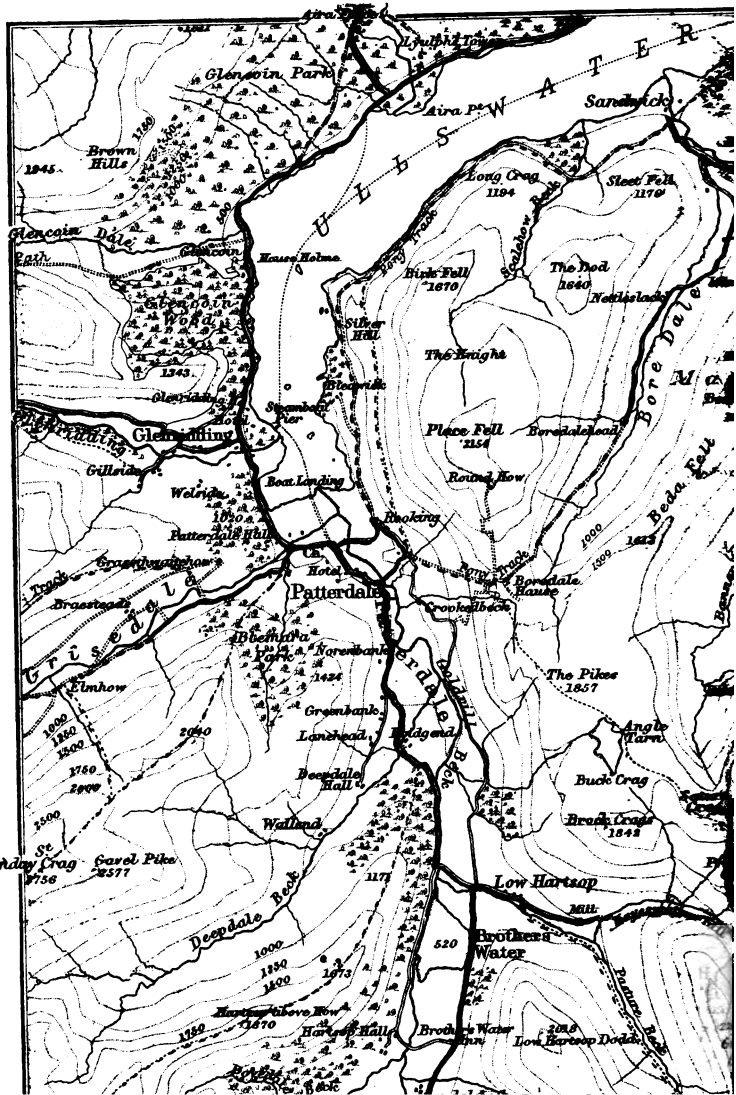
Patterdale (Ullswater).

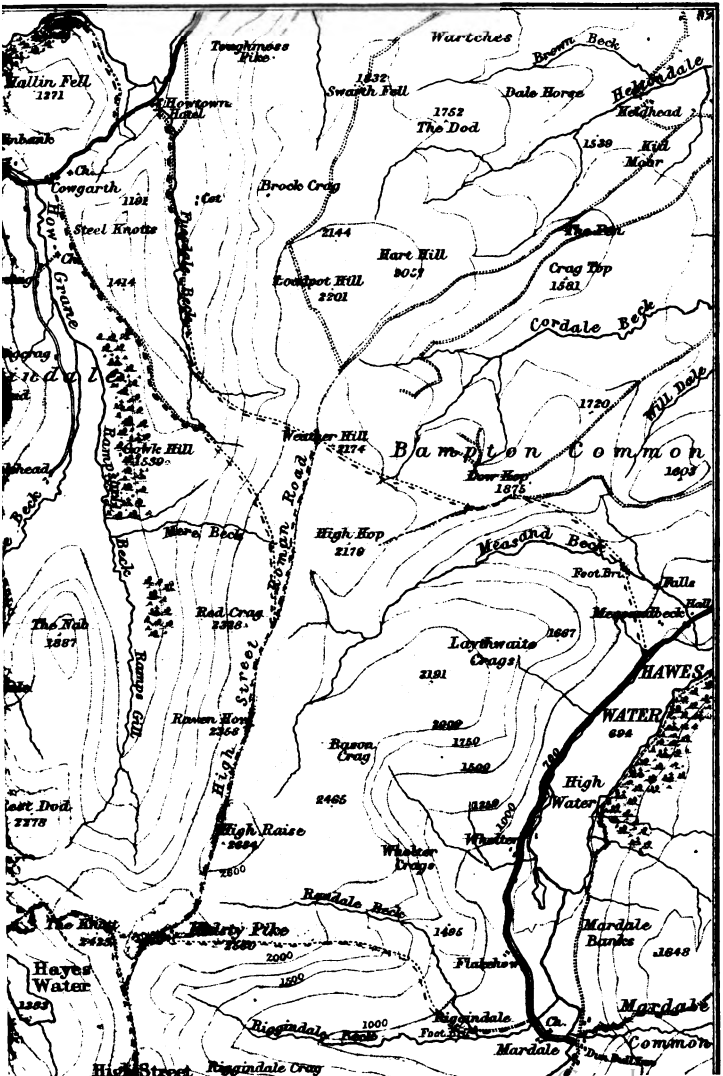
Ullswater.—This lake disputes with Windermere and Derwentwater the sovereignty of the English Lakes, and those who find the nearest approach to their ideal of what a lake should be in the lakes of Switzerland, or even in the most famous of the lochs of Scotland, will probably give their vote for Ullswater. Not that it is in any way a servile copy of its larger sisters at home and abroad. It has a beauty of its own which will not suffer from comparison with any of them, but in its essential features it is cast in the same mould. As we sail up one after another of its three reaches, we receive a distinct impression of the individual beauty of each, and feel that we are working up to a climax; but there is always something which suggests to the experienced tourist a recollection of what he has seen before. Windermere and Derwentwater, on the contrary, whatever be their actual merits, are unique. There is no other lake in Europe which the most superficial admirer of Nature could mistake for either of them. To call Windermere the English Zurich, simply because a large number of people have chosen to fix their dwellings near its shores, betrays an utter inability to appreciate the qualities of natural scenery. There is scarcely a single point of physical resemblance between the two.

Further it may be remarked that though the three reaches of Ullswater possess entirely distinct characteristics—the first being tame, the second picturesque, and the third grand—it is, as a whole, much more quickly comprehended than either of its two rivals. The hills and woods to which it owes so much of its attractiveness crowd closely round it, and, with the exception of Patterdale, there is no long valley sinking gradually to its shores and disclosing such a vista of woodland, hill, and distant fell as the valleys of Borrowdale and Newlands reveal in connection with Derwentwater, and those of Troutbeck, Rydale, and the two Langdales with Windermere. Place Fell, a fine mountain in itself, sinks abruptly into the waters on the eastern side, and opposite to it St. Sundays Crag and the Helvellyn range with its projecting spurs leave but little room for effective distances. In a word, its scenery may be summed up as being much more impressive than diversified. The length of Ullswater is 8 miles, and its greatest breadth—that of its middle reach—little more than half a mile. For a description of the sail up it see p. 17.

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Aira Force
Lyulph's Tower
Glencoin Park
Aira Pt
Sandwick
ULLSWATER
Brown Hills
1345
Glencoin Dale
Park
Glencoin
House Holme
Long Crag
1194
Sleet Fell
1176
Scalehow Beck
Long Crag
Birk Fell
1670
The Dod
1640
Nettleslade
Bore Dale
Caben Coin Wood
1343
Silver Hill
The Knights
Glenridding
Glenridding Dodd
Glenridding
Stybarrow Crag
Place Fell
2154
Boredale Head
Gillside
Boat Landing
Round How
Weirdo
Patterdale Hall
Hooking
Beda Fell
1000
1289
1423
Track
Greenhow Hill
Hotel
Patterdale
Boredale Hause
Crookabeck
Bracestead
Ullswater
Thornthwaite Crag
1400
Norrenbank
1424
Elmhow
The Pikes
1857
1000
1200
1400
1750
2000
2040
Greenbank
Lanehead
Hartsop Hall
Angle Tarn
Deepdale Hall
Buck Crag
Wallend
Brock Crags
1842
St Sunday Crag
2756
Gavel Pike
2577
1500
1171
Low Hartsop
Mill
Deepdale Beck
1000
1350
1400
1673
520
Brothers Water
Hartsop Above How
1470
Hartsop Hall
Brothers Water
208.8
Low Hartsop Dodd
Pasture Beck
Kirkstone Beck
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The village of *Patterdale* yields to none in the lake district for beauty of situation, the only possible objection to it being that it is rather closely shut in. It also has an air of considerable prosperity. The one spot on its otherwise almost perfect loveliness—the mines of Glenridding—is not visible until the foot of the glen itself is reached, though evidence of its proximity is given by the muddy brown stream of water which pollutes the surface of the lake for some distance.

Patterdale and Ullswater Hotels to Aira Force.

4 m. by road from Patterdale; *3 m. from Ullswater Hotel. A boat may be taken to within a quarter of an hour's walk of the Force.*

The journey to Aira Force, whether by land or by water, from either of the hotels is very beautiful. The water route has the advantage in point of views, as by keeping well out in the lake, the traveller can look up the Glenridding and Glencoin glens, which descend to the lake side from the main ridge of Helvellyn, more easily than from the road, which is overhung the greater part of the way by the richly-wooded crags of Glenridding and Stybarrow. The boat-house of the Ullswater Hotel is on its own grounds; that of the Patterdale about half a mile distant, across the level sward at the head of the lake.

On landing, follow the road along the lake side till you cross the first beck, which is the one descending from the force. Then turn up the path to the left, visiting *Lyulph's Tower* (where there is a guide) or not, as you please. The tower is a square, ivy-mantled building, and a decided ornament to the nobly timbered park wherein it is situated. The reputed origin of the word "Lyulph" is Ulf, or L'Ulf, a former Baron of Greystoke, who would seem also to have bequeathed his name to "Ullswater."

The Fall is about half a mile up the beck, and the path to it unmistakeable. There is a bridge at the bottom and another at the top, so that the visitor may make the entire tour of it. Taken in conjunction with its surroundings, it is well worth a visit, though it will probably be thought less beautiful than either Dalegarth or Scale Force, as it is certainly less individualised than Dungeon Gill. The height of the fall is 80 feet. The dell scenery above it is very charming.

The route by road calls for no description. We have elsewhere commented on the terrible havoc wrought by the *Greenside Mines* both in the valley of Glenridding and on the surface of the lake, and even the splendour of Stybarrow Crag and the woods of Glencoin scarcely avail to wipe out the impression produced on the mind at the outset of this walk.

Patterdale to Howtown, returning by Boredale. Map IX.

To Howtown, 2 hrs; *Patterdale, 4 hrs. Pony route.*

This is a splendid walk, and should be taken either one way or the other by every sojourner at Patterdale. By far the most beautiful portion of it is alongside the lake. Tourists staying at the

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Ullswater Hotel will probably elect to save a couple of miles by rowing across the lake to *Bleawick*. There are also tempting paths up *Birk Fell* during the journey, which are plainly visible from the latter hotel before starting.

From *Patterdale* take the lane across the valley, which starts between the hotel and the church, and follow the track which bends round to the south-east corner of the lake. Hence the walk along the foot of Place Fell, by the higher of the two paths, discloses views of the various glens on the other side of the water, which are not obtainable from the road on their own side, and only in a modified degree from the surface of the lake itself. There is a beautiful retrospect over Brothers' Water to Kirkstone and the Red Screes, as well as the Deepdale arm of Patterdale, with Fairfield at its head. St. Sunday's Crag separates Deepdale from Grisedale, whose lower part is hidden by the wooded and hilly grounds of Patterdale Hall, forming a continuation of the sharp, lateral ridge of Helvellyn, called Striding Edge. Glenridding and Glencoin, the latter remarkable for the almost perfect semicircle described by the fells at its head, follow in rapid succession, and then the path, descending to the shore, coasts along under Birk Fell for a mile, after which it retires behind a plantation, and does not reach the water's edge again until it has passed the hamlet of *Sandwick* and crossed the beck descending from Boredale and other remote valleys generally included in the one name of Martindale. Southwards, at the head of these valleys, the High Street range has come into prominent view.

Our track, which has become a very rough one, now winds round the base of *Hallin Fell*, and discloses a full-length view of the lower, or tame end of Ullswater, with Pooley Bridge and the woody hill of Dunmallet at its foot, after which we soon reach the comfortable hotel at *Howtown*.

Starting on our return journey, we first climb the hause between Hallin Fell on the right and Steel Knotts on the left, passing on our way the new church of the district. From the top of the hause we descend to and recross one arm of the beck, which we first crossed on our outward journey at Sandwick. The depression in front of us, watered by this stream, is *Rampsgill*,—a long valley with a characteristically fine head. *Boredale* is the next parallel valley to the right, and the road to it climbs for a short distance from the bridge, by the side of the stream, and then turns straight up the dale, keeping its beck some way on the right hand for about a mile, after which it crosses it, and continues past a farm-house called *Boredale Head*, where the cart road ceases, to the foot of *Boredale Hause*, which is climbed by a steep zigzag. From the summit the lakes, valleys, and fells which we lingered to admire on our outward journey, again break upon our vision with remarkable suddenness, and with that change of aspect which is the natural result of their being seen from a much greater elevation than before. The height of Boredale Hause is 1,260 ft.

Hence the descent to Patterdale is short, steep, and unmistakeable.

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Patterdale to Ambleside or Windermere. Route 45. Maps IX., II.

Ullswater Hotel to Patterdale Hotel, 1 *m*;. *Brothers' Water Inn*, 4 *m*; *Kirkstone Pass* (*Inn*) 6½ *m*; (*Ambleside*, 9½ *m*.) *Troutbeck* (*inn*) 10 *m*; *Windermere Village*, 13½ *m*.

Coaches every afternoon, about 4 o'clock. Fares to Ambleside, 4s; to Windermere, 5s.

Travellers to Ambleside are strongly advised to add 4 miles to the journey, making the tour of Wansfell by Troutbeck Village and Low Wood, for the sake of the views of Windermere (p. 27).

Pedestrians who have already been over Kirkstone may agreeably vary the return journey by striking off to the left at Low Hartsop, and crossing the Thresthwaite hause into Troutbeck. In so doing they will not increase the distance at all, and the time by not more than half an hour. It was once contemplated to bring the Lancaster and Carlisle railway by this route,—a proceeding which would have equally interfered with the beauty of the Lake District and the scenic pre-eminence of the Settle and Carlisle route to Scotland. The views obtained from the summit of the pass, including the upper reach of Ullswater to the north, and a great part of Windermere to the south are very beautiful.

Some distance beyond the Patterdale Hotel, a fine view up *Deepdale* opens on the right, the crags of *Fairfield* at its head being the most conspicuous feature. No mountain in the district combines to so great an extent the "lion and the lamb." The "dear old Fairfield" of Miss Martineau's yearning aspirations from Ambleside, it frowns on the traveller through Patterdale with a severity almost equal to that of Scafell in its sternest mood. In front, Caudale Moor thrusts out its pyramidal shoulder, separating Thresthwaite Cove from the Kirkstone Pass.

After passing Deepdale the road proceeds between wooded hills on the right, and the Goldrill Beck and green meadows of Patterdale on the left. The main beck is crossed and, soon after, a tributary one descending through a deep valley on the left from Hayeswater and High Street. Then we skirt the shores of Brothers' Water and look up a second lateral valley to the crags of Dovedale on the right.

The *Thresthwaite* route leaves the main road at a sign post just before the second, or Hayeswater, beck is crossed. It passes through the village of *Low Hartsop*, and then crosses the beck at once. The Thresthwaite glen runs parallel to the Kirkstone Pass, from which it is separated by Caudale Moor and Low Hartsop Dodd. The stream which threads it is called *Pasture Beck*, close to which, on its western side, is a rough track, leading to a sheep fold, whence to the top of the hause there is a sharp rise of nearly a thousand feet. A wall connecting High Street on the left with Caudale Moor on the right crosses the top of the hause. *Thornthwaite Crag*, the Windermere extremity of High Street, is ascended in about 20 minutes by keeping the side of the wall, and the walk may be extended over the top, or down the slope of Ill Bell to Troutbeck.

The view from the hause is, as we have before said, very beautiful. Windermere is seen trailing away to its extreme end, and the upper reach of Ullswater is a worthy companion picture northwards.

In descending, keep the beck for some time on the left. There is a rough boggy track, which now and then swerves to the right, away from the stream, to

avoid the slops. In a couple of miles *Troutbeck Tongue* is reached, a tract rising ground in the midst of the valley, with a stream on both sides of Either course may be taken, the right hand one being the more direct of the t and the left, which passes under Ill Bell, and involves crossing the beck some boggy ground before it is reached, being the better road. The latte called *Hag Gill*. Going by the right hand track, you pass through a wood then enter the main road on the Kirkstone side of Troutbeck village. The hand one passes by a farm called *Troutbeck Park*, before reaching which a cor may be cut off by climbing a wall just where the track turns to the right, crossing a field diagonally, leaving the farm some way on the right hand. T track is again joined at the far corner of the field, whence a lane leads i Troutbeck village, either close to the Queen's Head or a few hundred yar nearer the church. By the latter route there is no inn till you reach Wind mere.

A little beyond Brothers' Water is an inn, called the *Brother Water Hotel*, whence a third valley, called Caiston, is seen divergi to the right.

From this inn the pedestrian may reach Ambleside in from 2 to 2½ hours an almost direct course, commencing with the Caiston depression and continui over *Scandale Rigg* into *Scandale* itself. The *Caiston Glen*, as it is called, l between Red Screes and High Hartsop Dodd. The route is as follows :—

Follow the Kirkstone road for about half a mile beyond the inn. Then pa through a gate on the right at the top of a slight rise. Cross a hillocky pastu to the Caiston Beck, which is spanned by a flat stone. Hence ascend the gle keeping the streamlet on the left. There is a path most of the way. Cross t summit-level at its lowest point, where there is a high wall descending fro Red Screes on the left, and rising to the Fairfield range on the right. The upp part of Windermere and the Coniston Fells come into view at the top, and t track down *Scandale* is seen to the left of Scandale Beck all the way. At t end of it is Ambleside. *High Sweden Bridge* is a picturesque object about ha way down.

Soon after quitting the inn, the steep part of the Kirkstone Pas commences. Then comes a struggle of some 700 or 800 feet u to the Kirkstone Inn (*Travellers' Rest*) (p. 72). Red Screes on th right and Caudale Moor on the left,—towering walls of rock, stone and turf, flank the pass. The *Kirkstone* itself which

"Gives to the savage pass its name,"

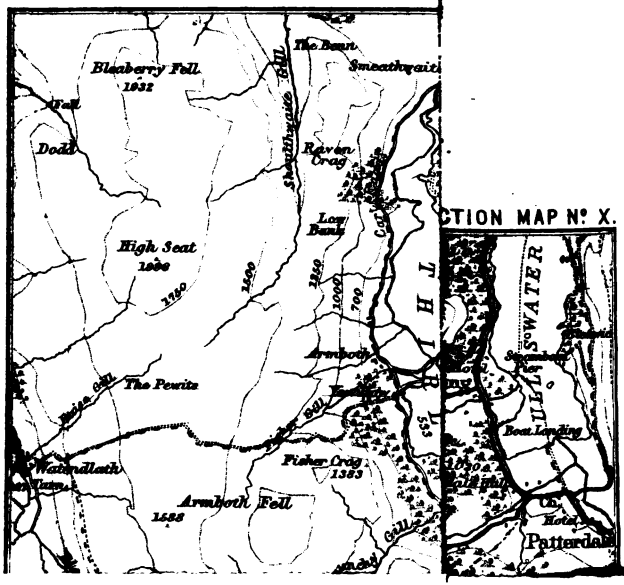
lies to the right of the road a little short of the summit level; the Travellers' Rest a few hundred yards beyond it.

Here the Ambleside road diverges to the right, descending in a rough and ready sort of way, by a succession of break-neck pitches, some 1,400 feet in three miles (see p. 41).

From the Inn the Windermere road passes along the ridge which separates Stockdale from Troutbeck, the latter valley very shortly appearing on the left. Looking down Stockdale, part of the head of Windermere is seen and little Blelham Tarn beyond it, but the lake does not appear to advantage. Thornthwaite Crag, the southern arm of High Street, marked by a columnar cairn, rises at the head of Troutbeck, and the range is continued by the tapering heights of Froswick and Ill Bell, the latter an especially fine feature. Troutbeck is fully described on page 72.

The Windermere road diverges to the left at the commencement of the village, passing the Queen's Head Inn and, shortly afterwards, the Church. Then it rises again sharply to a farm house on the top of a hill, after passing which the famous Troutbeck view of Windermere suddenly presents itself. The traveller who,

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on the top of a hill, whose [illegible]
view of Windermere suddenly presents itself. The traveller who

as is often the case, is taking his last walk in the district along this road, will probably feel that, of all the beautiful prospects which have delighted his eyes during his tour, there is none so competent to fix upon his mind a lasting impression of the beauty of English Lakeland as this one. It is the representative view of all that is to be admired in the scenery of England,—the one in which she most perfectly combines that characteristic softness and freshness which places her ordinary landscape above that of all other countries, with the sterner and grander features of her wildest region.

Patterdale to Grasmere, by Grisedale Pass. Route 46. Maps, X., I.

Distance. From Patterdale or Ullswater Hotel to Prince of Wales, or Rothay Hotel, Grasmere, 8—9 *m. Time*, 3—4 *hrs. Height of Pass*, 1,929 *ft.*

This route is described the reverse way on page 95. We shall, therefore, limit our present description to a bare indication of the points at which there is any possibility of the right path being deviated from. These points are few, as the route is closely hemmed in for nearly the whole distance by Helvellyn and Seat Sandal on the right hand, and by St. Sunday's Crag and the Fairfield range on the left.

Leave the main road by the lane which strikes up into the Grisedale valley on the south side of the bridge over Grisedale Beck, about a third of a mile from the Patterdale Hotel, and two-thirds from the Ullswater. Follow this lane for about half an hour*, keeping the beck on the right hand, as far as a farm house called *Elm How*. Here the road becomes a mere track, which a short distance further crosses the stream, and keeps it on the left hand all the way up the pass. There is also a track on the other side of the stream for a considerable part of the way. Leave Grisedale Tarn on your right, and when you reach the top of the pass at a gateway just beyond it, do not drop to the bottom of the hollow, as the pony route does, but take a roughly-marked, stony track along the slope of Seat Sandal. The view from about here is fully described on page 96. The pony route is soon rejoined, and working round the edge of some lower crags on the left hand, it descends along the ridge of a green tongue of the mountain into a cart track which strikes the Grasmere and Keswick road about 1½ miles from Grasmere church. A quarter of a mile before the converging point it is worth while to turn aside at an acute angle to the left along a green path which leads, in a few yards, to *Tongue Gill Force*, a small but very picturesque waterfall. To reach Grasmere village, diverge to the right in less than a mile after entering the main road, and just before reaching the Swan Inn.

* Bending to the right a short distance after entering it.

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Patterdale to Keswick. Route 47—51. Maps IX., X., V., and the general one.

Route.	Steamer. M.	Coach. M.	Rail. M.	Foot. M.	Total. M.
(47) *By Troutbeck Station*	—	7	9	—	16
(48) ,, *Pooley Bridge and Penrith*	7½	6	17	—	30½
(49) ,, *Dockwray and Matterdale*	—	—	—	14	14
(50) ,, *Sticks Pass*	—	—	—	11	11
(51) *Top of Helvellyn and Thirlspot*	—	—	—	5—6	*hrs.*

The distances are calculated from the Ullswater Hotel, whence the steamers start. From the Patterdale Hotel at the entrance of the valley another mile must be added.

The different routes having been fully compared and described in the Keswick section (p. 115 to 119), we shall only give such directions here as are called for by the fact that the journeys are made the reverse way.

Carriage folks are advised to take the Troutbeck route as being the shortest. The beauties are in any case on a *descrescendo* scale, as none of the charms of the Keswick scenery, except the Greta Glen, are visible from the railway. The Penrith round should, therefore, without doubt, be chosen *from* Keswick, rather than *to* it.

For pedestrians the Helvellyn route is immeasurably the best, the "round-about" by Dockwray and Matterdale being very dreary for a great part of the way, and the ascent of the Sticks Pass almost as toilsome as that of Helvellyn itself; in fact, only to be preferred in case of bad weather on the higher of the two summits.

1. By Troutbeck (Route 47).—To avoid possible disappointment, let us again remind the tourist that this Troutbeck has no connection with the beautiful green valley which adds so much interest to the Windermere scenery. On the contrary, it is situated on a bleak moorland outside the limits of the Lake District. There is a very fair inn at it, close to the station.

The route for the first few miles, up to the point where it leaves the Pooley Bridge road, just before reaching Lyulph's Tower and Aira Force,* skirts the lake, across which it discloses a striking view of Place Fell and the Patterdale Valley, the features of which are described in the boat excursion to Aira Force (p. 145). Before it leaves the water's edge, the middle reach of the lake opens up. An ascent is then made to the village of *Dockwray*, at which there is a good inn (the Royal Hotel), making a convenient half way house. A splendid retrospective view is obtained during the ascent, but afterwards there is nothing calling for remark, unless it be the sharp spurs of Saddleback in the left front, and the ugliness of Mell Fell on the right, during the whole distance to Troutbeck Station. (Thence to Keswick, see p. 14.)

2. By Pooley Bridge and Penrith (Route 48).—The

* The Lyulph's Tower corner may be cut off by a footpath leaving the road nearly half a mile beyond the bend of the lake.

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features of this route are described in the Aira Force excursion (p. 145), and in the Approaches from Penrith to Patterdale and Keswick (pp. 17, 14).

3. By Dockwray and Matterdale (Route 49).—Leave the Troutbeck road at *Dockwray*, taking the left turn and ascending with the Aira dingle on your left for about half a mile. Then bear to the left again for about the same distance till you reach some farm buildings, where there is another sharp corner, the direction being still left, succeeded in a couple of hundred yards by a bend almost directly back to the right, the two roads together forming a "V," of which you must traverse both arms. At the top of the second another turn to the left at right angles puts you on to the mountain track round the north shoulder of the Helvellyn Dodds, which you have only to follow as straight as it will take you, till, sweeping round to the left, you descend into the *Valley of St. John*, and cross its beck by *Wanthwaite Bridge*, after a walk of nearly two hours from Dockwray. To reach the bridge, take the right turn when you descend into the St. John's Valley road; keep the latter for 100 yards, and then turn left. After crossing the bridge, the first road on the right will lead you, in about a mile, on to the Keswick and Penrith highway close to the third milestone from Keswick. By again diverging to the left, in less than another half mile, soon after crossing *Naddle Beck*, you may shorten the distance* and pass by the *Druidical Circle* (p. 119), which lies in the fifth field on the left hand side of the road, just past a bend to the right. The main road is again joined about a mile from Keswick, and the "fag end" of the journey enlivened by the "habitual murmur" of the "rumbling Greta," by the side of which stream we enter the town.

4. By the Sticks Pass (2,490 ft.). Route 50.—Leave the Patterdale and Pooley Bridge highway by the Glenridding road between the Glenridding beck and the Ullswater Hotel. Follow it for nearly half a mile past some cottages, and then take a sharp turn to the right and another to the left immediately after. Ascend for a mile, with the beck on the left, to the *Smelting Mill*. Cross the tributary beck descending on the right, and in another quarter of a mile leave the Helvellyn pony track and climb the steep zigzag to the right up to the reservoir, being careful not to cross the beck till you get close to the lead mine, where there is a wheel. Pass the north bank of the reservoir, and then keep due west to the top of the ridge. The western and northern fells from Great Gable to Skiddaw here come in view. A number of upright sticks are placed alongside the track at the top of the pass. Continue straight on for a few hundred yards till you have a beck descending in a westerly direction on the left. Gradually leave this, bending very slightly to the right. Here the track is not so well marked, but in about twenty minutes from the summit ridge you reach a sheepfold some 1,000 feet below, beyond which it

* A corner may be cut off by taking the foot path just beyond Naddle Bridge. It enters the old road to the Druidical Circle opposite a farm.

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is again distinct. Descend steeply with a beck on the right to a white farm house below, called *Stanar*, whence you drop into the Windermere and Keswick high road, travelling for a few yards along the bye road through St. John's Vale. In so doing, the high road is hit about 4¼ miles from Keswick. There is no inn on the way, but at *Thirlspot*, a long half mile from the junction of the two roads, in the opposite (Windermere) direction, there is a good one called the *King's Head*. For the rest of the route to Keswick see p. 70.

5. Over Helvellyn (Route 51).—This route is fully described in the ascents and descents of Helvellyn in the "Fell" part of this book (pp. 166, 169).

Patterdale to Mardale Green (Haweswater). Routes 52, 53. Map IX.

There are numerous ways of reaching the Dun Bull at Mardale Green from Patterdale, and it is very difficult to gauge their relative merits. The tourist, however, will probably have one of two special objects in view,—to see Haweswater properly, or to cross the highest part of High Street. Our descriptions will therefore accommodate themselves to these objects. To obtain the former of them we must descend to Haweswater itself not higher up the lake than Measand Beck, the pleasantest though not the shortest route to which is by Howtown and Fusedale Glen. If the steamer be taken as far as Howtown, the walking distance becomes also less than by any other route. If High Street be our aim, our best route will be by Hartsop and Hayeswater, though we may also reach the summit from Boredale Hause without making any very great intermediate descent.

1. By How Town, Fusedale, and Measand Beck. Route 52.

Patterdale to Howtown, 2 *hrs*; *Measand*, 4¼ *hrs*; *Dun Bull Inn* (*Mardale Green*) 5 *hrs*. *Highest point*, 2100 *ft*.

The route as far as Howtown, which may be reached on foot or by steamer, is described on p. 145.

Pass through a gate at the back of the *Howtown Hotel*, and climb through an enclosure. The glen, running due south, appears almost immediately. Keep its beck on the left hand for a short distance, and then cross it. In about half an hour from the hotel pass to the left of a stone shieling, and then turn up the fell side to the left, crossing a beck in a few minutes. As you climb, Saddleback comes into view behind, and Helvellyn on the right, while the summit of High Street appears some distance beyond the head of the valley you have just ascended, rather to the right of the line of a stone wall. Keep the stream on the left hand, and then cross the ridge in a direction rather more east than south. From the summit a strip of Ullswater is visible on both sides of Hallin Fell, and the mountain panorama south and west is very

fine. Far away to the south west the Coniston Old Man rises over the depression between Fairfield and Red Screes. A wide extent of comparatively flat country appears in the opposite direction, reaching over Penrith and the Eden Valley to the Pennine chain, of which the flat topped Crossfell is the most prominent height. About here you will also cross the Roman Road, of which the traces are very slight; and in a few minutes more *Measand Beck* appears at the bottom of a steep pitch in front. Veer to the left and skirt the edge of the ridge till you find a convenient descent. Cross the beck by a foot-bridge visible from above, and descend to the road round the base of the fell on the right. During the descent Haweswater backed by Harter Fell and Branstree looks its best. The *Dun Bull* is a long mile beyond the head of the lake, and the highest house in the valley. For a description of Haweswater see p. 21.

2. By Hayeswater, and High Street or Kidsty Pike. Route 53. 4—5 *hrs.*

The whole of this route is fully described in the ascents and descents of High Street (pp. 172, 173). Those who wish to keep the direct route over Kidsty Pike without diverging to High Street, must, on reaching the top of the ridge, go on in their previous direction through a gate in the wall which runs along it, and avoid diverging to the right over the narrow *col* which separates the Hayeswater valley from Riggindale.

Mardale Green to Patterdale (Ullswater). Routes 54, 55. Map IX.

The favourite route for this journey is over Kidsty Pike or High Street, and down by Hayeswater and Hartsop, into the upper end of Patterdale, all of which will be found fully described in the ascents and descents of High Street (pp. 172, 173). Agreeable variations may be made in the descent by continuing northwards from Kidsty Pike along the main ridge, and dropping into the first valley (*Rampsgill*), or the second (*Fusedale*), on the left hand side, care being taken not to get so much to the right in starting as to have the Measand Beck also on the left hand. Rampsgill is the long and deep valley extending from the western summit of the Kidsty Pike ridge to the middle reach of Ullswater. The view down it from that summit is very fine, and strikingly exemplifies the fact to which we have already drawn attention, that the general abruptness of the mountains of the English Lake District gives the scenery an impressiveness which far outstrips expectations formed from a mere knowledge of their actual height.

To reach *Howtown* or *Patterdale* by Rampsgill, follow the course of the High Street range northwards from the top of the Kidsty Pike ridge for about 2¼ m. and then descend. The first part of the route climbs another height of the same range—*High Raise*—about 70 feet higher than Kidsty, beyond which a gate is passed through at the top of a steep gully on the left, and at the recommencement of the wall, which should be kept on the right. A still more direct route to Howtown is to continue along the ridge until the smaller valley of Fusedale also appears on the left between you and Rampsgill. The Howtown hotel is at the foot of this valley.

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Travellers who have reached Mardale Green by the Nan Bield or High Street route, and who wish to see Haweswater properly on their way to Patterdale, should adopt route 54.

1. By Measand Beck and Fusedale. Route 54.

Mardale Green to Measand (on Haweswater), ¾ hr; Howtown, 3 hrs; Patterdale, 5 hrs. Highest point, 2,100 ft.

From the Dun Bull follow the main road past the church and down the western side of the lake, almost as far as the point where the water recedes from the road-side to make room for a green and nearly level promontory. Hence climb round the base of the fell on the left till you reach the *Measand Beck* some little way above the series of cataracts which it forms in its final leap down towards the lake. The retrospect of Haweswater is very fine here. Cross the beck by a little bridge, and then climb the ridge on the left between the courses of the Measand Beck and a small tributary stream.* The top level of the ridge consists of peat bog and long grass. Cross it in a direction rather north of due west. From the summit a splendid mountain view breaks upon the eye to the west and south. Saddleback, too, is a striking feature in the north-west. Westwards, Helvellyn is monarch of the scene, and on its left rise the crags of Fairfield, between which and the Red Screes the Coniston Old Man fills up the dip. A strip of Ullswater is visible on both sides of Hallin Fell.

To reach *Fusedale*, which is the first valley in front of you, take a course a little right of the direction of Helvellyn, and left of that of the glimpses of Ullswater. The bottom of the valley is reached not far from a shieling, and by descending it along the beck side you will reach the *Howtown Hotel* in another half hour.

Hence the best route is to climb to the depression south of Hallin Fell, and cross the *How Grane* and *Boredale* becks, taking care to avoid the valleys down which they flow. A good road takes you to the hamlet of *Sandwick*, a few yards short of which the path to Patterdale along the lake side strikes off on the left. For a description of it see p. 146.

2. By High Street and Hayeswater. Route 55.
See Ascents and Descents of High Street, pp. 172, 173.

Mardale Green to Windermere, by Nan Bield, Kentmere, and Garbourn Pass. Route 56. Maps II., III.

Top of Nan Bield, 2½ m; Kentmere Village, 6½ m; Windermere, 12½ m. Time, 4½—5½ hrs.
Height of Passes. Nan Bield, 2,050 ft. Garbourn, 1,450 ft.

The descent from the Garbourn Pass into Troutbeck by this route is one of the finest things in the Lake District. The valley of Kentmere, however, appears to much greater advantage when the route is taken the reverse way.

* A peat track near the top of the ridge may be followed for a short distance, but its general direction is too much to the left.

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The dip into Kentmere may be avoided by scaling the ridge between Small Water and Blea Water, and descending into Troutbeck by the depression between High Street and Froswick. This route is described in the Ascents and Descents of High Street (pp. 172, 173).

The walk up Nan Bield from the Dun Bull is very fine. Harter Fell towers grandly in front, and the spurs of High Street shoot out on the right hand. In about a mile, after passing between two stone walls, the main route diverges to the left of Harter Fell on its way to Long Sleddale and Kendal over the *Gatescarth Pass*. The divergence of the Nan Bield track is not very clearly marked, but, after crossing a beck, it becomes plainer, and there can be no further fear of missing it. It rises to the right of Harter Fell, and, after skirting the west side of *Small Water*, climbs steeply through a maze of parsley fern to the top of the pass, descending with almost equal abruptness on the opposite side, and, about a mile beyond the summit, leaving the *Kentmere Reservoir* some distance on the right. The steep slope of Ill Bell overlooking the latter, and the cliffs of Rainsborrow Crag beyond it, are fine objects; but the view straight down the valley is dull and featureless. Just above Kentmere Village the valley is broken in two by a sudden drop which the stream descends in a pair of picturesque cascades. At the foot of the slope turn sharp to the right and cross the bridge. The inn is just on the other side.

Hence the ascent of the *Garbourn Pass* bends to the right past the church, and then left again. *Kentmere Hall*, with its sycamore-girdled tower, is some way below on the left. The cart track now rises more or less steeply to the top of the pass, on reaching which a grand view opens up in front, the mountain chain from the Old Man to the Langdale Pikes, and a great part of Windermere being visible. Bowfell is conspicuous in front, and the Red Screes on the right. At the corner of an iron fence, where the track turns both ways, take the left hand branch, and a long 1¼ miles further, another turn (the second) to the left. In another mile a lane descends to the right into the Patterdale and Windermere road, which it joins nearly two miles from Windermere Station, the shortest way being through the grounds of Elleray (p. 71, and see map).

The track down the Garbourn Pass may also be continued to the bottom of Troutbeck, where it strikes the Windermere and Patterdale road a short distance from the bridge and church. Hence Ambleside or Windermere is easily reached.

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The Fells.

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Introductory. Since the days when Borrowdale was regarded as an "inextricable maze," with no outlet except the narrow defile at its lower end, and climbers of Saddleback were so "astonished" as to be obliged to stop and "let blood" during the ascent, public opinion has greatly changed on the subject of mountaineering, and it is now generally admitted that in the English Lake District it is not only a healthful and invigorating, but also a perfectly safe recreation for people of sound constitutions and ordinary vigour. At the same time, as many tourists gain their first experience of mountain climbing in this district, a few words of advice and warning may not be out of place, as an introduction to the detailed description of the various ascents which we are about to give in this part.

In the first place, however promising the weather, and however early in the day the climber may expect to get down again, he should never commence the ascent without such provision as will enable him to endure delay and exposure on the higher parts of the

* Approximate.

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mountain. Clouds and mists, he should remember, are not always seen coming from afar, but are often created by the mountains themselves, by the natural process of condensation, the warm air, as it comes in contact with the cold surface of the mountain, being unable to retain its moisture in an invisible form. When they do thus unexpectedly come on, the difficulty of descending is aggravated by the exceptional steepness of the lake mountains, and by the fact that they are so closely packed together that a traveller, when his vision is limited to a radius of 20 or 30 yards, may wander on from height to height for many hours without ever finding a convenient place of descent, and even when he does get fairly down, he may find himself in an unknown and desolate valley far away from human habitation. If a descent involve ever so little crag work, the appearance of it in a fog is such, that no prudent tourist will commit himself to it, unless he is quite sure that there is nothing worse to follow. The same remarks apply in a less degree to the lower altitudes. Consequently, a certain supply of solid food and a flask of spirits form as essential a part of the climber's outfit as a stout pair of boots and a compass.

Secondly, when a difficulty occurs in the descent of a mountain, the safest plan is to keep along one of its shoulders, either to the end, or until the way down one side or the other is seen to be quite practicable. This calls for a good deal of patience, as the descent is often very gradual at first, and in places level ground has to be traversed, or even a slight ascent made. The mountaineering "tyro," when he has lost himself on a fell, is in a desperate hurry to get down, and seizes the first opportunity that offers itself, however steep and awkward the descent may appear. Worse often follows. The crags become steeper, or a watercourse suggests a means of extrication. For a short distance it descends gradually; then, all of a sudden, it falls among crags, and leaps down several hundred feet more or less perpendicularly. Steps must then be retraced, and a feeling of hopeless bewilderment comes over the baffled wanderer, which he would, very likely, have never experienced, had he patiently held on his way along the shoulder of the mountain for a short time longer. There are, of course, exceptions to this rule.

One or two other facts are worthy of remark. The first is that when, as in a mist, one's course is only guided by objects a few yards in advance, there is a natural tendency to wheel round to the left, the right, or stronger side of the body, constantly asserting its superior power.* On one occasion, in particular, the writer had a strong exemplification of this tendency. In company with two friends, both well acquainted with the mountain, he was ascending Helvellyn from Grasmere in a blinding storm. On reaching the summit ridge, the party knew that by keeping along the edge of the eastern crags, they could not fail to reach the top. The crags, however, never appeared, and, after bearing more and more *to the right*, as they thought, they suddenly emerged from the

* The reverse is, of course, the case with left-handed people.

mist and found themselves descending due west, upon Dunmail Raise, having turned a full point of the compass *to the left*.

Another fact which mountain climbers learn by experience, is that in ascending a slope, the eye has a tendency to underrate, in descending to overrate its steepness, especially if it be a grass one.

Lastly, speaking generally, there is no danger in descending loose screes, provided one knows that they are not succeeded by crags at the bottom. Such screes will only rest at an angle which admits of a secure footing. There is nothing whatever wonderful in the performances of the Honister quarrymen, whose "daring feats" have so strongly impressed the compilers of many Guide Books. The danger of mountain climbing begins and ends with crags, and the climber must judge for himself the extent to which he is capable of overcoming that danger. In the following pages we shall not describe any route or expedition which involves it.

A simple but often neglected precaution in a fog is worthy of passing mention. It is to lay one's stick on the ground in the direct line of march, whenever a halt is made for reconnoitring, or other purposes. Through neglecting this precaution we have known people, after a halt, while intending to go straight on, start back again in the direction from which they have just come.

Choice of Ascents.—The tourist who is only influenced by height and notoriety in choosing ascents, will make Scafell Pike, Helvellyn, and Skiddaw the first objects of his climbing ambition. For the benefit of those, however, who care more for views, we prefix to our description of the various ascents a few words regarding their comparative merits.

There is no more attractive feature in a mountain prospect than the full-length view of a lake, more or less near at hand. Such a view of one single lake is worth a "strip" of twenty. For this reason the ascent of those fells which lie north, or nearly north, of Windermere is especially to be recommended. *High Street*, *Red Screes*, *Fairfield*, and *Wansfell Pike* come under this category. Rydal Water and Grasmere give an additional charm to the prospect from the last named height. From a like cause, *St. Sunday's Crag* is worthy of special notice for its view of Ullswater; *Saddleback* for Thirlmere—an exquisite vista; *Fleetwith* (the mountain of which Honister Crag forms a part) and *Grasmoor* for Buttermere, Crummock, and Loweswater; *Glaramara* and *Great End* for Derwentwater, with the beautiful foreground of Borrowdale; and *Great Gable* for Wastwater. The ascent of Great Gable is also worthy of a special effort, if it be only for the sake of the mountain itself, and the general prospect from its summit. For a *lake* view, however, no mountain in the district is equal to the *Buttermere Red Pike*. From its summit, Buttermere and Crummock Lakes lie mapped out immediately below; considerable portions of Ennerdale Lake and Loweswater are visible, and a strip of Derwentwater.

The *Pillar* deserves special attention for the glorious crags which descend from it almost sheer into the Ennerdale valley. *Bowfell* is in itself a splendid mountain, and the *Coniston Old Man*

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is, perhaps, unique in the happy blending of mountain, sea, inland lake, and rich lowland visible from its summit.

It will be noticed that, so far, we have said nothing of the three "first favourites" of Lakeland—Scafell Pike, Helvellyn, and Skiddaw; and here we fear we must lay ourselves open to a charge of heresy. Scafell Pike challenges admiration for the grandeur of the climb itself, which is undoubtedly the roughest and most exhilarating in the district, yielding, perhaps, in these respects to no other mountains in Great Britain, except the Coolins of Skye. The prospect from the top is very fine, but hardly equal to that from several others already mentioned. Helvellyn, from its height and central position, commands a more extensive panoramic view of the Lake District than any other mountain in it, but the prospect is somewhat monotonous, and the ascent, except from Patterdale by the Red Tarn, rather tedious. The ascent of Skiddaw is long, and affords none of the excitement of mountain climbing. The view falls off in quality as the summit is approached, by reason of its comparative remoteness from the best part of the landscape, and the extensive sweep of dull moorland which forms the far side of the mountain itself. In fact, a more beautiful view is obtained, at the cost of a fourth part of the exertion, from its "cub,"—Latrigg. Skiddaw, however, is a "prince" of mountains for ponies and nervous people who do not like precipices.

BLACK COMBE, 1,969 ft. General Map.

Coniston or Broughton to Silecroft by rail, 20 *and* 10 *miles respectively. Silecroft to top of Black Combe*, 1½—2 *hrs. Black Combe to Broughton*, 2—3 *hrs.*

There is a respectable inn, the "Royal Albert," within a few yards of the Silecroft station.

Black Combe, recognisable by its whale-back outline and isolated position, rises from the extreme south west corner of the Lake District, between the Irish sea and the Duddon estuary. Being thus situated on a promontory, and separated by a long range of inferior elevation, from the great mass of the lake mountains, it commands a much wider prospect than would be inferred from its actual height, and in clear weather well repays the climber for his exertions.

Starting from Silecroft Station or inn, the tourist will notice a grass path winding through the bracken up the nearest hollow of the mountain, and just behind a modern looking farm house. To reach this, turn to the left where the road from the station strikes the main road at right angles, and a hundred yards further take the path across the field on the right. Cross another road (the old highway from Broughton to Bootle and the west coast) and passing through the yard of the farm house before mentioned,

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proceed for a few yards up a narrow lane to the left, till you reach the open fell just where the grass path strikes up it. Pursue this path, avoiding turns to the left, and keeping the beck close on the right. The path soon becomes very intermittent. By bearing slightly to the right, however, where the boggy ground whence the beck issues is reached, and keeping well up on the ridge, the summit will be gained after a long but gradual climb. The view thence is certainly one of the most extensive in the kingdom, scarcely, if at all, falling short of Wordsworth's often quoted description:—

> "For from the summit of Black Combe (dread name
> Derived from clouds and storms!) the amplest range
> Of unobstructed prospect may be seen
> That British ground commands."

The sea view reaches to the Isle of Man and the Scotch and Welsh coasts. On the latter Snowdon is, in clear weather, conspicuous. At times, when the mist hangs over the sea, but has been dissipated from the higher strata of the atmosphere, extraordinary appearances are presented. The writer has himself seen the peak of Snowdon suspended, as it were, in mid air, like the "baseless fabric of a vision," the intervening space of sea being quite invisible. Landwards there is a wide view over the Furness and Mid-Lancashire districts, the Yorkshire fells, with the flat-topped Ingleborough, closing in the view.

The Coniston range appears close at hand, to the north-west, with Ill Bell to the right of it, and Helvellyn filling up the gap between it and the Scafell group on the left. Bowfell, Scafell Pike, and Scafell are prominent among the latter, and to the left of them Skiddaw appears in the far distance. Then the Pillar and Haycock shut out further view northwards.

If the tourist is desirous of proceeding along the west coast, so as to travel up Eskdale, or approach Wastwater from its foot, he may descend in a north-westerly direction to *Bootle*, and there catch the train, remembering that the station is about 1½ miles beyond the town. To return to *Broughton*, keep along the ridge in a north-easterly direction, leaving White Combe on the right, and descending to *Swinside*, near which is a Druidical circle nearly 100 yards in circumference. Thence a road leads in a south-easterly direction to a cluster of houses called Broadgate (1½ m.), from which Broughton is reached in less than an hour by the regular road over Duddon Bridge. The Broadgate angle may be avoided by taking a steep path over the wood-covered fell between Swinside and Duddon Bridge.

FLEETWITH, 2,126 ft. Maps VI., VII.

From Buttermere or Rosthwaite, 1½—2 *hrs.*—The ascent of Fleetwith Pike has two specialties,—the exquisite vista of the lakes of Buttermere, Crummock, and Loweswater from the summit, and the look down Honister Crag during the walk along the ridge.

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Fleetwith, in fact, is simply the highest point of the comparatively low ridge which is so well known from the part of it called Honister Crag. Those who cannot afford the time for a special ascent of it may take it with great advantage in the route from Keswick to Buttermere, or *vice versâ*, at the cost of one extra hour's exertion.

The artistic method of climbing the mountain is undoubtedly to begin at the top of the Honister Pass, whether the traveller start from Borrowdale or Buttermere. The spur which descends steeply, but regularly, in the direction of the three lakes, should be made use of for the descent, the prospect being delightful the whole way. The only necessary direction is to continue in the line of the road from Borrowdale when the sharp corner at the top of the Honister Pass is reached, and when the ridge is attained, to proceed all the way with the precipice and steep slope as near as may be on the right-hand side. From the top of the crag a quarryman's track zigzags down the apparently impracticable cliff to the top of the screes, which form the lower part of the descent to the road at the bottom of the pass. The screes have an alarming appearance when looked at from below or from the opposite fell-side, but may be descended without difficulty.

From the summit of Fleetwith the prospect is beautiful but circumscribed. Robinson and Dale Head close it in to the north and north-east, except that in the dip between them a portion of Skiddaw is seen; but eastwards the view extends as far as the Helvellyn range. Great Gable "rules the roast" to the south; Scafell itself peers over its western shoulder, and Bowfell rises on its left. South of Buttermere Lake appear High Stile and Red Pike, and beyond it, to the right, the red broadside of Grasmoor. The Pillar, on the far side of Ennerdale, is the chief height between the Buttermere fells and Great Gable.

In descending, keep the summit of the ridge in the direction of Buttermere, joining the Honister road at Gatescarth, 2 miles short of Buttermere village.

GLARAMARA, 2,560 ft. Map VII.

From Rosthwaite, 1½—2 *hrs.*—The ascent of Glaramara forms a beautiful summer day's walk, owing its charm to the lovely views of Borrowdale and Derwentwater, obtained during the climb. These views are unfortunately retrospective. Tourists, however, who like a little originality, may make them prospective by striking northwards from the top of Esk Hause, which is the point where the bulky mass, going by the general name of Glaramara, strikes out of the main Scafell and Bowfell range. No direction is needed, except to follow the ridge, which, though very rough, never dips more than 200 ft.

From Rosthwaite the ascent is almost due south. Ponies may

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be, but are not often taken to the summit. The best route is through a gate opening on to a cart track, about half a mile beyond the church, on the Seatoller road, and a short distance after crossing the beck which flows from the mountain itself. The cart road passes by a mill, beyond which cross the beck and climb the woody slope on the western side of it. There is a track for some distance. On attaining the top of the ridge the rocky summit, or rather double summit, of the mountain is seen some way ahead, and there can be no difficulty beyond that of traversing ground of rather more than average roughness in reaching it.

The view from the top is very fine, the proximity of Borrowdale and Derwentwater relieving that almost universal aspect of wildness which would otherwise characterise it. To the left of these rise Grisedale Pike, Grasmoor, and the other fells between Derwentwater and the Buttermere valley, Dale Head being the nearest conspicuous height in that direction. Westwards, Great Gable, close at hand, with the Pillar and the High Stile range on its right, is the prominent feature. Further south the Scafell heights and Bowfell, the latter backed by the Coniston range, cut the horizon. The thimble-shaped Pike o' Stickle is conspicuous in the south-east, and the far side of Windermere in the same direction. The Helvellyn range and Fairfield close the prospect due eastwards. The cluster of houses to the north-east is Watendlath.

The walk may be continued along the ridge to *Esk Hause*, or a descent made by the route of ascent, to *Rosthwaite* or *Seatoller*. Just opposite to the long white house at the latter place there is a bridge over the main stream of the Derwent.

GREAT GABLE, 2,949 ft. Map VII.

No mountain in the Lake District is better worth ascending than Great Gable, whether it be for the grandeur of the fell itself, or the magnificent prospect from its summit. There are various ways of climbing it, the simplest being from the higher part of the Sty Head Pass, whence stayers at Keswick or Wasdale Head may reach the top in considerably less time and with less exertion than Scafell Pike exacts from them. Those, however, whose aim is not simply to "do" the mountain with the least trouble possible, are strongly recommended to adopt the Honister Pass route for the ascent, descending as they please. This involves spending, say, half a day on the fells, but the walk is from end to end one of unflagging interest. Although three other lesser heights—Grey Knotts, Brandreth, and Green Gable—are scaled, or nearly scaled, before the "Gable" itself is reached, the walk is by no means a tiring one for its length, the intervening depressions being very slight. Tourists lose very little (except time) and gain

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a great deal by substituting this route for the stereotyped Sty Head one from Keswick to Wasdale Head.

The tracks up Great Gable are only intermittently marked. There is a trace of one a great part of the way from Honister, but very little from Sty Head; consequently, the tourist will do well to remember that there is a precipice overlooking Ennerdale on its north side, and another overlooking Wasdale on its south. Travelling from Honister, the north precipice should be kept on the right hand; from Wasdale, the south one on the left.

1. By Sty Head.—*From Keswick to the point of divergence from the pony track*, 3—4 *hrs*; *from Wasdale Head*, 1 *hr*. *From the pony track to the top*, ¾—1 *hr*.

(*a*) *From Keswick.*—A little short of Sty Head Tarn a stream descends the gully between Green Gable and Great Gable. Ascend the gully with this stream on the left. On reaching the top of the depression, turn to the left along a rough path, taking care to avoid the crags in front, and you will soon reach the top of the mountain.

(*b*) *From Wasdale Head.*—Leave the Sty Head Pass at the cairn on its highest point, and climb steadily to the left in, or nearly in a line with the path which you will easily trace behind you, ascending Esk Hause on its way to Langdale. Take care to keep well to the right of the crags which we have already mentioned as overlooking Wasdale. The climb is steep and continuous, but a trial of lungs rather than nerves.

2. From Keswick by Honister Pass, or from Buttermere.—*Keswick to Honister*, 9½ *m*. *Honister to top of Great Gable*, 2—3 *hrs*. *Ponies may be taken as far as Green Gable*, ½ *hr. from the summit.*

Leave the Buttermere road just at the top of the pass, and climb by as easy an ascent as possible, keeping Honister Crag well on the right hand. In less than a mile you will reach the rocky summit of *Grey Knotts*, whence to Great Gable the direction is to keep the top of the ridge the whole way, only diverging a little now and then to the right to avoid craggy ground. In clear weather there is no possibility of a mistake after this. Great Gable itself rears its precipitous front straight ahead, and the route to it is plain. When the mists are hovering about, however, even one who knows the district well may be baffled by the spasmodic appearances of valleys and hills, which present to him no recognisable feature during the few seconds which the breaking cloud allows for observation. Such are *Gillercombe*,—a desolate upland valley, whose waters descend by Sour Milk Gill into Borrowdale, near Seathwaite, and the mountain called Base Brown, beyond it. Our route leaves these on the left, while on the right, as we pass from Grey Knotts to *Brandreth*, a lovely full-length view of Buttermere and Crummock Waters reveals itself, and soon afterwards, separated from them by the towering heights of High Stile, Ennerdale Lake adds its charm to the prospect at the end of the Ennerdale Valley, on the far side of which the Pillar presents as bold and

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formidable a front as any mountain in the district is capable of showing. Scafell Pike rises to the left of Great Gable.

Tourists, staying at Buttermere, may easily join the route we are describing about the top of Brandreth. To do so leave the Honister road by the path just beyond the refreshment house at *Gatescarth*, 2 miles from Buttermere, and follow the course of the main beck, avoiding the branch which descends from Haystacks, on the right hand. There are tracks on both sides the beck. It is best, perhaps, to cross it about 20 minutes after leaving Gatescarth, and keep it on the left hand during the rest of the ascent, after breasting the steep lower part of which a boggy hollow is crossed containing the bed of an old tarn. This should also be passed on the left hand. The walk from Buttermere to the top of Brandreth will take about 2 hours.

After passing Brandreth the view down Ennerdale is very fine, extending far out to sea. There is an intermittent track round the head of the valley to the dip between Great Gable and Kirkfell, from which either of those two mountains may be ascended, or the route continued on to the top of the Black Sail Pass.

The verdant slope of Green Gable is next ascended, and then a short and sharp dip brings us to the neck of the ridge between it and its bigger and wilder brother. Avoiding the crags on the right, a rough path, bearing somewhat in the other direction, works round to the summit.

Instead of going over the top of Green Gable the tourist may pass round the head of Ennerdale till he strikes the rough gully between Green and Great Gable and ascend from that point.

View from the top. This is grand and extensive. Its principal features are Wastwater, the whole expanse of which appears close at hand, flanked by the Screes on the left and Yewbarrow on the right, and backed by the sea and the Isle of Man; Scafell Pikes and Scafell, whose headlong crags and steep grass slopes are seen to the greatest advantage; the Pillar mountain and rock, rising with wonderful abruptness from the green Ennerdale valley and hiding Ennerdale Lake; the Buttermere heights and Crummock Water; Borrowdale, Skiddaw and Saddleback to the north; the Helvellyn, Fairfield and High Street ranges to the east, and a strip of Windermere, backed by the far off Yorkshire Fells, to the south east. The great height of the Scafell group and of Bowfell prevents an extensive prospect southwards.

Descents.—1. *To Keswick, by Sty Head.*—Commence in a north-easterly direction in a line with Base Brown and the upper part of Borrowdale, avoiding the precipices which overhang Ennerdale on the north side of the mountain. The *col* between Great Gable and Green Gable is soon reached. From it descend to the Sty Head Pass, keeping the bottom of the ravine a little on the right. For route from Sty Head to Keswick, see p. 142.

2. *To Wasdale Head, by Sty Head.*—Descend south-east as near as may be in a line with the track over Esk Hause to Langdale and Windermere. You will hit the pony track over Sty Head close to its summit. For the route to Wasdale Head, see p. 130.

3. *To Keswick, by Honister Pass, or to Buttermere.*—Follow No. 1 route as far as the *col*. Thence keep the main ridge northwards, taking care not to descend into Gillercombe on the right or to En-

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nerdale or Buttermere on the left. After passing Brandreth, whence there is a fine view over Buttermere and Crummock Lakes, the route diverges a little to the right and strikes the Honister pass at its highest point, leaving the 'Crag' itself on the left.

A variation may be made by descending from the summit of Great Gable in a north-westerly direction, so as to hit the depression between it and Kirkfell, and thence rounding the head of Ennerdale to Brandreth.

For *Buttermere* diverge to the left when you see the two lakes of Buttermere and Crummock, from Brandreth, and follow the course of the stream descending to them. There is a path down the steep part of it on both sides, leading into the Honister road at Gatescarth.

HELVELLYN, 3,118 ft. Map X.

Helvellyn is, probably, more ascended than any other mountain in the Lake District. Its height, inferior to that of Scafell Pike and Scafell only, its central position, and its accessibility from favourite places of resort on all sides mainly contribute to this result. The halo of romance, too, cast around it by the beautiful lines of Scott, and those, perhaps, still more beautiful ones of Wordsworth, whose historical accuracy it would be as ungracious as it is certainly unnecessary after so great a lapse of time to criticise, has something to do with the magnetic influence it possesses over the minds and feet of aspiring tourists. Apart from these considerations there can be little doubt that there are many other mountains of less renown in the vicinity, which repay the climber better for the exertion of ascending them than Helvellyn. The ascent from anywhere except Patterdale is somewhat tedious, and the view from the summit, though most extensive in every direction, lacks that variety which is so telling from summits which bring lowland and highland, lake and encircling fell, into broad and harmonious contrast. The best part of Ullswater is not seen, and Windermere and Coniston are too far off, though the latter is, perhaps, the most beautiful feature in the panorama.

Comparison of Routes.—There are four places from which the ascent of Helvellyn is ordinarily commenced, the relative claims of which in point of time and distance will be gathered from the following table:—

	Miles.	Hours.	
1. *Grasmere*	6	3 — 4	*by Grisedale Tarn.*
2. *Patterdale*	6	3 — 4	*by Glenridding.*
3. *Do.*	4	2 — 2½	*by Red Tarn.*
4. *Thirlspot*	3	1½ — 2	*direct.*
5. *Wythburn*	2½	1½ — 1¾	*direct.*

Charge for pony and guide from Grasmere 15*s.* *Patterdale* 12*s.* *Thirlspot or Wythburn* 10*s.*

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All these are pony routes for the whole distance, except the one from Patterdale by Red Tarn, on which ponies can only be taken as far as the tarn, whence it is half-an-hour's walk to the top. The paths from Grasmere and Patterdale (by Glenridding) are well marked until the summit ridge is reached; that from Wythburn throughout, except for a short distance rather more than half-way up, where it is made indistinct by soft ground. The Red Tarn track is unmistakeable, except near the Tarn itself, where it crosses a bog, while the Thirlspot route is but indifferently clear at first, and very vague afterwards.

The nearest ascent from Keswick is by Thirlspot, which is 5½ miles on the Ambleside road. Pedestrians gain nothing by adopting the circuitous Glenridding route from Patterdale, unless they wish to spend a few extra hours on the mountain, in which case it is, perhaps, best to ascend by Glenridding, and descend by Grisedale Tarn. They may also shorten the Red Tarn route by taking Striding Edge on the south side of the water instead of Swirrel Edge on the north. There is no real danger in the former, but giddily inclined people will probably feel more comfortable on the latter.

Lastly, we would advise those who can, to take Helvellyn on the way from Keswick to Patterdale, or *vice versâ*. It forms part of what is, with the exception of the Sticks Pass, the shortest route between the two places, and no feature of interest is lost by its adoption, if Aira Force be visited separately.

By means of a few inquiries at the King's Head inn at Thirlspot, a considerable corner of the pony track thence may be cut off.

1. From Grasmere.—Follow the Grisedale Pass route, as described on p. 95, until you have crossed the stream issuing from Grisedale Tarn. Then take the zigzag track up the fell-side to the left. When the steep part of this comes to an end you are on the summit ridge of Helvellyn. The first peak of it is *Dollywaggon Pike*, which the direct route leaves a little to the right. The track becomes indefinite, but by keeping due north, and near to the precipitous edge of the cliff, you will reach the top in about half an hour. The track which comes up on the left, about half-way, is the Wythburn route.

During the walk the razor-like spurs which shoot eastwards from the main ridge are seen to great advantage, and Grisedale, lying far below, between them and the steep slope of St. Sunday's Crag, looks its best.

The last spur before the summit is reached is *Striding Edge*, and beyond it, on the far side of the Red Tarn, rises the peak of *Catchedicam*.

2. From Patterdale, (*a*) *by Glenridding*.—The pony track from here is unmistakeable as far as the top of the main ridge. For the first 1½ miles it follows the cart road to the *Greenside Smelting Mills*, which leaves the Patterdale and Penrith road opposite the Ullswater Hotel, and keeps the Glenridding Beck on the left the whole way. Beyond the Mills the cart road, zigzagging

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to the right up to the mines and the Sticks Pass, must be avoided, and the course of the main beck pursued almost to *Keppel Cove Tarn*, on approaching which the track zigzags to the right. Pedestrians may shorten the distance by keeping the tarn on the right-hand side. When the top of the main ridge is reached, a sharp turn to the left must be made, and the top of the mountain is attained in about half an hour.

(*b*) *By the Red Tarn.*—This is the shortest route from the Patterdale Hotel, and a more interesting one than that by Glenridding from any starting point. Take the Grasmere route, as indicated by the sign-post, just south of the bridge over Grisedale Beck. Keep as near to the beck as possible, without crossing it, for about ten minutes, and then cross it according to the instructions of another sign-post directing to Helvellyn. The road continues for a short distance at right angles to the Grisedale road, by the side of an iron fence, and then turns to the left and ascends the side of the fell. A *gateway*, conspicuous nearly two miles ahead, is the point at which the Striding Edge spur is crossed, and the path to it is well marked, zigzagging in places to modify the steepness. After passing through the gateway the *Red Tarn* is seen a little way ahead. Some boggy ground has to be crossed here. Leave the tarn on the left hand, and climb under Catchedicam on the right, up to the steep ridge of *Swirrel Edge*. From the Red Tarn to the top of the main ridge the path is again well marked.

Those who wish to ascend by *Striding Edge* must leave the ordinary route at the gateway and follow the course of the ridge the whole way. The last few hundred yards are steep.

3. From Thirlspot.—The pony track commences behind the King's Head Inn, round the south side of it, and makes a wide *détour* in a north-easterly direction almost to *Fisher Gill*, within a short distance of which it turns sharp to the right, and keeps, with little variation, a direct line to the summit, having for some distance the southern branch of Fisher Gill on the left-hand side, and working round some craggy ground which rises above Thirlspot eastwards. Pedestrians may avoid this angle by keeping the crags on the left. After about an hour's walk the ridge of the mountain is attained, and a sharp climb by a well-defined path along it leads to the summit of Helvellyn "*Low Man*," whence the "*High Man*," is reached in about ten minutes.

4. From Wythburn.—The track leaves the high road opposite the *Nag's Head Inn*, and works round a crag, which it keeps on the right, bending left again when it has reached the level of the crag, and joining the Grasmere route in the last depression of the main ridge, before the actual summit is reached. The gill which is close at hand on the left when the start is made from Wythburn, remains more or less distant on the same side during its entire course. When the comparatively level ground beyond the crag is reached, the track is indistinct for some time.

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View from the top.—The lakes visible are Windermere and Coniston to the south, with Esthwaite Water between them, and a wide stretch of Morecambe Bay behind all three. In the north-west is a portion of the Cumbrian seaboard; also the Solway Firth and the Dumfriesshire hills. The nearest lake, with the exception of the Red Tarn, which lies 700 ft. below, and apparently within a stone's throw, is Ullswater, whose upper reach, however, is hidden by the numerous spurs of Helvellyn itself shooting out in that direction. Thirlmere, though not quite, is so nearly visible that possibly the "elevating" spirit of Manchester may add it to the prospect. At present the tourist must walk a little westwards, or better still, to the "Low Man," a distance of half a mile to the north-west, to get a peep at it, whence also he will add the charm of Bassenthwaite to the view in that direction. The small sheet of water northwards is Keppel Cove Tarn, and the one to the west, some distance further off, Harrop Tarn, which, if the sunshine happens to be playing upon it, is a welcome relief to the mass of somewhat uninteresting fell all round it. Beyond it is a grand skyline of "huge hill-tops," the most striking of which are Scafell Pike, some distance to the left of the tarn, and Great Gable and the Pillar more nearly over it. Great Gable, from this side, is always recognisable by its precipice to the north, and graceful slope to the south. Bowfell, and the familiar line extending thence to the Coniston Old Man, continue the range to the south of Scafell Pike. Black Combe peeps up over the Wrynose Gap to the north of the Coniston Fells. Then, nearer at hand, comes Dale Head, succeeded by a strip of Grasmoor, Whiteside, and the graceful cone of Grisedale Pike. Due north is Saddleback, with Skiddaw in all its glory to the left of it, and on the right the smiling Eden valley, backed by the somewhat wearisome-looking ridge of the Pennine chain, in which Crossfell may be described as the "best of a bad lot." Then, extending southwards from the far shore of Ullswater, comes the High Street range, in which the peak of Kidsty Pike, the almost level ridge of High Street itself, and the cone of Ill Bell are the prominent features. To the left of "Kidsty" Angle Tarn gleams high up among the fells. Close at hand, and in the direction of High Street, is St. Sunday's Crag, and to the right of it Fairfield, Caudale Moor and Red Screes appearing over the dip between the two. The Yorkshire celebrity, Ingleborough, rises slightly above his companion heights far away in the south-east.

Lastly, the tourist may exert his ingenuity to identify the "huge nameless rock" of Scott's well-known lines, and then to pose himself so as to get it into the right place, relatively to the surrounding heights, ascribed to it by the poet:

> "On the right Striding Edge round the Red Tarn was bending,
> And Catchedicam his left verge was extending;
> One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,
> When I mark'd the sad spot where the wanderer had died."

Descents.—1. To Grasmere.—Keep along or near the edge of the main ridge, southwards, for about 1½ miles, avoiding the

turn to Wythburn near the bottom of the first depression, Then, leaving the peak of *Dollywaggon Pike* a little on the left, you will hit the plainly marked track which zigzags down to the north-east corner of *Grisedale Tarn*. Hence the route is the same as the Grisedale one from Patterdale to Grasmere (p. 149).

2. To Patterdale, (*a*) *by Glenridding*.—The pony track, keeping to the ridge for 1¼ miles, takes a wide circuit round *Keppel Cove Tarn*, to the level of which it descends by a series of zigzags. Pedestrians may scramble down by the right-hand side of the tarn. In either case the miners' road is hit at the *Greenside Smelting Mills*, and the main Patterdale road opposite the Ullswater Hotel.

(*b*) *By the Red Tarn*.—From the top of the mountain a *gateway* is visible beyond the Red Tarn, and at the end of the sharp part of Striding Edge. Whether the descent be by Swirrel Edge, on the north of Red Tarn, or by Striding Edge on the south, this gateway must be made for. From it the pony track is clearly marked to the bottom of the *Grisedale* valley, which it reaches about half a mile short of the main Patterdale road. The latter is joined close to the bridge over Grisedale Beck, about one-third of a mile north of the Patterdale Hotel, and two-thirds of a mile south of the Ullswater.

3. To Thirlspot.—Proceed from the summit, in a north-westerly direction, over the *Low Man*, and thence descend the ridge until you have *Keppel Cove Tarn* almost at right angles to you on the east. Then diverge to the north-west in the direction of Bassenthwaite Lake, until you can comfortably descend to the *King's Head Inn*, a long white house by the roadside, a little beyond the "narrows" of Thirlmere. The pony track, which is far from being clearly marked, takes a circuit to the right, not descending the steep part to the inn until it has almost reached *Fisher Gill*.

4. To Wythburn.—Bend to the right out of the Grasmere route about ten minutes' walk from the summit. The diverging point is clearly marked. The path soon afterwards becomes indistinct for a while, but if care be taken not to descend into the gill on the right until it is again traceable, no mistake can be made. Some time after its re-appearance, the track turns sharp to the right, avoiding some crags in front, round the base of which it descends to the *Nag's Head Inn* (opposite the church), at Wythburn.

HIGH STREET, 2,663 ft. Maps II., IX.

	Time.	Distance.
From Windermere Village	3 —4 *hours.*	9 *m.*
,, *Ullswater* (*Patterdale Hotel*) ...	2½—3 ,,	7 *m.*
,, *Mardale Green* (*Dun Bull Inn*)...	1½—2 ,,	3 *m.*

Ponies may be taken by all the routes.

High Street is in itself one of the least interesting of the Lake mountains, being simply the highest part of a long range of fells

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which extend in an unbroken line from within a few miles of Penrith to Windermere village. Its summit is scarcely distinguishable, and there is no cairn upon it. The columnar one at the head of Troutbeck, which seems to mark the top from Windermere, and which commands by far the finest view southwards, crowns Thornthwaite Crag, and is upwards of a mile distant from, and 100 ft. lower than the actual summit. The excursion, however, from any one to any other of the starting points above named, is one of very great interest, and discloses some of the most striking views in the Lake District. It is also a very easy one. The ascent may be also made from Ambleside by Kirkstone and over Caudale Moor, but this route is less interesting and more tedious (since it involves a dip of some 700 or 800 ft. between Caudale Moor and High Street) than any of the other three.

1. **From Windermere Village or Bowness.**—Follow the Patterdale road (p. 71) as far as the cross roads half a mile beyond Troutbeck Church.* Here take the right turn, and proceed up the lane for 1½ miles towards a farm called Troutbeck Park, crossing first the main stream, and then a tributary beck. After passing the latter a short cut may be made by inclining to the right and crossing the field diagonally to the corner of a stone wall, beyond which the track is again entered at the foot of *Hag Gill*, the eastern branch of the Upper Troutbeck Valley, which is cut in two by a long hill called the Tongue. The woody gill on the western side of the Tongue is well worth exploring. Proceeding up Hag Gill, with the stream on the right, the track passes through two adjacent sheep-folds, and then becomes a grass path, climbing through bracken up the side of the hill, with a wall on the left hand. When the wall diverges slightly to the left, keep straight on. The track disappears or becomes intermittent, but by keeping a straight and ever ascending course along the flanks of Ill Bell and Froswick (the steep grass slopes on the right), the first top of High Street, surmounted by a columnar cairn, is easily reached. It is worth while to climb to the ridge during the latter part of the walk for the view down into Kentmere, on the right hand, with the precipitous sides of Ill Bell and Rainsborrow Crag.

From the column the feature of the view is Windermere, the whole of the lake being seen except that part of it which is hidden by Wansfell Pike. The islands and the long-drawn vista of the lower reach give the lake a charm as attractive as it is unique. There is also a fine mountain prospect, beginning with Black Combe to the south-west, to the right of which the graceful skylines of the Old Man, Carrs, and Wetherlam show that Lancashire is capable, after all, of rising to higher things than cotton mills and reservoirs. The rocky peak of Harter Fell fills up the gap to the right of Carrs. Then, after the nearer fells on the other side of the valley have intercepted the view for a short distance, the

* The tourist who is in need of refreshment before commencing the ascent may proceed a little further on the main road and take the next turn to the right, a few yards short of the Queen's Head Inn.

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main range is continued by Crinkle Crags, Bowfell,—recognisable by its graceful peak,—and the two Scafells, separated from each other by the deep ravine of Mickledore. The Langdale Pikes assume quite a subordinate aspect under Bowfell. Great Gable is more bold than elegant, to the right of Scafell Pike, and still further to the right a "wee bit" of the Pillar peers over Caudale Moor. Then come, nearer at hand, Fairfield and the Helvellyn range, whose landmark is the conical summit of Catchedicam. Helvellyn "proper" is to the left of the last named height, and to the right of it Skiddaw and Saddleback appear in the far distance. The Glenridding mines present their usual offensive appearance on the side of Helvellyn. Eastwards, Harter Fell appears over the Nan Bield Pass, and the long, even-topped Pennine range calls for no description of its separate heights.

From the Columnar Cairn, by which we are now standing, a descent may be made to the *col* between it and Caudale Moor, by following the course of the wall which turns down the fell side to the left. From the *col*, whence Windermere and Ullswater are both visible, a return may be made direct to Troutbeck and Windermere: Patterdale may be reached by descending the deep valley to the north, and joining the Windermere and Patterdale road at Hartsop; or the Kirkstone Pass and Ambleside may be reached by ascending and crossing Caudale Moor alongside of the wall which forms a continuation of the one by which the descent has just been made.

To reach the actual top of High Street, which is only distinguishable by there being nothing higher beyond it, diverge somewhat to the right from the cairn, and keep more or less near a wire fence till another wall trends northwards over the summit level. Traces of the Roman road are again discernible to the left of the wall and the highest part of the ridge. During the walk we look down into the uppermost part of Kentmere, with its disfiguring reservoir, on the right, and the deep valley lying between us and Grey Crag on the left. The precipitous sides of Ill Bell and Rainsborrow Crag descend with fine effect into the former dale. Then on reaching the highest part of the vast sheep-walk which constitutes the top of High Street, and which nobody will be surprised to hear was once the scene of an annual fair, we look down into the almost Stygian waters of Blea Tarn—the finest of the numerous tarns of that name in the district, and catch sight of the farther end of Haweswater—Low Water, as it is called. The view northwards has greatly opened up, and extends far over the Eden valley to the Crossfell range and "merry" Carlisle, and the Solway Firth. Southwards, Windermere is still seen, through the depression to the right of Froswick, but the view in this direction is not so fine as from our first standpoint at the cairn, the attractive foreground of the Troutbeck valley being lost. Due eastward stretches the limb of the mountain called Rough Crag, between Riggindale and the upper part of Mardale, which lie left and right of it respectively. The small white spot beyond the plantation at the end of it is the Dun Bull Inn. The precipitous northern side of Harter Fell is a striking object beyond Blea Water.

Recrossing the wall, we look down upon Hayeswater and Patter-

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dale, and over Grey Crag we catch a glimpse of the Buttermere Fells.

The route may be continued northwards to the comfortable hotel at Howtown on Ullswater, either by descending in about 3 miles into Rampsgill or by continuing along the ridge a little further, and then dropping into Fusedale on the left. From High Street to Howtown is about 2 hours' walk (see p. 153).

2. From Ullswater.—Follow the Windermere road (p. 147) till it turns to the right for the Kirkstone Pass, a quarter of a mile after crossing the stream issuing from Brothers' Water. Then proceed through the hamlet of Low Hartsop, and straight along a cart track, which crosses and recrosses the beck flowing out of Hayeswater within a mile, taking care not to diverge into the right hand valley, just after passing the hamlet. The second crossing is within a few hundred yards of the foot of Hayeswater. A fairly well defined track then zigzags to the top of the ridge, leaving the Knotts, a peak overlooking Hayeswater, on the right. On reaching the ridge, Kidsty Pike is in front, and High Street nearly a mile to the right. Between them, in an easterly direction, the deep valley of Riggindale extends, at the top of which is a gateway in the wall, through which it is possible to pass from Patterdale to Mardale without ascending either High Street or Kidsty Pike, but the drop on the Mardale side is an excessively steep one.

3. From Mardale Green.—There are four easy ascents of High Street from the Dun Bull at Mardale Green, viz., by Kidsty Pike; by the ridge immediately in front of the inn between Riggindale and Upper Mardale; by the ridge between Blea Water and Small Water, and by the Nan Bield Pass. Travellers to Windermere or Ambleside are recommended to adopt the first of these routes; to Ullswater, either of the last two.

The nearest and quickest route to Windermere, irrespective of mountain tops, is over the ridge between Blea Water and Small Water. Those who take this route avoid the dip into Kentmere Valley.

(*a*) *By Kidsty Pike.*—From the Dun Bull proceed along the main Haweswater road, past the church, and across the beck beyond. Then turn in at a gate on the left, and traverse some fields to a farm house by a cart track. Cross the beck by a bridge just beyond the farm house, and then ascend to the rocks which form the eastern buttress of Kidsty Pike,—the pointed summit at the head of the valley, on the right. Climb these rocks, keeping them rather on the left than on the right hand, and then follow the ridge. Towards the summit small cairns and single stones mark the route. From the top of Kidsty there is a fine view, the points of which will be understood from the foregoing description of that from High Street itself. Hence the latter height will be reached in less than half an hour by working round the top of the Riggindale valley. Views into Rampsgill, debouching on to Ullswater, and peeps of Ullswater itself reveal themselves on the way.

(*b*) *By the Riggindale Ridge immediately in front of the inn.*—Cross the stream and then, with the wall some way above on the

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right, work gradually up on the left hand side of the ridge, gaining the backbone of it opposite Blea Water. Hence a short and sharp climb will bring you exactly to the top of the mountain.

(*c*) *By the ridge between Blea Water and Small Water.*—Follow the Nan Bield Route (p. 154) till it crosses the beck issuing from Small Water. Then climb the grass slope to the right, working your way up through some small crags which form a kind of buttress to this shoulder of High Street. A track will be found at the steepest part, and a cairn a little way above it. Hence, bearing to the right round the ridge which overlooks Blea Water, you will reach the summit in about 20 minutes. To reach Windermere, a direction more to the left, and towards a columnar cairn, should be followed, rounding the head of Kentmere Valley, and striking the main ridge between High Street and Froswick. This route should not be attempted in doubtful weather, because of the craggy portion above Small Water.

(*d*) *By Nan Bield Pass.*—Turn sharp to the right about the top of the pass (p. 155), and keep the highest ground, in a north-westerly direction, till you reach the summit, passing near the cairn mentioned in the last ascent.

Descents.—1. To Troutbeck and Windermere.—Follow the course of the wall southwards till you come to the wire fence on the right, leading towards the columnar cairn on the top of Thornthwaite Crag, the most prominent part of the mountain visible from Windermere. Hence drop to the dip between High Street and Froswick, and then descend diagonally and not in too great a hurry in the direction of Troutbeck village, leaving the steep narrow ridge of Ill Bell on the left. A track more distinguishable from a distance, than close at hand, drops to Hag Gill, the depression lying eastward of Troutbeck Tongue. Here you reach a grass path bordered by bracken, and after passing through a couple of sheep-folds, enter a horse track, which continues along the right hand side of the beck for about a mile, and then turns sharp to the right to Troutbeck Park Farm. By crossing the wall at the turn, and the field beyond it to its furthest extremity, you will cut off a corner, and enter the road from the farm to Troutbeck village, just where it crosses the stream. About a mile further, the stream having been recrossed meantime, a lane to the right leads up in a few hundred yards to the Queen's Head at Troutbeck. The direct route enters the Patterdale and Windermere main road (p. 148) about half a mile further on. By this route there is no inn till Windermere is reached.

2. To Ullswater.—Follow the ridge northwards, past the opening in the wall at the top of Riggindale, and continue round the Knott, about half a mile further on, leaving *Kidsty Pike* considerably on the right. Then descend by a peat track to the lower end of *Hayeswater*, and *Hartsop* hamlet, whence the road down Patterdale to Ullswater is unmistakeable (p. 73).

3. To Mardale Green.—The Dun Bull inn is the white house visible beyond the wood at the extremity of the ridge stretching

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due east from the summit of High Street. Descend the steep pitch to this ridge, and then work down the grass slope on the right towards *Blea Water*. The rest of the way is rough, but not difficult.

Other routes are (1) over *Kidsty Pike*, whence the descent must be continued along the ridge until the last rocks are passed, to the farm house visible at the bottom of *Riggindale*; and (2) by the top of the *Nan Bield Pass*, or the ridge between Small Water and Blea Water. For either of the last two, make for the cairn about a mile to the south-east of the summit, and thence keep along the main shoulder for Nan Bield, or pick your way carefully down to the Nan Bield track, at the outlet of Small Water.

THE LANGDALE PIKES: Harrison Stickle, 2,401 ft. Pike o' Stickle, 2,323 ft. Maps I., VII.

The ascent of the Langdale Pikes from Dungeon Gill is a delightful walk, but those whose anticipations are based on the wonderful impressiveness of the "twin peaks" as seen from the Windermere end of the district, will probably be disappointed with the view from the top. The two towering crags—which, when looked at from below, have seemed the most prominent figures in the mighty "fell" phalanx all around—are utterly "crowded out" by their fellow heights when their summit level is attained. On one side Bowfell rears its rocky head 500 ft. above them, and on the other, at greater distance, the huge mass of Helvellyn narrows the view to a range of eight or ten miles, while northwards they are overtopped by utterly shapeless fells belonging to their own "family,"—High White Stones, to wit; in fact, in this direction the view is dreary and monotonous. The entire strength of the mountain lies in its craggy and bold southern swoop into Langdale, across which the prospect of Windermere, Esthwaite Water, and the far Yorkshire hills atones for any shortcomings in other directions. Ponies may be taken to the top; charge for pony and guide, about 10s. Time, from 1½ to 2 hours.

The Ascent.—This is nearly always commenced from one of the Dungeon Gill hotels. From all other places it is tame and laborious. The best route is to ascend by Dungeon Gill and to descend by Stickle Tarn.

The routes from the two hotels converge at the foot of Dungeon Gill (p. 35), whence either side of the gill may be pursued. The pony track on the left-hand side is, perhaps, to be preferred.

The right hand route climbs by a green path the spur between Dungeon Gill d Mill Beck, and joins the pony track on the level moorland two-thirds of the y up the mountain.

Crossing the beck at the foot of the gill (p. 35), the track winds with the fall on the right-hand side, and then skirts the top of

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the crags, looking down on the Old Hotel; soon working round to the right again, and always keeping the gill on that side. One or two picturesque falls come into view during the climb, and the retrospect over the Langdale Valley and Blea Tarn to Windermere and Wetherlam is very pleasing. When the top of the lower spur of the mountain is reached some boggy ground has to be crossed to the foot of the peaks themselves, which are separated by a gully. The best way of proceeding is to take the left hand of the gully, climbing, if so disposed, Pike o' Stickle as well as Harrison Stickle. In any case, the way to the latter is a "back" one, across the top of the gully. Skiddaw presents a most imposing appearance from Stickle Pike.

From the summit of *Harrison Stickle* Skiddaw and Saddleback appear in the north, over the long and dreary range which stretches from the pike itself to Castlerigg over Derwentwater. Then comes the range extending from Catbells, on the west side of Derwentwater, to Dale Head. On the right of the latter is the cone of Grisedale Pike, and on its left Grasmoor. Then, nearer at hand, comes the Glaramara range, backed by the fells between Buttermere and Ennerdale, to the south of which the somewhat lumpy contour of the Pillar rises. Between the latter and Scafell Pike, which rises directly over Pike o' Stickle, Great Gable asserts a strong individuality. South of Scafell the graceful peak of Bowfell is a never-failing landmark, and the range is continued to the Coniston Old Man. The southward prospect, including Windermere, Esthwaite Water, and Blea Tarn and Elterwater, will be familiar to all. The flat-topped hill far away in the south-west is Ingleborough, the first object which reminded "Jeanie Deans" of her "ain countree" in her long tramp thither from London. The Helvellyn and High Street ranges, with St. Sunday's Crag, Fairfield, and the Red Screes, close the prospect eastwards, St. Sunday's Crag filling up the gap between Dollywaggon Pike, the most southerly shoulder of Helvellyn, and Fairfield, and rising immediately over Seat Sandal.

Descents.—Tourists generally descend into Langdale again, in which case the most inviting route, on the score of variety, is by Stickle Tarn. By means of a little care they may also reach Grasmere or Borrowdale, without encountering any serious intervening depression.

1. *To Langdale.*—The Stickle Tarn route is unmistakeable from the top of Harrison Stickle. The tarn itself lies immediately below, and the usual course is round it along the edge of the crags of *Pavey Ark*, which overhang its northern side. A shorter, but very steep course, is to descend direct to the tarn from the top of the corrie between Harrison Stickle and Pavey Ark. From the outlet of the tarn, which is somewhat spoilt by being artificially dammed, a fair track descends, having the beck on its right hand, to the bottom of the valley, near the *New Hotel*. There is also a faint and very rough path on the other side of the beck, which bends round the spur separating Mill Beck from Dungeon Gill, and joins

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the regular pony track up the mountain a few yards below the waterfall.

2. *To Grasmere.*—After descending from Pavey Ark, cross the stream which feeds the tarn, and then, bearing slightly to the left, climb again for a little way. The height on the left hand, crowned by a columnar cairn, is *Sergeant Man*. Strike the ridge about half a mile south of the cairn. From the summit you will look straight down to Grasmere village over *Codale* and *Easedale Tarns*. The latter is the larger and more conspicuous one of the two, and the former, which lies on your way to it, is only intermittently visible. Keep both of them on your left. At the foot of Easedale Tarn there is a refreshment hut, and from it a good pony track all the way to Grasmere (p. 89). The whole descent will take from 2 to 2½ hours.

3. *To Borrowdale.*—By passing behind Pike o' Stickle you will hit the Stake Pass (p. 48) at about its highest point, or by continuing along the ridge northwards for nearly an hour you will reach the place where the track from Grasmere to Rosthwaite, by *Far Easedale* and *Greenup Gill*, crosses it. Where there is no path, small cairns mark the direction of this track. For the descent thence to Rosthwaite, see p. 92.

THE PILLAR, 2927 ft. Maps VII., VIII., and the General One.

From Wasdale Head ... 2—2½ *hours.*
,, *Ennerdale* (*Angler's Inn*) 3—3½ *hours.*

The ascent of the *Pillar Mountain* is a most interesting one, and perfectly safe. It has often been confused with the *Pillar Rock* which is simply a craggy excrescence someway below the summit of the mountain on the Ennerdale side, and the most dangerous bit of crag work in the Lake District. Those who attempt it, do so on their own responsibility. Pedestrians from Wastwater to Ennerdale, or *vice versâ*, are strongly advised to adopt the route over the Pillar Mountain. There is a somewhat shorter cut over *Windy Gap*, a depression of about 500 feet, between the Pillar and the Steeple, but this route, besides missing the best views, is so excessively steep on the Wastwater side, that a very slight saving of fatigue results from adopting it.

1. From Wasdale Head, and down to Angler's Inn, Ennerdale.—Follow the Black Sail route as far as the beck descending from the top of the pass on the Wasdale side (p. 138.)

Those who wish to cross *Windy Gap* without climbing to the top of the Pillar must diverge to the left after passing the last wall, and then make straight for the top of the gap, taking care not to mistake for it a depression more to the left, from which the main stream of Mosedale descends. The last part of the ascent is very rough and steep.

After crossing the beck, turn up the left, leaving the track anywhere between it and the top of the pass. The longer the *détour*,

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the easier the climb. On reaching the top of the ridge, keep along it to the left. Good views across Ennerdale to the north, and Mosedale to the south, are obtained. The Ennerdale Valley is finely fenced in by the steep and barren slopes of High Crag and High Stile, beyond the former of which the bulky red bluff of Grasmoor appears. The track over Scarf Gap is seen climbing the other side of Ennerdale, and beyond it Skiddaw makes a striking sky-line. Great Gable rises majestically at the head of Ennerdale, and, to the right of Scafell, Burnmoor and Eel Tarns relieve the barrenness of the moorland reaching from Wastwater to Eskdale. The most striking features of the scene, however, are the deeply rift crags which descend in wild *abandon* from the gazer's feet into the depths of Ennerdale, surpassing in chaotic grandeur anything else of the kind in the district.

Hence to the top of the Pillar the way is rough and occasionally steep, but marked by a path more or less distinct. The summit itself is an almost level mossy sward. On reaching it, a wide view westwards opens up, including the whole of Ennerdale Lake, the champaign country between it and the sea, the sea itself, and the Isle of Man. Saddleback appears to the right of Skiddaw, and the Helvellyn range bounds a great deal of the prospect eastwards. Black Combe and Morecambe Bay are the limits of the view southwards.

The best descent is by Windy Gap, which lies south-west of the summit, and is reached after a steep drop of 500 feet in about 20 minutes.

Those who wish to return to Wasdale Head may make a grand "day of it" on the fells, by continuing along the ridge from Windy Gap to the summit of the *Steeple*, thence turning sharp to the left and passing over the *Wastwater Red Pike*, from which they may descend to the hause between the latter and *Yewbarrow*, and make their way to the shores of Wastwater by the *Overbeck* valley, or by a steep descent to the left, straight down to Wasdale Head again. For the distance between Windy Gap and Wasdale Head, 2 to 3 hours is a fair allowance of time.

Proceeding in the direction of Ennerdale, descend the steep slope from Windy Gap to *High Beck*, the lateral stream which you will see flowing into the main valley. During the first part of the descent the crags of the *Steeple* have a very striking appearance high up on the left, and will remind many travellers of the famous "corries" of the Coolin Hills in Skye. It is best to cross High Beck at the first wall, and thence to make pretty straight for the farm houses of Gillerthwaite, reaching the next lateral stream, *Low Beck*, at least some few hundred yards above its junction with the main stream of the valley. This last-named beck is an exquisite *bijou* of its kind, and its own picturesque beauty is enhanced by the suddenness with which it strikes the eye of the traveller, after his long trudge over the bare fells. The beck forms a succession of waterfalls, half hidden by multitudinous ferns, and by such trees as love the shelter afforded by its encircling rocks from the rude blasts that sweep the mountain side.

Descending this beck to within a short distance of its absorption in the main stream, you will find a little bridge across it, and a

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footpath. Follow the latter for more than a mile, keeping the river *Lisa* on your right. Then, at the bend of the river just after crossing another lateral stream, you will see a long wooden bridge. Crossing this, you join the regular track up the valley, a few yards on the Ennerdale Lake side of *Gillerthwaite Farm*. Hence to the Anglers' Inn the distance is about three miles, along a good cart road, which, however, should be left after passing through a gate at the top of a rise about two-thirds of the distance. From this point cross a green patch of ground into a lane with a cottage on the right. A few yards' descent brings you to the margin of the lake, which, with a very slight and unmistakeable digression, you should keep to, all the rest of the way. The water, occasionally, attempts to dispute the right of road. The walk from the top of the Pillar to the inn will take from 2 to 3 hours.

2. From Anglers' Inn, Ennerdale, and down to Wasdale Head.—The ascent of the Pillar in this direction may be made either by exactly reversing the previous route, or by joining it at the top of the Black Sail Pass, and there turning sharp round to the right, so as to travel along the summit ridge to Windy Gap. We recommend the former of these alternatives to those who wish to cross to Wasdale Head, and the latter to such as are returning to the Anglers' Inn. The descent from Windy Gap to Wasdale is, for reasons before stated, unsatisfactory.

The ascent from *Wasdale Head* having been fully described, it is only necessary to give the chief landmarks of the reverse route.

Leaving the Anglers' Inn, keep along the shore of the lake for rather more than a mile. Then rise for a few yards through a lane with a cottage on the left, and across an unenclosed patch of green, to the main road, a few yards in front of a gate. Proceed along this road for nearly two miles, till, just before reaching the *Gillerthwaite Farm*, you see a long bridge over the river on the right. Cross this, and follow a path along the opposite bank for more than a mile, till you reach the second beck,—*Low Beck* (p. 177),—which the path crosses by a small bridge.

To make the ascent by *Black Sail* do not cross the river at all, but follow the pony track as far as the foot of the *Scarf Gap* Pass, 3½ miles past Gillerthwaite. Hence the way up Black Sail is described in the Buttermere and Wasdale Head route (p. 134), and from the top of Black Sail to the Pillar in the foregoing description (p. 177).

After exploring Low Beck, climb right away in the direction of Windy Gap, the depression to the right of the Pillar, and between it and the Steeple, crossing *High Beck* near a stone wall on the way. From the *col* of Windy Gap a steep climb of 500 feet to the left lands you on the top of the Pillar. (For the view, see p. 177). The descent is along the top of the ridge, eastward, to the top of the Black Sail Pass, keeping, as much as possible, both the Ennerdale and Wasdale Valleys in view at the same time. For the concluding part of the route, from Black Sail to Wasdale Head, see p. 134. A corner may be cut off by descending to the right some distance short of the pass itself.

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RED PIKE (Buttermere), 2,479 ft. Maps VI, VIII.

From Buttermere Village by Ruddy Beck... ... 1¼—1¾ *hrs.*
,, ,, ,, *by Scale Force ...* ... 2 —3 ,,

The tourist must be careful not to confuse this mountain with another Red Pike, which lies between the Steeple and Yewbarrow, overlooking Wasdale. The Buttermere Red Pike commands more lakes in the immediate foreground than any other mountain in the district, and is for that reason worthy of special consideration on the part of the tourist.

There are three ways of climbing Red Pike from Buttermere,—by Scale Force, by Ruddy Beck, and by Sour Milk Gill. We shall describe the first two of these for the ascent, and the third for the descent.

Those, who wish to combine *Scale Force* with the excursion, will do best to adopt the first route, but such as have already visited Scale Force are recommended to try the second, as being shorter and less tedious. The Scale Force route is particularly devoid of interest from the force itself almost to the summit, the only compensation being the thoroughness of the "*coup d'œil*" when the highest point is reached.

Ascents.—1. By Scale Force.—The route to Scale Force is described in the Buttermere excursion from Keswick (p. 110). From the force either side of the beck may be taken, the climb being at first steep, and then over a monotonous grass slope. If the right-hand side be chosen, the beck should be crossed near a little runnel entering it on the same side, and a gradual ascent made in a south-easterly direction. By taking the left-hand side of the beck, a slight angle may be cut off, but in either case the top of the mountain is not seen for some time, the highest point visible being *Starling Dodd*, more than a mile to the right of it. There is no particular path. When the ridge of the grass slope is attained, the somewhat pointed summit of Red Pike is unmistakeable, and is reached by a quarter of an hour or so's steeper climbing.

2. By Ruddy Beck.—This is a shorter and more interesting ascent, but misses Scale Force. Ruddy Beck is the streamlet descending into Crummock Water from the more northerly of the two lofty combes which lie immediately below the summit ridge of Red Pike, and are separated from one another by a spur of the mountain extending from the top in the direction of Buttermere village.

Follow the foot track to Scale Force described on p. 111, until you come near the south-western corner of Crummock Water where Ruddy Beck flows into it. Then climb, keeping the beck on the right hand. The first 1,000 feet or so of the ascent are steep, but not difficult. Then cross a wall, and, bearing to the left, make

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for the lowest part of the spur which projects from the top of Red Pike itself in the direction of Buttermere village. On gaining this, just when *Bleaberry Tarn* comes into view on the other side of the spur, turn sharp to the right, and attack the screes, which extend upwards, with little variation, to the summit. It is a steep, but short climb.

View from the Top.—The feature of this prospect is the number and diversity of the lakes, which appear in almost every direction,—not narrow strips of water glimmering in the distance, as is the case with the view from many mountain tops noted for the mere number of lakes comprised in it, but real substantial lakes, each one, by virtue of the space it presents to the eye, and the distinctness with which the windings and varieties of its shores are traceable, taking a prominent part in the whole panorama.

Looking towards the north-east we see Bleaberry Tarn, 1,000 ft. below, but so near that one could almost roll a stone into it; beyond it, Buttermere, with the villa and well-timbered grounds of Hasness on the lower slope of Robinson. A spur of Red Pike itself partly hides the strath between Buttermere and Crummock Water, but over it we see Buttermere Hause and the Newlands Valley stretching away to Derwentwater, beyond which the clear-cut brow of Blencathara makes a striking sky-line. Skiddaw is seen to the left of Blencathara (Saddleback), and above the range which stretches eastwards from the sturdy red bluff of Grasmoor, overhanging Crummock Water, to the smooth green slope of Causey Pike. The sharp-pointed peak, filling up the depression to the right of Grasmoor, is Grisedale Pike, and the near one, in a line with it, Whiteless Pike. To the left of Grasmoor, Whiteside appears, flanking the rich vale of Lorton. Then comes Melbreak, dipping to the western margin of Crummock and Loweswater, the highest and smallest of the triad sisterhood of lakes which feed the river Cocker. Loweswater empties its waters into Crummock. Beyond it, the Solway Firth and Scotch hills may be visible. Then, to the west, the upper part of Ennerdale Lake appears, with the valley itself stretching away eastwards under the towering heights of Haycock, the Steeple, and the Pillar. The Scafell group appears in the distance, immediately left of the Pillar, and then the loftier summit of High Stile, rising close above us, bars further prospect towards the south-east. To the left of it, Honister Crag and Dale Head appear, right and left of the Honister Pass respectively, and the Helvellyn range closes the view in this direction. Helvellyn itself is the part of it almost due west, and just to the right of the pointed summit of Catchedicam. St. Sunday's Crag and Fairfield are to the right of Helvellyn.

If the tourist does not intend to descend directly into Ennerdale, or to proceed along the ridge over High Stile, he will do well, before commencing his descent, to walk for about ten minutes in a south-westerly direction, past a rocky knob, till the bottom of the Ennerdale Valley comes into view. By so doing he will gain an adequate impression of the grandeur of the cliffs which descend

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from the Pillar into Ennerdale. The Pillar Rock is an excrescence several hundred feet below the top of the Pillar Mountain.

Descents.—There are various available routes for descending Red Pike. The shortest ones, to Buttermere village, require careful observation, because the lowest and steepest part of the mountain is not visible from the summit, and the shoulder, which extends exactly in the direction of the village, is dangerously steep and craggy in its lower parts.

1. To Buttermere Village, direct.—The description of the ascent by Ruddy Beck will be a sufficient guide to the descent by it. Those, however, who have adopted it in coming up, will probably prefer to go down by Bleaberry Tarn. To make the descent this way, go straight down the steep pitch, consisting to a great extent of screes, from the top of the mountain in the direction of the Buttermere Hause opening,—that is, north-eastwards. Then, instead of turning left towards Ruddy Beck, descend the steep grass slope to *Bleaberry Tarn* on the right. Hence follow the stream issuing from the tarn for some distance, till the descent becomes steep, at which point cross the stream and proceed to the right, along the top of the steep part, until you can see the whole of the fell-side as far as the lake. Then descend the rough ground, and you will shortly come to an old horse track descending the hill obliquely to the north-west corner of the lake, just where the Bleaberry Tarn Beck flows into it. Hence the road to Buttermere village follows the stream connecting Buttermere and Crummock Lakes for nearly half a mile, and then, crossing it by a stone bridge, continues over the meadows to the *Fish Inn*.

2. To Ennerdale.—Ennerdale is easily reached in less than an hour from the top by making for the farm-house of *Gillerthwaite*, a mile above the head of the lake, whence to the Anglers' Inn is 3½ miles (p. 178).

3. To Buttermere, by High Stile and High Crag.—In clear weather this is a most delightful and by no means fatiguing round. The only needful instruction is to proceed from Red Pike, along the ridge overlooking Buttermere, till the top of the *Scarf Gap Pass* is reached by a steep descent. High Stile is about 150 ft. higher than Red Pike, and commands a more extensive, if not so beautiful a view. From 2 to 3 hours should be allowed for the distance by this route between Red Pike and Buttermere village. For the part of it beyond Scarf Gap, see p. 139.

SADDLEBACK (Blencathara), 2,847 ft. Map V.

This mountain is confused with Glaramara in Borrowdale by Scott, and favoured with particular attention by other poets in virtue of its tarns, one of which is inhabited by "two immortal

fish," and another so deeply set in the surrounding hills that,—to quote Scott again,

> "Never sunbeam could discern
> The surface of that sable tarn,
> In whose black mirror you may spy
> The stars while noon-day lights the sky."

Setting apart these poetical fictions (as daring ones, by the way, as even a poet ever "rose" to), Blencathara is a very fine and strongly individualised mountain. Its contour, though diverging but little from the straight line, is more sharply cut than that of any mountain in the district; and the series of lateral spurs shooting out southwards from its main ridge, approach still nearer to the razor-edged formation which always contrasts finely with smooth grass slopes. The walk over it, from end to end, is a very delightful one, and should always be taken from east to west; otherwise, the traveller will have the view behind him all the way. The feature of the prospect from the top is the vista of the valley of St. John and Thirlmere, the latter possessing that indescribable charm which attaches itself to long and narrow lakes, when seen at full length from neighbouring heights.

The shortest ascent, from Threlkeld village or station, is up the ridge which drops down to the turnpike road about half a mile on the Penrith side of the village. For this climb, the ridge itself is the best guide. The last bit is very steep.

Most tourists will prefer to do the whole tour of the mountain, descending again either to Threlkeld station or straight to Keswick, whereto the best route is by a woody lane north of the Greta and under Latrigg. The entire circuit, beginning and ending at Threlkeld station, will take about from 4 to 5 hours. To reach Keswick again on foot, another hour should be added.

Threlkeld village (*Inn*, the Horse and Farrier) is half a mile north of the station. Thence follow the Penrith road for 1½ miles, as far as the *Scales Tollgate*, whence, after crossing a bit of waste ground, a path is seen, with a wall on the right, rounding the shoulder of the mountain. Pursue this direction for about half a mile, and then turn to the left up the shoulder. The route is then unmistakeable, if you continue to climb, keeping the southern cliff of the main ridge on your left when it appears, and *Scales Tarn* some distance below on the right. Beautiful views open up across Derwentwater to the Newlands and Buttermere mountains. Once on the top ridge, you have only to keep to it past summit after summit. The view southward become very winsome, when the valley of St. John opens, backed by Thirlmere, and, in the far distance, Coniston Fells. Northwards is a dull expanse of moorland, and westwards Skiddaw presents its most uninteresting side. One is tempted to wonder what Skiddaw and Saddleback look like from the north, if they have ever been seen from that side. The Scafell group and the grand sweep of Great Gable close the prospect between Thirlmere and Derwentwater, the latter lake vying with the former in the distinctive beauty which it adds to the panorama. South and south-eastwards summit after summit

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of the Helvellyn and High Street ranges appear, and due east, over a foreground of featureless moorland, are seen the Eden Valley and the Crossfell range.

The Descent may be made down the steep lateral spur which drops straight from the summit in the direction of the Helvellyn range, or the cliffs may be still skirted, and when they are passed, the green round shoulder of the mountain traversed. If Threlkeld be aimed at, turn to the left and go down in a southerly direction. If Keswick, keep the islands of Derwentwater straight in front. At the foot of the shoulder you will go through some enclosures, past a farm house, and by a footbridge over the *Glenderaterra Beck*, which separates Saddleback from Skiddaw. On the other side, take the cart road to the left for a few hundred yards. Then turn sharp to the right, and keep the road through the woods north of the Greta until you cross it by a bridge about half a mile short of Keswick.

SCAFELL PIKE, 3,210 ft. Map IV.

Scafell Pike, in itself, worthily supports its adventitious fame as the monarch of English mountains. Though not so fascinating in outline, or individually conspicuous as several others in its immediate vicinity, it has so much rugged grandeur about it—it is such a perfect example of the wildest workings of Nature—that no one who ascends it can fail to acknowledge that he has obtained one of the genuine mountaineer's first objects,—the farthest possible removal from the associations of his every-day life. Indeed, with the exception of the Coolin hills, in Skye, it is doubtful whether the British Isles contain anything so majestically wild as the region of Scafell Pike and Scafell.

Between Scafell Pike and Scafell itself, and a few hundred feet below the respective summits, is a razor-like ridge called *Mickledore*, steep on both sides, but quite easy to walk along. On the Scafell side of this the crags rise in sheer precipices. There is a narrow opening a few yards to the left of the ridge, as it is traversed from Scafell Pike, called *Mickledore Chasm*. Through this opening, tourists, who wish to ascend both heights in the same journey, occasionally squeeze themselves, and then, climbing up the slanting rock above, which is ironically named the "broad stone," avoid the *détour* which it is otherwise found necessary to make. The route, however, is not one which the author of any guide-book would be justified in recommending, and a slip in the awkward part would be followed by disastrous consequences.

There are many ways of ascending Scafell Pike, safe and easy, though fatiguing, in clear weather; but the peculiarly rough nature of the summit, and the crags and precipices which abound on almost every side, render it a particularly dangerous mountain for anyone, who is not intimately acquainted with the district, to attempt in bad weather.

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We shall describe the principal ascents, starting from the nearest inns, and giving approximately the time required for each.

The following is a list of the ordinary routes up the mountain :—

1. *From Dungeon Gill (Old Hotel)* ... ... 3—4 *hrs.*
2. ,, *Rosthwaite, Borrowdale (Scafell or Royal Oak Hotel)* ... ... 3—4 ,,
3. ,, *Wasdale Head* ... ... 2—2½ ,,
4. ,, *the Woolpack Inn or Boot (Eskdale)* ... ... 3—4 ,,

Ponies may be taken from Dungeon Gill, Rosthwaite, or Wasdale Head to within twenty minutes of the summit.* The Mason's Arms, at Boot, and the Woolpack are small inns, and do not provide ponies. Routes 1, 2, and 3 are marked by path or cairn all the way; route 4 by an indifferent and slightly intermittent track, as far as the steep climb to Mickledore.

The Wasdale Head route is the easiest as well as the shortest.

1 and 2. From Dungeon Gill or Rosthwaite.—These routes converge on the summit of Esk Hause. For a description up to that point of the Dungeon Gill one, see p. 49; and of the Rosthwaite one, to the point where it diverges from the Styhead track, p. 129.

Route 2.—A saving of more than half a mile in distance, but of no time, may be effected by ascending *Grain Gill* from *Stockley Bridge*, keeping the side of the beck, and, where it divides into two, the right-hand branch. There is no regular track.

If the regular foot-path route by Sty Head Tarn be taken, branch off to the left after passing the tarn, along the Wasdale Head and Langdale track (p. 129), boggy at first, but soon clearly marked. *Sprinkling Tarn* is passed on the left, and the crags of *Great End* tower over the pass on the right. Instead of proceeding to the cairn on Esk Hause, work round Great End, obtaining, as you do so, a splendid view of Borrowdale and Derwentwater through the vista of Grain Gill.

Further description applies to the two routes equally.

From the summit of Esk Hause, when you begin to look down into Eskdale, the Scafell track is seen rather to the right, climbing a comparatively green "corrie" between Great End and another rocky height, which is the eastern buttress of Scafell Pike. In a few minutes a streamlet is crossed—the last water during the ascent. Then the Pillar, Steeple, and Mosedale Valley come into view in front. In another ten minutes the path becomes a chaos of rough stones, and continues so almost all the way to the summit. It is marked by small cairns placed at frequent intervals, and kept in existence by the addition continually made to them by passers by. Ponies cannot be taken beyond the commencement of this stone pavement. The first portion of it is succeeded by an almost level stretch of gravel, scantily covered with herbage. Then come the big stones again, and a slight dip and a beautiful peep of Crummock Water on the right, through the depression between Great Gable and Kirkfell. Another and a greater dip has to be made, and then, by a steep climb of ten minutes up a narrow ridge with a good winding path, the summit is reached.

3. From Wasdale Head.—There are two distinct routes up Scafell Pike from Wasdale Head, with many possible variations.

* Charge for pony and guide, about 15s.

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The one, the easiest and commonest, may be called the *Lingmell* route; the other, the steepest and grandest, the *Pier's Gill* route.

(*a*) *The Lingmell Gill Route.*—There are several ways of commencing this ascent, each claiming authoritative support. The best general description of them is that their length varies inversely as their steepness—in other words, the steeper the climb, the shorter the distance. All, however, converge on the comparative plateau between Lingmell top and the summit of the Pikes.

The easiest of these ways is the track which ascends on the far side of Lingmell Gill (the others involve a very steep climb to begin with). Adopting this, you leave the inn by the Burnmoor Tarn route (p. 140), which you follow for about half a mile beyond the foot-bridge near the head of the lake. A short cut, fording a couple of streams, may be made, as also described in the Burnmoor route, but it is not to be recommended. Then, after crossing the cart track which leads to Wasdale Hall, and a small plantation, diverge at right angles and ascend the gill, keeping the stream on the left. During the climb, the crags of Scafell itself beetle grandly over you a little on the right hand, but Scafell Pike lies back in front. After about half an hour's ascent, amounting to 800 ft., the stream divides, the right-hand branch descending from the Mickledore *col*, between the Pike and Scafell itself, and the left from Lingmell. Proceed up the middle of the green *tongue* between the two, and when you have reached the comparatively level ground, work round to the left, towards the top of Lingmell, till you approach a dilapidated wall; then turn sharp to the right again, up some rough stones. The last part of the route, from the point at which the large cairn at the summit of the Pikes comes into view, is marked by a succession of small cairns.

Pedestrians, who wish to reach the summit by the shortest practicable route, may climb the projecting spur of Lingmell by the side of a wall which is seen from the inn ascending it broadside. To reach the base of this wall follow the Strands road as far as the little common by the side of which stands the old schoolhouse, and there turn to the left over some railings. Ford the beck, and then keep a wall on the right-hand side, and climb till you reach the ridge of the spur, on attaining which you have the headlong cliffs of Scafell itself in front, separated from you by the ravine of Lingmell Gill. Hence you may either cross to the *tongue* mentioned in the Lingmell Gill ascent, or you may climb to the left, up the steep ridge of Lingmell itself, veering to the right when you see the rocky summit of that mountain just before you. At the top of the depression, between Scafell Pike and Lingmell, which is marked by a fragmentary wall, turn sharp to the right, and proceed up the rough stones as in the foregoing route.

A noticeable feature of these ascents is that Scafell itself is throughout a much more prominent object than Scafell Pike.

(*b*) *The Pier's Gill Route.*—Ascend the valley between Great Gable and Lingmell to the foot of the gill, which commences soon after a sharp turn to the right, about half an hour's walk from the inn. Climb on the north side of the gill, joining the Lingmell Gill route in the depression between Lingmell and Scafell Pike. *Pier's Gill* is, perhaps, the grandest chasm in the Lake District, and well repays the exertion of clambering up it.

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4. From the "Woolpack" or Boot, Eskdale.—The little railway, which covers the seven miles between Ravenglass and Boot, has fairly opened up this ascent of Scafell Pike. It is considerably longer than that from Wasdale Head, but full of interest the whole way, and though there is some "stiff" climbing during the last hour, there is nothing to appal even a timid mountaineer. During the journey, the beauties of Upper Eskdale and the crags which forms the southern buttress of the Pikes and Scafell itself, are seen to the greatest advantage.

The tourist may with tolerable certainty depend on accommodation during the previous night at one of the little Eskdale inns, the *Mason's Arms* at Boot, or the *Woolpack*, a mile higher up the valley, or, by leaving Drigg or Seascale by the first train, he may get away from Boot in good time.

The main road up the valley must be followed for 1¼ miles from Boot, and thence a private road to the left, indicated by a sign-post, to *Taw House*, a long half-mile further. Beyond Taw House a cart track crosses some fields, keeping the river on the right, to a couple of sheep-folds, 100 yards or so beyond which it crosses a beck by a stone bridge. Here are a couple of beautiful falls, one above and the other below the bridge. The pyramidal summit in front, which fills up the head of the valley, is Bowfell. Beyond the bridge, the road, which is now a peat track, leaves the valley, and zigzags up the steep slope on the left. When it comes to an end at a peat bog, after about half-an-hour's walk, cross some swampy ground in front over its most depressed part. In a few minutes' clear indications of a foot-track re-appear, which must be followed over comparatively level ground for a couple of miles, care being taken not to descend into the moss at the side of the river, when the latter again appears on the right. The crags of Scafell tower nobly on the left. A couple of sheep-folds, and some huge detached boulders, overgrown with moss, ling, and bog myrtle, are passed. Then a stream is crossed, with a cataract called *Cam Spout* pouring down on the left. This stream descends from Mickledore, the ridge which connects Scafell Pike with Scafell, and to the top of which a sharp climb must now be commenced. The best plan is to work round the steep hillock just beyond Cam Spout, and then ascend underneath the crags of Scafell on the left. Twenty yards or so before the top of the ridge is attained, an opening in the rock on the left, just wide enough to squeeze through sideways, leads to the so-called *Broad Stone*, the short but dangerous cut from Scafell Pike to Scafell. The top of the *Mickledore* ridge is narrow but not dangerous, and from it a direct descent may be made into Wasdale. The summit of Scafell Pike rises directly to the right, and will be reached after another twenty minutes' hard climb over a course in comparison with which the ruins of Petra would be smooth walking. It should be added that after Cam Spout is passed all trace of a path vanishes.

From *Boot* to the summit of Scafell Pike there is a shorter route by which a sound-winded pedestrian may reach the top in about 2½ hours. It passes by *Gill*

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Bank on the east side of the stream which descends from Burnmoor Tarn, and, leaving *Eel Tarn* on the right, joins the Eskdale route about where the peat track before-mentioned ceases. The "patentee" of this route is the postmaster at Boot, who should be consulted at starting. By its adoption, however, the beauty of mid-Eskdale is lost. There is no regular track between Gill Bank, three quarters of a mile from Boot, and the peat track.

View from the top.—The prospect from the summit of Scafell Pike is not so good as that from many other points in the same range, which are fortunately within easy reach of it. Consequently the tourist will do well to devote a long day to the excursion. It is little over a mile, as the crow flies, from the Pike itself to Great End, its north-eastern buttress, and there is no intervening depression of more than a few hundred feet. Generally speaking, the view increases in interest all the way; Borrowdale and Derwentwater coming more and more into the line of it, and Windermere revealing itself more fully over the Langdale Valley. The only strong points lost being the view of the cliffs of Scafell itself, and the wide champaign of land and sea beyond them.

The prospect is more of a mountain than a lake one. Only the lower end of Wastwater is visible, one side of Derwentwater, and a strip of Windermere; but Skiddaw and Saddleback beyond Derwentwater, Great Gable on the other side of Wasdale, and the Pillar at the head of the Mosedale Valley in the north-west, are grand objects. Grisedale Pike rises over Great Gable, whose cairn exactly cuts the line of the summit of Robinson. Between Great Gable and the Pillar is Kirkfell, beneath which, and close at hand the craggy top of Lingmell is just visible. Between Grisedale Pike and the Pillar the chief heights are Grasmoor, with its red burly front, and the Buttermere fells of High Stile and Red Pike. On both sides of the last-named group are the Solway Firth and Scotland. The range of the Pillar is continued westwards by Steeple and Haycock, the latter rising over Low Tarn. Then comes Seatallan, sinking gradually to the crags of Buckbarrow, which, in their turn, drop abruptly to the plain of West Cumberland.

The Isle of Man rises out of mid-ocean beyond Scafell, and Black Combe and the Duddon estuary are seen to the left of the same mountain, and in close proximity to the "tall chimley to Barrow," as we once heard it called by an old lady, whose nerves had been sadly upset by the general desolation of the scene. "Something that spoke of life," was the one thing she craved for.

Almost due south, to the left of the Duddon estuary, the Coniston range appears, which is continued nearer at hand by Crinkle Crags and Bowfell. Then comes a "peep" of Windermere, with the Yorkshire fells far away in the south-east, the flat-topped Ingleborough rising slightly above his fellows. Parts of the High Street range are distinguishable behind the nearer ridge of Fairfield and the Red Screes. The top of Ill Bell, its most southerly Peak, just cuts the line of Harter Fell beyond itself; then the range, disappearing to the north of Red Screes, is con-

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tinued by the long, slightly-curved top of High Street itself, and the sharp point of Kidsty Pike. In the gap between Fairfield and Helvellyn, St. Sunday's Crag appears, and between the long Helvellyn ridge and Saddleback, the eye wanders away to the Eden valley, and the almost level skyline of the Pennine range.

Descents 1 and 2. To Dungeon Gill or Rosthwaite.—The general directions of both these descents is north-easterly, towards Helvellyn, as far as Esk Hause. There is a plain track where the nature of the ground admits of one, but many parts of the route are over huge masses of rocky *débris*, and here the landmarks are a succession of small cairns, which the tourist should be particularly careful not to lose sight of. The penalty of so doing may be an awkward descent into Wasdale on the left hand, or Eskdale on the right, both of which valleys are separated from Keswick and Dungeon Gill by one or more formidable passes. Eskdale, especially, is a trap into which many unwary tourists fall. Once in it, there is practically no alternative to a long trudge down it to the Woolpack or Boot, between both of which and Dungeon Gill rise the passes of Hardknott, Wrynose, and Blea Tarn.

During the route to Esk Hause two depressions have to be crossed, the first and deepest immediately after leaving the summit, and the second, 15 or 20 minutes' walk farther on. The path across these depressions is clearly marked. After the second of these a plateau is traversed, at the end of which a descent is made to the grass land between Scafell and Great End; a streamlet is crossed near its rise, descending from Great End into Eskdale; after which the path, still indicated by cairns, and traversing the comparatively level ground to the right of Great End, quickly reaches the larger cairn of *Esk Hause*.

Hence the route to *Dungeon Gill* is described on p. 137; that to *Rosthwaite* on p. 50, as far as its junction with the Styhead Pass; and thence to *Keswick* on p. 142.

A short cut to Keswick may be made down *Grain Gill*, the first depression on the right after leaving Esk Hause. From the point of divergence there is a lovely view over Derwentwater to Skiddaw and Saddleback. The regular Styhead route is joined at *Stockley Bridge*, a mile short of Seathwaite hamlet.

3. To Wasdale Head.—Start north westwards in the direction of the Pillar and Mosedale valley, and passing a succession of small cairns. In about 10 minutes, when the lower slopes of the mountain come into view, bend to the right in the direction of Lingmell, descending to the swampy ground between that mountain and Scafell Pike, and turn left again, when you approach an old "tumble-down" wall. Hence you may either descend *Lingmell Gill* to the head of the lake, by a track which drops down the green tongue separating the two branches of the gill, or you may cross to the ridge of *Lingmell* itself, and descend its steep part in the direction of the lake till you come to a cross wall, down the right-hand side of which there is a steep but clearly-defined track to *Wasdale Head Inn*. On reaching the valley the track crosses the

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channel of a beck, often dry, and joins the main road close to the old schoolhouse. The inn is a few hundred yards to the right. Those who adopt this descent, should be careful not to commence too soon that part of it which lies between the top of the ridge and the dale itself.

4. To the Woolpack Inn or Boot (Eskdale).—This is a long but very interesting walk. There is no track whatever until the bottom of the valley is reached. From the summit make for the ridge of Mickledore between the Pikes and Scafell itself. On attaining the far side of this, go down the screes on the left, a steep but safe descent. At the foot of them, it is well to work a little to the left round a hillock, from the base of which a cataract, called Cam Spout, will be seen, descending from Mickledore. Cross the stream near the foot of this, and then keep well up by a faintly marked track, with the boggy land between it and the Esk river on the left. You will pass some big over-grown boulders. Where the stream flows farther away to the left, keep straight on, passing by two sheep-folds. Half-an-hour's more walking will bring you to a peat bog, whence a cart track zigzags down to the bottom of the valley, crossing a bridge, on either side of which are beautiful falls, near the bottom of it. Hence the route goes through two more contiguous sheep-folds, and, passing the farmstead of Taw House, enters the main Eskdale road about ¼ mile beyond it, and a like distance short of the Woolpack.

SKIDDAW, 3,058 ft. Map V.

Time (up and down) 5—6 *hrs. Guide* 6*s*, *Pony* 5*s*.

Skiddaw is the easiest of all the high mountains of the Lake District to climb. Only its southern and western sides are, strictly speaking, within the limits of the region which it is our province to describe. The eastern descent is broken by the wide and barren moorland of Skiddaw Forest, and the northern slope terminates in the comparative champaign which extends to the shores of the Solway.

The ascent of Skiddaw is almost always made from Keswick. Indeed, there is no other place of popular resort from which it can be conveniently commenced. The easy character of the climb, which might almost be accomplished by a carriage-and-four, makes it monotonous, and the monotony is not relieved by anything in the nature of a sudden burst or surprise. The best views are from the lower skirts of the mountain. The actual summit, though commanding a most extensive panorama, lies too far back from the near objects of interest to give them due prominence in the prospect.* For all this, Skiddaw is, and doubtless always will be,

* This criticism of the view from Skiddaw may appear at variance with the general remark made in the introduction to this part (p. 158), to the effect that those mountain prospects are the finest which comprise a full-length view of some particular lake. Derwentwater is exactly in this position with regard

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one of the favourite mountain ascents in the country. To many people its simplicity is a powerful magnet, to still more its name and fame.

With so many other mountains, however, within view of its summit which better repay the exertions of the climber, we feel bound to hint at the drawbacks as well as the attractions of this particular one.

The Ascent.—Follow the road to Latrigg (p. 104) under the railway bridge, on the right of the station and hotel, or through the station itself, and take the second turn to the right, up Spooney Green Lane. Guide-posts abound during the first part of the route. The lane goes straight at first, and then works round Latrigg, ending on the north side of it, and almost on a level with its summit, at a gate which leads into another lane coming up from Applethwaite. This lane also ends at a gate, a few yards to the right of the first one. Pass through it on to the open fell, and follow the track to the left alongside of a wall, to the other side of which you will pass before reaching the first of two refreshment huts.

Hence is a steep but simple climb to the second hut. The retrospect during this part of the ascent is very fine. Derwentwater exhibits its full beauty in the foreground, and the surrounding fells, near and far, make up with it a varied and harmonious whole. Most of them will be recognised from the description of the view from Castle Head (p. 100). In addition, the Pillar appears over the depression between Robinson and Hindscarth in the south-west, and the Coniston mountains due south, beyond the Langdale Pike o' Stickle, which from this end of the district looks like a thimble. The long Helvellyn range closes the prospect to the south-east.

From the second hut to the top of Skiddaw the general direction is rather to the left of the previous one. After about five minutes' climb an almost level sheep-walk commences, terminated by Skiddaw *Low Man*. The pony-track leaves this height some way on the left, and passes through an iron fence, beyond which it becomes a broad, clearly-defined path again. The pedestrian will probably prefer to climb the Low Man on his way, especially as the view from it is decidedly finer than from the High Man. Every step beyond it only takes the traveller so much further from the Lake District.

The distance from the Low to the High Man is about a mile, and the route unmistakeable. The desolate, undulating track of *Skiddaw Forest* stretches far away to the right. There is a slight

to Skiddaw, at least until the "Low Man" is passed. But Derwentwater is in one respect an exceptional lake. Looked at endways it is as broad as it is long, and consequently that charm of shape which Windermere shows from High Street, Thirlmere from Saddleback, and even Coniston from Helvellyn (far away though it be), is lost in the view of Derwentwater from Skiddaw. At the same time few will deny that the view during the ascent of Skiddaw deteriorates in exact correspondence with the retrogression of Derwentwater from the spectator's eye.

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drop before the summit is reached, and the usual disappointment at finding that the top is not the top. Before the real one is reached Keswick disappears, but the view in the other direction becomes very extensive, Scotland, the Solway Firth, and the Isle of Man forming parts of it.

View from the Top.—We have tried to vary the monotony of the ascent by drawing attention to the objects which successively come into view during it, and a description of the prospect from the top would be mere repetition. Its features are the long serried ranks of fell-tops which form the sky-line southward, and the wide tract of land and sea to the north and west.

Descents.—These are various. If the tourist wishes to reach Keswick again as quickly as possible, he may descend to *Millbeck* or *Applethwaite*, leaving the summit-ridge between the High and Low Man for the former, and beyond the Low Man for the latter. Millbeck is 2 miles, and Applethwaite 1½ miles from Keswick, by road.

If, on the contrary, he wishes to extend the walk and "make a day of it," sacrificing his eyes for the good of his lungs, he may strike due eastward from the most southerly of the three highest peaks (the next one to the High Man), and make for the *Gamekeeper's House* in Skiddaw Forest, 2 miles away; or he may continue northwards along the ridge from the High Man to the next peak, and then, bearing slightly to the left (in which direction he will see far ahead a lane with a gate through a wall), reach Bassenthwaite Hause, whence to Bassenthwaite Station the distance is about 3 miles by road. There are two good inns on the way—the *Castle*, 2 miles short of the station, and the *Pheasant*, a few hundred yards beyond it.

Pedestrians who have ascended by the regular track, and wish for variety at the expense of little or no extra time and exertion in descending, are recommended to adopt the *Carl Side* route. It is, in actual measurement, the shortest, and, at the same time, the most picturesque way down.

Descend the slate screes on the west side of the mountain, from a point some way south of the High Man, working round the head of a deep combe on the left, and then making a slight ascent to the summit of Carl Side, which is a conspicuous object all the way from the top. Hence descend the ridge, following as near as may be the line of the west side of Derwentwater, and being careful to keep another combe, which shortly appears, on the left-hand side. The route is in places rocky. At the foot of the steepest part a wood appears in front. Diverge a little, so as to leave this on your right, and a few hundred yards farther you will enter a by-lane at *Millbeck*, whence Keswick is reached by road in 2½ miles.

The ordinary way down needs no description.

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Days on the Fells.

1. Ambleside to Ambleside, over the Red Screes, Scandale Rigg, Rydal Head, Fairfield, Great Rigg, and Nab Scar. Map II.

To Red Screes, 1½ hrs; Scandale Head, 2 hrs; Rydal Head, 3 hrs; Fairfield, 3½ hrs; Great Rigg, 4 hrs; Nab Scar, 5 hrs; Ambleside, 6 hrs.

N.B.—Most tourists will considerably extend the times given for these excursions.

This is a delightful mountain excursion, and the most practicable one from Ambleside. A whole day should, if possible, be devoted to it. The views, both near and distant, are of a very high order during the entire round.

Leave Ambleside by the Kirkstone road, and after ascending the "struggle" (as that steepest of British highways is well called*) for nearly a mile, turn on to the fell through a wicket-gate on the left, and climb between two straggling walls. At first, Ill Bell and Froswick fill up the gap over the top of the Troutbeck Valley on the right, and the head of Windermere (looking from this point like a big pond), backed by the Coniston Fells, appears behind. When the ridge is reached, and a view down into Scandale obtained, the Bowfell range, with the graceful peak of Bowfell itself predominant, comes into view. Rydal Water, with its wooded island, and the far side of Grasmere soon give an additional charm to the near prospect, and farther back, the Langdale Pikes, though still striking features in the landscape, begin to acknowledge their inferiority in point of height to the Scafell group behind them. Between them and Bowfell, Scafell Pike appears, and over their left arm Great End.

After about half an hour's climb the route becomes beset with walls, in which the gaps of one year may be the most troublesome crossing places of the next. The best direction is to keep to the ridge as nearly as possible, about in a line with the lower reach of Windermere, only diverging a little when gaps appear. Coniston Lake soon shows itself in the rear, and Great Gable peers over the fells to the north of Grasmere. The hills sink to Morecambe Bay southwards, and one is tempted to wonder why, if there is anything in a name, the long, level ridge stretching beyond Froswick on the right, and the craggy peak which fills up the Wrynose

* The road from Lynmouth to Lynton is, perhaps, steeper while it lasts, but it is not half the length.

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depression between Wetherlam and the Bowfell range should both be called "Harter Fell."

Before reaching the top an iron fence and a peat bog have to be crossed, and then, after scaling a huge wall, we come upon soft velvety grass and reach the first cairn. The second, and highest, is less than half a mile further on.

The prospect from the top of *Red Screes* is exceedingly fine, being marked by that variety which Windermere, when seen at full length, imparts to mountain scenes more effectively than any lake in the kingdom. The whole of the lake lies mapped out before the eye, except a portion of the upper reach hidden by Wansfell Pike. The islands clustering in the centre serve to prevent any impression of monotony, without interfering with the dignity of the lake as a whole. The rest of the panorama will be to a great extent familiar from the descriptions which have been given of its various features during the ascent. In addition to these we have the Kirkstone Pass, with its little inn immediately below us to the south-east, and its descent northwards to Brothers' Water, beyond which are Patterdale and a strip of Ullswater. Saddleback appears over the eastern limb of Helvellyn. Eastward the High Street range rises beyond Caudale Moor, the latter descending, to all appearance, precipitously to the Kirkstone Pass. The Yorkshire hills are seen far away to the south-east, and westward a long array of fell-tops, extending from the Coniston Old Man to the Newlands mountains between Derwentwater and Crummock, the most prominent peaks in which, not hitherto mentioned, are Great Gable, the Pillar, High Stile and Grasmoor, all to the north of Scafell Pike, and occurring in the order named. Fairfield, Helvellyn, and St. Sunday's Crag constitute a formidable and nearer barrier to the north-west.

A steep but quite practicable descent may be made in about 20 minutes from the highest cairn to the *Kirkstone Inn* by picking one's way down the green patches interspersed between the crags.

Descending from the cairn, pursue a north-westerly course in the direction of Fairfield to the hause between the Scandale and Caiston glens, the latter of which is separated from the Kirkstone Pass by the steep shoulder of Red Screes called Middle Dodd. In so doing you will shortly reach a wall, which serves as a guide to the hause, and some way up the ascent on the other side.

From the hause a descent may be made to the left back again to *Ambleside*, or to the right into the *Kirkstone Pass* a little way above the Brothers' Water Inn (pp. 148 and 30).

The rocky height just beyond the hause is *Little Hart Crag*. Leave this on the right, and when you come to a point where a wire fence on the same side turns down into the valley, attack the slope in front, bending slightly to the left. This lands you on *Dove Crag*, a stony and abrupt height, from which there is a characteristic view down Dovedale to Brothers' Water. A tumbledown wall is now reached, which extends southwards along the ridge separating Scandale from Rydale, almost to Low Sweden Bridge (p. 30), whence Ambleside is reached in a few minutes.

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It is not desirable, however, to return by this route, as nothing is visible from it which is not seen by those who go the whole round, and a great deal is lost.

Follow the course of the wall northwards as far as it goes. *Rydal Head* is soon gained, whence there is another fine view down *Hart Crag*, on the right, into Deepdale. The Ullswater side of the fells we are now traversing is much bolder and more precipitous than the Windermere side. Windermere has again come into view with telling effect, and St. Sunday's Crag has an imposing aspect on the other side of Deepdale.

Our route now drops, and then rises somewhat abruptly to the broad, almost level sward of *Fairfield*,—"dear old Fairfield," as Miss Martineau affectionately dubs her favourite mountain,—and here the tourist will wander about at his leisure, admiring first, it may be, the grand eastern precipices and razor-backed ridges of Helvellyn to the north, and then turning southward to the scenes of lessening grandeur, but refreshing softness, in which we may hope that Windermere, Esthwaite, and Coniston Lakes are glimmering under the brightness of an afternoon sun. The nearest of the Helvellyn ridges is Striding Edge, and above it rises the peaked summit of Catchedicam. From the north-western edge of the plateau, Grisedale Tarn and Grisedale Valley, leading down to Ullswater, may be seen, and a "wee bit" of the lake itself; while in the distance, over the tarn, the Buttermere and Newlands mountains again crop up. The top of the Grisedale Pass, just south of Grisedale Tarn, may be easily reached by descending westwards and following the course of a wall.

From the top of Fairfield our route turns southwards, across a slight depression, to the summit of *Great Rigg*, whence there is a fine view to the right front over Grasmere.

From this point to reach *Grasmere* itself follow the ridge to the right of the next depression southwards; when the descent becomes steep a pony track will be discovered, leading into a lane which joins the Windermere and Keswick road close to the Swan Inn.

For Nab Scar, continue due southwards along the ridge overlooking the Rydal Glen. The first height reached is *Heron Pike*, and from it to Nab Scar the route is rough but unmistakeable. Any sense of fatigue is qualified by the ever-increasing beauty of the prospect southwards. From *Nab Scar* itself the Rothay Valley, with the long reach of Windermere beyond it, and the peaceful lakes of Rydal and Grasmere at its head, forms a picture of exquisite beauty.

From the rocky summit of Nab Scar turn somewhat to the left, down the ridge in the direction of Rydal Village. The descent is steep, the latter part of it being between two stone walls to a road which descends through Rydal Village to the Windermere and Keswick high road, about 1¼ miles from Ambleside.

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2. Ambleside, Coniston, or Grasmere, over Wrynose Gap, Crinkle Crags, and Bowfell, to Ambleside, Coniston, or Grasmere. Maps II., I.

Distances to Wrynose Gap; from Ambleside 8½ *m; Coniston (by Tilberthwaite)* 6½ *m; Grasmere, by Elterwater,* 7½ *m.*

Time from Wrynose Gap. Crinkle Crags, 1½ *hrs; Bowfell* 2¼ *hrs; Dungeon Gill Old Hotel,* 4 *hrs.*

Dungeon Gill Old Hotel to Ambleside, 8 *m; Coniston,* 8 *m; Grasmere,* 5½ *m.*

In fine, clear weather, this is one of the most remunerative mountain walks in the district. The craggy character of the ground, however, on the eastern side, and the utter absence of accessible accommodation on the western, render it a particularly undesirable one for wet or foggy days. Its features are the exquisite and strongly contrasted views of the Langdale, Eskdale and Duddon valleys, the crags on the southern side of Scafell and Scafell Pike, and the glorious summit of Bowfell itself.

The carriage road must be left exactly at the *Three Shire Stones*, some fifty yards short of the cairn which marks the actual top of the Wrynose Pass. Hence pursue a north-westerly course. A shepherd's track is here and there discernible, which it is well to keep to, crossing in about ten minutes the eastern branch of the beck which descends to Cockley Beck, and is the main feeder of the Duddon. Keep along this beck, avoiding the boggy ground on the right, and make for *Cold Pike*, the peak which rises slightly to the left. That on the right is Pike o' Blisco, and its ascent will involve a dip of six or seven hundred feet before the main range, extending to Crinkle Crags and Bowfell, is regained. Some time before the first peak is reached, Skiddaw comes into view to the right, almost due north, showing its bold clear-cut outline to full advantage.

Then, when the ridge is reached, the Duddon valley appears far down to the left, with its one or two sycamore-guarded little homesteads, its stream meandering in a succession of graceful curves through pastures of emerald green, till it loses itself in the bracken-clad fells of the Broughton district; beyond it, Black Combe, the Wrekin of the Lake district, and the glimmering sea. We are now on our first summit, and nothing but the hot haste of the time-killing tourist will prevent us halting awhile, and giving its due meed of admiration to the wonderfully diversified scene around us. Perhaps the most striking feature in it is the contrast between the rich verdure and foliage of the Little Langdale and Brathay valleys, winding down to Windermere on the east, and the simple rustic beauty of the Duddon to the south-west. Southward the Lancashire group of fells still closes the view, and Pike o' Blisco hides Great Langdale. Between us and it is an oblong pool—almost a puddle—of by no means inviting aspect, called the *Red Tarn*. Exactly over Pike o' Blisco Fairfield is seen, and between it and the Langdale Pikes, which from this elevation lose all that grandeur of form which they possess

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when looked at from below, extends a great part of the Helvellyn range, more conspicuous than beautiful from this side. Then, above and beyond the obliquely-peaked High Raise, which is the real summit of the Langdale plateau, are Saddleback and Skiddaw. Glaramara has on its left the red precipitous looking screes of Grasmoor descending into Crummock Water. Westwards, a little inclined to the south, the rough Hardknott Pass is seen, and over it Devoke Water shines high and bright amid the hills, and, further still, the sea extends to the horizon.

And now proceeding on our way, still in a north-westerly direction, we make a slight dip. Soon Great Langdale comes into view on the right, and Eskdale on the left. We leave the highest ridge of Great Knott to our right, and make straight for the first "Crinkle," which is conspicuous before us. The summit reached, fresh scenes appear. Above Eskdale Devoke Water, with its solitary little island, still gleams. To the right of it, where the valley spreads out into the open sea-board, is the estuary of the Esk, crossed by a many-arched railway bridge. Here lies Ravenglass. Still more to the right, far across the sea, is the Isle of Man, with Snaefell prominent among its heights. In front appear the two Scafells, separated by the ravine of Mickledore,—masses of rugged precipice and screes with here and there a few blades of grass to keep alive the adventurous sheep, which spend a happy-go-lucky existence on their desolate sides. Just below us, to the left, the "*col*," separating the waters of the Duddon from those of the Esk, is very plain. The Old Man, too, has come into view southwards, between the two chief summits of the Seathwaite fells, variously called Carrs, Fairfield, the Old Woman, and the Grey Friar. We confess to be somewhat at "sea" as to the actual identity of these heights, but not satisfied with the poetical subterfuge of calling what we don't know a "huge nameless rock," we give all the names we have been able to gather from the *cognoscenti* of the neighbourhood. The sharper peak to the right of the Old Man is Dow Crag. The sandy straggling estuary of the Duddon is very plain to the eye, and the many wreaths of smoke on both sides of it give evidence of the wealth and industry of the Furness district. Over the left shoulder of Wetherlam a strip of Esthwaite Water is visible. Eastward the sharp peak in the distance, directly over the centre of Great Langdale, is Kidsty Pike, and the long-backed ridge next to it on the right, High Street. Between Helvellyn and Fairfield, St. Sunday's Crag appears. Looking northwards, towards the dip between Skiddaw and Saddleback, we see the Stake Pass winding its way into Langstrath and Borrowdale. Take one more look into Eskdale, and, if the day be bright, you will notice a gill running down into its upper reach on this side of Devoke Water. The lower part of this beck is Stanley Gill, which contains the finest force in the district. A mile or so nearer, on the right of the river, just visible against the trees, is Boot in Eskdale.

There is a steep dip between the first of the *Crinkle Crags* and the next, which is the highest by some 80 feet. To attain the

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latter, strike a little to the left, and make for a pillar of stones lying in a slight depression to the left of the highest point. Precipices make a straight track impracticable. There is but little change in the prospect, except that Bowfell comes into prominent view. A narrow neck of very small depression connects the second and highest peak with the third one, from which, unless you wish to incur the toil of climbing up and down several more similar heights, without any compensation in the way of fresh views, you will do well to turn down to the left, in the direction of Scafell Pike, for a few minutes, till you double a rather prominent crag, from which to the dip immediately below Bowfell, is rough but simple walking. In this dip are several clear little pools, one in particular near the Eastern declivity—a basin entirely enclosed by rock, suggesting a miniature copy of Lock Coruisk, according to Turner's strangely fictitious representation of that wild Hebridean lake. This is called the *Three Tarns*. Hence to the top of Bowfell the route is plain enough, up a steep green slope, plentifully bestrewn with rocks and boulders, which, for the last ten minutes or so, constitute the chief roadway. Between them grow grass and heather, and parsley fern, and bog myrtle.

Bowfell is itself a splendid peak, and the view from it highly attractive, though, strangely enough, it only embraces three lakes, Windermere, Esthwaite, and Devoke Water. The Lancashire fells hide Coniston; Scafell Wastwater, and Glaramara Derwentwater. Skiddaw and Saddleback stand out very finely in the north, and their smooth, though marked contour, contrasts finely with the wild ruggedness of Scafell, the Langdale Pikes and the other nearer mountains. The tourist has already, during his walk, become familiar with most of the surrounding objects. One or two fresh ones have, however, appeared. Especially has the view northward opened up. To the left of Skiddaw in that direction are seen the Solway Firth and the Dumfriesshire hills. To the left of them, the smooth red-looking fells are Causey Pike, west of Derwentwater, Eel Crags, and Grasmoor; then again Solway and Scotland. The rocky continuation of Bowfell to the north-west is Hanging Knott; and, beyond it, Great End, the north-eastern buttress of the Scafell ridge. Behind Great End is Great Gable, almost hidden. Esk Hause lies between Hanging Knott and Great End. By keeping well upon the ridge, the tourist may, if so inclined, and time permits, continue his journey over Hanging Knott, and joining the Scafell track on Esk Hause, proceed, over Scafell Pikes, to Wasdale Head. From Bowfell to Wasdale Head by this route would take from 2½ to 3½ hours. A descent from Esk Hause may also be made to Wasdale by Sty Head, and to Borrowdale by Sty Head or Grain Gill. These routes will be found fully described in the "Ascents of Scafell Pike." To the south-west, down Eskdale, there is neither track nor habitation for 5 or 6 miles, the nearest inn being the Woolpack on the Hardknott road, nearly two miles from the foot of the Pass. To reach this would take about 3 hours.

People, however, who are not gluttons at climbing will, after

resting on the comfortable seat afforded by a huge flat stone eastward of the cairn on Bowfell, be glad to descend to Dungeon Gill. The best way of doing so is to keep as nearly as possible the ridge of the shoulder, called *the Band*, which extends eastward with a slight tendency to the south, separating Upper Langdale from Oxendale and Hell Gill, the latter a wild ravine commencing near the dip between Shelter Crags and Bowfell. The first part of the descent is rough, but an easy path is to be found working its way through the crags. The winding road from Dungeon Gill to Blea Tarn will be seen directly in front, and it is best to keep in a straight line with this, diverging slightly to the right towards the bottom of the descent, to avoid crags. Pass by the farm at *Stool End*, cross the Oxendale stream, and in a few minutes more the *Dungeon Gill Hotel* appears to the left; and thus ends at as good an inn as the thirstiest and most wearied of travellers could desire, one of the finest, and, at the same time, most practicable mountain excursions in the Lake District.

3. Coniston to Ambleside, Dungeon Gill or Grasmere, over the Old Man and Wetherlam. Maps IV., I.

Coniston Village to the top of the Old Man, 1½ *hrs*; *Wetherlam*, 3½ *hrs*; *Smithy Houses* (*Little Langdale*), 4½ *hrs*.

Smithy Houses to Ambleside, 5½ *m*; *Dungeon Gill*, 4 *m*; *Grasmere*, 4½ *m*.

To Dungeon Gill the distance may be shortened 2 miles by joining the Coniston and Blea Tarn road (p. 82) near Fell Foot.

The ascent of the Old Man is deservedly one of the favourite mountain excursions of the Lake District. It is true that the *young* men of this matter-of-fact nineteenth century have wrought sad havoc with the venerable old gentleman. They have scraped his body, scooped out his inside, heaped up hideous excrescences of slate refuse all the way up him, loaded his head with the biggest cairn in the neighbourhood,—in short, have "played such fantastic tricks" with him as might well "make the angels weep;" but still his "natural sovereignty" asserts itself, and save when "the Atlantic clouds" enshroud him, he looks forth on one of the widest, fairest, and most varied scenes his native land can boast of.

We have preferred to treat the Old Man as the first summit of a range of fells which together form a most enjoyable, and by no means over-tiring day's excursion, rather than as a separate peak to be got up and down in so many hours. Those, however, whose time or inclination prompts them to confine their wanderings to the Old Man himself, will find no difficulty in descending either by the route which we shall describe in ascending, or by one of several others to which we shall draw casual attention.

There are various ways of accomplishing the ascent, the mines and quarries having together established an almost labyrinthine system of tracks, some of them "blind" ones, and others such as will ultimately place the traveller in a position to climb the last steep pitch without difficulty, that is, supposing the weather to be clear; if it be thick and misty, the usual routes are very perplexing.

The favourite one is the pony-track, which passes through the very "thick" of the mines, almost into the bowels of the mountain, and then turns sharp to the left, climbing up as far as the highest slate quarry, where it becomes impracticable for any systematic travellers but bipeds. This route, however, is too much "be-quarried" and "bemined" for our taste. However gratifying such an array of mines and quarries may be as evidencing the untold wealth of the Old Man's inside, there can be no doubt that from a picturesque point of view his outside is, in this direction, utterly spoilt by them.

By pursuing the Walna Scar road, and "fetching a compass" round the south side of the fell until its back-bone is reached, ponies may be taken to the actual summit; as they are, however, necessarily attended by a guide, there is no need to describe this route particularly. Pedestrians will, we think, do best by giving heed to the following directions:—

The Ascent.—From the Waterhead or Crown Hotel, ascend the narrow road leading up from the bridge near the church to the station. Follow this as far as the Sun Inn, 10 minutes' walk from Waterhead, behind which turn along a lane on the right. This lane passes through a gate, crosses a couple of fields, and then ascends the southern bank of the main beck descending from the Old Man. The torrent forms numerous cascades below. About half a mile beyond the Sun the road, which is the one from the copper mines to the station, crosses the beck by a stone bridge, and joins another road also leading up from Coniston village on the other side of it. Do not cross this bridge, but pass through a gate just before reaching it, and go straight ahead up a clearly-marked footpath. The summit of the Old Man is now visible on the left, and on his shoulder you will see three slate quarries, one above another. All these must be passed close to or very near. The footpath, which is the quarrymen's track to the village, after passing over or through three walls, joins the cart-track leading up from the Walna Scar route to the quarries, just where it makes a semicircular bend round a rocky knob. This cart-track ramifies a good deal, but as far as the first large slate quarry all the branches converge again, so that it matters little which be chosen. A few hundred yards beyond the quarry, where there is again a perplexing labyrinth, it is best to take the track starting up the fell side opposite the deep fissure whence the slate is procured. This leads to the second quarry, where the cart-track ceases on a few square yards of artificially levelled ground. Hence a foot-route is discernible in front, climbing the crags for a few yards, and then ascending the steep slope of a bank of slate refuse. From the top of this the summit of the Old Man is easily reached by an indistinct path in about ten minutes. Here the view, which has naturally been "working up" during the whole ascent, reaches its climax. The contrast between the almost savage ruggedness of the north and the broad and bright sea-expanse, the rich woodlands, and far-reaching pastures of the south, gives it a charm of variety which the central mountains of the district cannot lay claim to.

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Perhaps the gem of the scene is the lake of Coniston itself, spread out beneath in its entire length and breadth. Very pleasing, too, is little wood-fringed Esthwaite, while beyond it the parts of Windermere visible give the impression of two, if not three lakes. Far away eastward, the blue limestone wolds of Yorkshire close the view, with the table-topped Ingleborough slightly "overcrowing" the rest. To the south, over Morecambe Bay, Morecambe itself and Fleetwood are visible; then, to their right, the broad sands of Duddon and the whale-backed Black Combe. In the direction of the latter it is quite possible, if the day be very clear, to discern the tapering cone of Snowdon. Nearer to us, smoke, and here and there an aspiring chimney, tell of the teeming industries of the Furness district. To the west appear Devoke Water, high up amid the fells, the sea again, and beyond it the Isle of Man. Scafell and Scafell Pike, with the chasm of Mickledore between them, are prominent in the north-west; Skiddaw due north, with Saddleback on its right, and then the long, serrated, swelling ridge of Helvellyn, its teeth at wide intervals indeed, but so shaped as to suggest to the eye of the practised mountaineer the precipitous character of its farther or eastern front. In the north-east High Street, with its columnar-shaped cairn, and the cone of Ill Bell bound the view, the latter rising beyond Ambleside and the head of Windermere.

The precipice, apparently almost within a stone's throw, to the west is Dow Crag; and the tourist should make a slight *détour* in the direction of it, till he comes in sight of the dark and deep-set tarn lying immediately at the foot of it, and 1,000 ft. below him—*Goat's Water* by name.

Those who do not wish to continue their mountain walk to one or more of the other Lancashire peaks have a choice of descents. They may diverge slightly to the left and make for the ridge which connects the Old Man with Dow Crag, thence either descending to the rough track which skirts the east shore of Goat's Water, and in another mile joins the Walna Scar Road, or climbing again to Dow Crag, whence is a fine view of the Duddon Valley, they may keep along the southern shoulder of the mountain till the same road is reached at the top of Walna Scar. They may take a northerly direction till they are opposite *Lever's Water*, and then descend to the north side of it; or they may return as they came. In short, with ordinary prudence, and in clear weather, they may choose what direction they like. Should the weather take a bad turn—and the Old Man is very whimsical in this respect—we recommend a southerly course to the Walna Scar road.

Proceeding from the summit in a northerly direction, we traverse a grassy depression "by shepherds called" *Fairfield*, of which the dip is very slight, and then, ascending again, reach, after half an hour's walk, a point from which a craggy ridge, forming the watershed of the Coniston streams, to the south, and the Little Langdale ones to the north, strikes a north-easterly course to Wetherlam. The large sheet of water to the left is *Seathwaite Tarn*; by it a descent may be made into the Duddon Valley.

Instead of descending this ridge and climbing Weatherlam, the tourist may keep to the high level for some minutes more, as far as the top of the next peak,—*Carrs*,—whence he may diverge at right angles to the left, and reach in a quarter of an hour the summit of a third peak,—*Grey Friar*,—from which there is an excellent full-length view of the lower Duddon Valley, with Black Combe in the background—a *détour* well worth the making—and then, retracing his

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steps to the main ridge, descend by it, keeping well up, and gradually working round to the right into Little Langdale. *Little Langdale Tarn* is a prominent object in front during the latter part of the descent. The route may be varied, and the carriage road gained half an hour sooner by keeping almost due north in the direction of the Langdale Pikes to the *Three Shire Stones* at the top of *Wrynose Gap* (p. 43). From the Old Man to the top of Wrynose by the route we have described will take from 1½ to 2 hours.

The dip of this ridge, which connects the Old Man range with Wetherlam, is from 500 to 600 ft. In descending, keep rather to the left than the right at the lower part,—a track is discernible; cross the *col* and maintain, as near as may be, a straight north-easterly course, till you gain the top of *Wetherlam*, about an hour's walk from the commencement of the descent to the *col*.

The view from Wetherlam is very fine, though not so extensive or varied as that from the Old Man, who himself shuts out a good deal of the southerly landscape. The fresh features are the exquisite little Brathay Valley, winding under the southern slopes of Loughrigg to Windermere, and the upland valley in which Wordsworth's Blea Tarn reposes, backed by the grand outline of the Langdale Pikes. High up, and sheltered from the north by the precipitous right shoulder of these twin peaks—Pavey Ark—Stickle Tarn gleams with a silvery radiance, if the day be bright. Little Langdale Tarn lies below us, to the north-east; Elterwater to its left, and beyond it the dip between Loughrigg and Silver How, behind which lies Grasmere.

Coniston Village may be regained from Wetherlam by keeping along the ridge to the south with *Lever's Water* on the right, and descending to the *Copper Works*, or by following our main route eastwards, and continuing in the same direction into *Tilberthwaite* (p. 81).

In descending, a north-easterly direction must be pursued, holding slightly to the right down the first steep bluff, a dip of about 800 ft. A wall running in a straight line with us along the ridge, some way down the fell, is not a bad guide. The hollow at the base of the bluff will be reached in about ten minutes. Here diverge to the left, and descend obliquely to the cart-road leading up to the *Greenburn Copper Works*, striking it near a gate a few hundred yards below them. As we get lower, the contour of the Langdale Pikes over the Blea Tarn depression is very striking. Half an hour's walking along the road, during which we must be careful not to climb to the right, takes us past some cottages and through a copse to the ford on the road from Tilberthwaite into Little Langdale. Cross the wooden foot-bridge, and in seven minutes you reach the road from Ambleside to Wrynose and Eskdale (p. 33) at *Smithy Houses*, where are two little inns. For Grasmere, turn to the left at the junction of the roads, and again, in three minutes, sharp to the right into the cross hill-road to Elterwater.

4. Keswick to Buttermere, over Catbells, Maiden Moor, Eel Crags,* Dale Head, and Robinson. Map VI.

To Catbells 1½ hrs; Maiden Moor 2 hrs; Eel Crags 3 hrs; Dale Head 3¼ hrs; Robinson 5 hrs; Buttermere 6½ hrs.

There are few, if any, finer mountain excursions in the Lake

* Not to be confused with the *Eel Crags* named in the next excursion.

District than this one. A large number of the chief mountains, including Scafell, Great Gable, the Pillar, Skiddaw, Saddleback, and Helvellyn, are seen to great advantage from it. It commands the whole of Derwentwater and Bassenthwaite, and during the latter part of it fine views are obtained of Buttermere, Loweswater, and Crummock. Care must be taken to start in good time, as the Buttermere side of Robinson is scarped, and plenty of daylight is required to find the ridges down it. The journey may be shortened by descending at various points, and a return may be made direct from Robinson to Keswick, but by far the most enjoyable plan is to stay the night at one of the inns at Buttermere. Two miles of the distance may be saved by hiring a boat from the landing-stage at Keswick to the foot of Catbells.

Take the field path to *Portinscale*, which commences on the far side of the Greta Bridge (p. 113), and the left hand one of the two roads which diverge just beyond Derwentwater Hotel. In another half-mile, where the road again forks, a sign-board over a wicket points out a foot-path, leading through a shrubbery of birch and fir to *Catbells*. Keep along this, avoiding a path to the right, till it joins the road again. In a few yards the foot-path, indicated by another sign-post, re-commences. The road is soon entered for the third time near a gate, which opens on to the unenclosed slopes of Catbells. Hence there is a good zigzag road up the fell. Catbells is deceptively steep when viewed upwards, and its smooth slope of short grass makes it hard work for those who try short cuts. From the summit there is a fine view of Derwentwater to the east, and the green pastoral valley of Newlands to the west. The top of Helvellyn appears in the former direction, with the pyramid of Catchedicam to its left. The bell-shaped peak southwards is the Langdale Pike o' Stickle, but "*quantum mutatus ab illo*," when compared with its appearance from the Windermere side of the district! Between Catbells and Maiden Moor is a slight depression, traversed by a track from Newlands to Grange in Borrowdale. Thence the gradual ascent of *Maiden Moor* is rather sloppy, but the view which discloses itself in front compensates for any temporary discomfort. As the cairn is reached, Scafell and Great Gable come into view between Eel Crags and Dale Head.

Beyond the cairn on Maiden Moor, the track skirts the sheer crags which descend into the wild southern branch of the Newlands valley. From another cairn, slightly to the left of the direct route, a fine view is obtained into the lower end of Borrowdale, the village of Grange lying immediately below, and the Bowder Stone close to a cottage on the right of it. Still more to the right, the branches of Borrowdale leading over High Raise to Grasmere, and over the Stake Pass into Langdale are noticeable, separated by Eagle Crag. The Pillar, on the far side of Ennerdale, has come into view over the dip between Dale Head and Hindscarth.

A large cairn marks the summit of *Eel Crags*. Few precipices in the district have a more formidable appearance than these, when looked at from above. A sharp rough descent to the depression at the head of the valley on the right succeeds. In it a small

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pond, dignified by the name of *Dale Head Tarn*, is visible. From this depression a descent may be made, either into the Newlands valley on the right, or to Seatoller in Borrowdale on the left; or by going right ahead the Honister Pass may be gained near its summit. To reach *Dale Head*, go round by the far side of the tarn, and climb the slope, bearing slightly to the left till the ridge is attained. A cairn marks the summit. The view from it is fine, but not so good as from a little way farther on, where the ridge narrows to a few yards' width, and the deeply-scooped valleys of Honister on the left, and Newlands on the right, vie with one another in precipitous wildness. Buttermere appears at the foot of the former, and on the other side of it High Crag, High Stile, and Red Pike, presenting from this point rather an angular appearance. Scafell, Great Gable, and the Pillar form a nobly set group southwards, the first-named looking its best and highest. Bowfell terminates the ridge to the left. The distant fells, which have been for some time visible between the latter and Pike o' Stickle, are in Yorkshire.

A steep grass slope descends to the right between Dale Head and Hindscarth, at the foot of which two streamlets are formed. To the right of the right-hand one, looking down, is a mine, with a cart-track ascending to it from the bottom of the valley.

Hindscarth projects nearly half-a-mile to the right of the direct route from Dale Head to Robinson. There is nothing particular to be gained by diverging to it. Before commencing the gradual grassy ascent of *Robinson*, there is a considerable dip to be made, from the bottom of which the climb is somewhat akin to that of an easy staircase. The best views are obtained by working round the left side of the ridge. The summit is a gritty plateau. From it Crummock and Loweswater are seen, the former cut in two by Rannerdale Knott; but to get a view of Derwentwater, the summit level must be traversed for some distance to the right. Directing his gaze southwards, the tourist may notice that Scafell Pike has disappeared. Great Gable, however, is prominent with its cairn, close to which a keen eye will detect another cairn. That is the summit of Scafell Pike. There is, of course, nothing remarkable in the larger mountain being exactly behind the smaller, but it is not a little singular that the two cairns should be in the direct line of vision, so placed that by walking a few yards one can be made to exactly hide the other. Robinson is 2,417 feet high, Great Gable 2,949, and Scafell Pike 3,210. From these data our mathematical friends may amuse themselves by calculating the distances between the respective peaks, that from the first to the last being 6 miles, horizontally.

Those who wish to return direct to *Keswick*, must descend the mountain in the direction of the lower ridge of Hindscarth, and follow the stream which issues from the hollow between the two mountains. A track will soon be reached on the left hand side of it, leading past the church, and joining the main Newlands road near the *Mill Dam Inn*.

In descending to Buttermere care is required. The village is not visible from the top of the fell, being hidden by a boggy plateau some 800 feet below, called *Buttermere Moss*. Descend to this,

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keeping well to the left, in order to avoid crags, and traverse it to to its ridge, which rises slightly again above the level of the morass. From near the north or lower end of this second ridge a sledge track, once used for bringing down peat, will be observed descending a shoulder of the fell in the direction of Buttermere church. Except by this ridge, the descent is very precipitous in this direction. The track joins the road from Keswick, by Newlands, a little distance short of the village. Both the *Fish* and *Victoria* are comfortable inns.

5. Keswick to Keswick, over Grisedale Pike, Grasmoor, Sail, and Causey Pike. Map VI.

To Grisedale Pike, 2½ *hrs*; *Grasmoor*, 3½ *hrs*; *Sail*, 4½ *hrs*; *Causey Pike*, 5 *hrs*; *Keswick*, 6½ *hrs*.

This is also a beautiful excursion, especially during its latter part. From the hause between Grisedale Pike and Grasmoor a direct descent may be made to the Scale Hill Hotel by the narrow V-shaped depression which separates Grasmoor from Whiteside, or Buttermere may be reached from Grasmoor by an easy descent over Whiteless Pike. As the direct route from Keswick to Scale Hill by the Coledale Pass is closely connected with this route, we have included a description of it.

From Keswick, follow the Whinlatter route (p. 112) as far as the turn to the right, just beyond *Braithwaite Village* (*inn*: The Crown), and then strike up the fell by a path commencing a few yards past an old barytes mine.

The *Coledale* route starts up the valley just at the above-mentioned turn in the road, and proceeds almost straight, between Grisedale Pike and the Coledale Beck for nearly 3 miles to *Force Crag Mines*, on reaching which the road ceases, and the track climbs sharply to the left. So far the route is shut in and uninteresting, It next crosses the *col* between Grisedale Pike and Grasmoor at its lowest point. Here the route over Grisedale Pike converges, and a very interesting descent to Scale Hill may be commenced. The valley is very narrow, and the best plan is to keep the beck on the left-hand side all the way. The crags of Whiteside are interesting features on the right, and Grasmoor is an effective barrier on the left. The track emerges from the narrow pass on to the Buttermere and Cockermouth road, almost opposite the commencement of that to *Scale Hill* through *Lanthwaite Wood*. The total distance from Keswick to Scale Hill Hotel by this route is about 9 miles.

The path up Grisedale Pike goes in turn right and left at first, to ease the gradient; then, keeping an extensive plantation on the right hand, it ascends almost in a straight line to the top of the mountain, climbing the ridge obliquely at first through heather and bilberry bushes, and becoming somewhat steep before reaching the top. A wide and beautiful view to the south is gradually revealed, Derwentwater and the lower part of the Newlands Valley playing an important part in the foreground. Range above range of overlapping fells appear, the farthest being the Scafell group. When the summit is reached, Scafell Pike rises just over Great Gable. The loftier ridge of Grasmoor hides a good deal to the south-west, but between it and Eel Crags the Buttermere Red Pike pops up very effectively. Northward the view over the Whinlatter Fells, extending to the Solway Firth and Scotch hills, is extensive

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but monotonous. Helvellyn and Fairfield bound the south-eastern prospect, the sharp peak above the former ridge being Catchedicam. Only a strip of Bassenthwaite is visible, but Skiddaw shows himself from head to foot. The thimble-like peak of Pike o' Stickle appears to the south-east.

Leaving Grisedale Pike, you must keep the ridge, with a wall on the right, for some time, ascending a minor height called *Sand Hill*, and then veering somewhat to the left near the top of a deep corrie on the right.

From a point where the stone wall changes to an iron fence, you will see a runnel in front, descending from Grasmoor to the top of the Coledale Pass. Follow the direction of this streamlet, and at the top of the pass—whence is an easy descent to Scale Hill, as described in the last digression—commence the ascent of Grasmoor. Before reaching the pass there is a peep at Loweswater, between Grasmoor and Whiteside.

The summit of Grasmoor lies to the right of the course of the stream, about a mile beyond its source. There can be no difficulty in reaching it. The top of Grasmoor is, as the name implies, flat and grassy. On the far side, however, the mountain descends with striking steepness to the Vale of Lorton and Crummock Water. The view in this direction is very fine. Red Pike and High Stile rise on the far side of Buttermere, and beyond them the Pillar, Great Gable, and Scafell present a most imposing front.

The descent from Grasmoor to *Buttermere Village* is along the narrow ridge which connects the former with Whiteless Pike, to reach which the tourist must retrace his steps almost to the runnel above mentioned, and then diverge to the south, following the ridge over the top of Whiteless, and thence down to the village, bending to the right during the latter part of the descent.

In returning to Keswick, you have only to recollect that the ridge, along which your route lies, runs almost due east, and is separated in its latter part from the one by which you ascended by another ridge of inferior height. After leaving the plateau of Grasmoor, which must be almost exactly re-traversed, the ridge is in places very narrow and rocky, especially in the region of *Eel Crags*, whose rough summit commands a splendid view. When the ridge spreads out again you may adopt various routes, but the most satisfactory conclusion to the expedition is to keep along the top of the main ridge as far as *Causey Pike*, and then to descend south-east to the *Mill Dam Inn*, or still along the ridge to Stair. The former is 4½, and the latter nearly 4 miles from Keswick.

6. Patterdale to Patterdale, over Hart Crag, Fairfield, and St. Sunday's Crag. Maps IX., II.

Patterdale Hotel to divergence from road, 20 min; Hart Crag, 2 hrs; Fairfield, 2½ hrs; St. Sunday's Crag, 3½ hrs; Patterdale, 5 hrs.

This is the pleasantest of all the fell excursions from Patterdale, displaying more grandeur and variety of prospect than the more ambitious round of Helvellyn by Glenridding and Grisedale. The

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route may be varied in many ways, *e.g.*, by commencing with any of the three glens of Deepdale, Dovedale, and Caiston, which successively strike out of the Kirkstone road to the right, or by descending direct from Fairfield to the top of the Grisedale Pass; but, taken as a whole, the round, as we are about to describe it, is the finest and—except the last named variation—the easiest.

Quitting Patterdale by the Kirkstone road, you proceed past the opening into Deepdale on the right, and the beck descending it, beyond which you enter a field through the first gate on the right, and climb through a ferny copse. On reaching the open fell keep near a wall ascending it. From the copse to the summit of *Hart Crag* the route is along the highest part of the ridge, which, about a mile beyond the trees, bends to the right. During the ascent the view back to Ullswater, and over Brothers' Water up the Hayeswater valley to High Street, is very charming. Deepdale, backed by St. Sunday's Crag, is on the right, and Dovedale on the left. The cliffs of Fairfield, at the head of Deepdale, present a strong contrast to the grassy slopes of the same mountain, as seen from Windermere. The projecting bluff of Dove Crag rises on the left hand, and a steep climb then leads up to *Hart Crag*. During the ascent, the precipitous eastern side of the Helvellyn range on the right becomes a prominent object over the dip between Fairfield and St. Sunday's Crag. From the top of the ridge, to the neighbourhood of which a wall ascends from the Ambleside direction, the view southward, embracing Windermere, Esthwaite, and part of Coniston lakes, is as extensive as it is beautiful. A fine view opens westward, including Scafell Pike, Great Gable, and the Pillar; Great Gable from this direction being conspicuous by the precipitous character of its slopes on both sides. The Pillar rises on the right, and Scafell Pike on the left of it.

Between Hart Crag and *Fairfield* there is a rough but shallow depression, beyond which the latter shows a level top, green and broad enough to constitute an excellent sheep-walk. The view from the various edges of it is very fine. Windermere dovetails off to the south very beautifully, and to the right of it appear Esthwaite and Coniston lakes. The Old Man and Wetherlam look very handsome on the right of Coniston, and then comes the long amphitheatre, comprising the humps of Crinkle Crags, the peak of Bowfell, the bracket-shaped Scafell Pike, and the prominent elevations of Great Gable, the Pillar, Grasmoor, and Grisedale Pike. Then the nearer range of Helvellyn hides Skiddaw and Saddleback, and St. Sunday's Crag Ullswater. To the right of the last-named height, Place Fell, backed by the Pennine chain, and the High Street range, characterised by the peak of Kidsty Pike, the long flat top of High Street itself, and the cone of Ill Bell, carry on the prospect almost to our starting-point at Windermere. Morecambe Bay and the Yorkshire Fells close the prospect to the south and south-east.

A descent may be made from Fairfield to the top of the Grisedale Pass by the side of a wall which drops from a point north-west of the summit to the gate-

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way at the highest point of the pass, a little distance south of the tarn. Thence Grasmere may be reached (p. 149), or Patterdale (p. 97).

Between Fairfield and St. Sunday's Crag is a narrow ridge called *Cofa Pike*, over which the tourist must adapt his route to his own liking. The easiest way is to descend a little to the left-hand side of it, and take the ridge again beyond the rocky part. A very beautiful, but simple climb along the summit of a grassy ridge then leads to the top of *St. Sunday's Crag*. The profound depressions of Grisedale and Deepdale, add greatly to the charm of this part of the walk.

St. Sunday's Crag commands Ullswater better than any other mountain. Helvellyn, with the sharp ridge of Striding Edge and the cone of the Catchedicam, looks its best beyond Grisedale; and over the dip between it and Fairfield there is a fine panorama of the Scafell group, prominent among which is the beautiful peak of Bowfell.

In descending, make for the head of Ullswater, and, from the bottom of the first depression, drop into Grisedale, which you will reach at a point a little above the highest farm house; or you may continue to the end of the ridge, ascending again slightly, and then, by a steep and tortuous track, enter the dale through a wood. A little below the intermediate eminence you pass through a gate, and then work down to the left. This ridge of St. Sunday's Crag is an exception to the rule that the easiest way down a mountain is by its shoulder.

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